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Prologue (READ DISCLAIMER)

READ AT YOUR OWN RISK

IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY LEAVE.

Disclaimer: Not historically accurate 🚫
Grammar issues ☹️
Mature⚠️
Fiction🌍
Human au
No politics🤐
Female America 🇺🇸
Bad world-building 🤐
If you get offended easily, don't read this
MOST IMPORTANTLY, IN MY AU COUNTRIES MATURE FASTER THAN HUMANS SO DON'T APPLY HUMAN AGES TO THEM 🧐🧐👶👶👶 (they have a different aging/development system 👶👶)

"Maple, why are you so nervous?" A young girl with neatly braided hair with gems dazzling her appearance, looks at her worried brother with uncertainty and concern. The two are at the beach and she believes it's too nice of a day to have burdens. She continues building her sand castle while watching the waves move up and down on the seashore. The ocean breeze makes her smile because she knows she's destined to be here.

The boy, on the other hand, becomes nervous. He continues mumbling contradicting sentences together, trying to figure out the best way to approach his sister. Finally he sighs and sits down on the sand next to her. The setting sun brings him relief and hope washes over him. He turns to his sister who's building her castle.

"Amy, can you promise me that you will trust me?" The boy requests.

The young girl stops playing with the sand and turns her attention to her brother. Her accessories jingle as she tries recalling the definition of trust. Only being in first grade, her vocabulary is limited unlike her brother's. "What is trust?" She asks, confused by the complicated term.

Her brother smiles softly, "you believe in the reliability, truth, and ability of me."

The little girl ponders on such an advanced word. She looks into the sand as if trying to find the answer to her questions. She frowns when she realizes the possible truth. "No."

"What?"

"I said no!" The young girl snaps, eyes blaring with rage. Her brother gapes at her sudden change. She is not the one to get angry, but will do so if something irritates or contradicts her opinions and beliefs. The brother and sister look at each other in silence. The warmth of the evening soon turns cold. The boy shivers and tries to keep warm by letting the sun raze beam on his skin. His sister continues to stare deep into his soul. It isn't the freezing evening making him shudder, it's his sister's glare that he will remember for years to come. And her words will never be forgotten as it unwelcoming in graves itself into the boy's mind.

"Maple, I will *never* trust you."

Okay, come to think of it this part is really random 💀 BUT it does help the story??? 😩

☆* ⋆ 1 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Beginnings

America POV

It is the first day of—school. Old man and I debated—more like arguing about the matter. For some reason, he still does not listen to me!

Trust is an unheard word in a school full of future leaders. Fighting, bribery, and drugs are all present. I told the old man about these cons. But to my surprise, he does not care!

"Believe me. Human schools are way better." I have said. My old Father will not spare a glance. His nose is always stuffed in a newspaper. At least Mom listens to me—sometimes.

Off I go to UN high school! The high school with the weirdest name in the universe. "UN" usually means no. That means I'm *not* transferring to a high school! How exciting!

"Hurry up, Amy! We have to go!" I hear my stupidly thrilled brother scream. Ever since Father made the announcement, my brother started making breakfast for him every day to show gratefulness for this opportunity. On the other hand, I started going out more often, which enraged my Father. Hopefully, he will admit his wrongdoing soon.

"Amy!"

"Go without me!" I groan. My door slams open. In comes my awfully-sweet brother. He stomps into my room, looking like a burning kettle. Smoke stems from his ears as he makes his way toward me. I grin, knowing everything he's doing is to win Father's favor.

Canada's face succumbs to guilt. "I don't want to go too, but I want us to make new friends."

Seriously? That's his excuse? He already has a billion friends. "Fine." I say, buying into the "us" statement. Canada smiles, happy that I'm cooperating with him.

"I knew you'd say yes!" Canada cheers, "Come on let's go, Father is waiting for us in the car." With that, we leave for UN high school.

'^'

I can not believe my eyes. This high school is gorgeous. It resembles a government building with its pillars and golden gate. The front yard is magnificent. The flags of all the empires surround a fountain. No matter how beautiful it is, I hope I get the best education.

Upon walking inside, I see floors made of marble, ancient statues and monuments, and, best of all, a floating chandelier. So majestic and futuristic! There are historical paintings on the walls as well. Father and Mom are on it! Gosh, this is amazing!

"See, I told you that you needed to come." I hear Canada snicker. I close my open mouth and walk inside, ignoring his stupid comment.

As I walk into the main hall, I see lots of students. All of which are in their respective groups. Some are fighting, some are screaming, and some are flirting. A typical high school, but different. These students will soon govern their countries–unless the empires eliminate them for ***power***.

"You two must be new here. Nice to meet you! My name is Germany." I hear a voice from behind me. I turn around to find a blonde smiling at my brother and me.

Oh, it is him. According to Father, he is the son of a Nazi. I heard he is super analytic. He can come in handy if I don't mess up our relationship.

"Hi, Ger-many! My name is Canada, and this is my sister, Thirteen." Canada smiles.

"Nice to meet you, Germs." I smile, unintentionally calling him a Germ. The one time I tried to be friendly. My mouth has a mind of its own.

"Please don't call me that." Germany attempts to keep a smile, but his mouth twitches.

"Why not?" I pout. "You are a pesky little Germ." Sh*t, I butchered my first impression. Great. Now he obviously doesn't want to be my friend. Good job America!

Canada chuckles nervously, "Sorry about my sister. She has mood swings in the mornings."

"As a matter of fact, I do not!" I huff.

"Keep lying to yourself." He rolls his eyes. I kick his leg, hoping for his downfall. I suddenly realize all eyes are on me. Could this day get any worse?

Germany clears his throat, "Anyways, the principal told me to give you two a tour. If you'd like, follow me." Canada and I look at each other.

"Je ne veux pas y aller." I say.

"Moi non plus. Cependant, nous ne savons rien de cette école. Je pense que l'Allemagne peut nous donner de bonnes informations." Canada explains.

"Okay, Germs. Lead the way." I groan.

Canada and I follow the German around the school. I can't help but notice all the eyes on us. Some are confused, while others beam hatred. I nudge Canada's arm to get his attention. He turns to me, visibly confused. "Maple, everyone's staring at us."

Canada looks around our surroundings. "Hey, Germany. Many students here have a predatory gaze when they look at my sister and me. Any clue why that is?"

The German turns around and scratches his head. "Well, we never

had new countries come to this school before. All the empires sent their children to this school because they wanted their children to get the best education; everyone here grew up together." Canada and I look at each other and then back at Germany. "Don't worry. Give the countries a few days. They will open up to you." Germany reassures us.

"That doesn't explain why they're looking at us like prey," I mumble. The German already started walking in another direction. Rude. "I guess we will have to seem powerful. I can tell these countries don't think much of us."

Canada sighs, "I guess you're right. Let's try making friends first. We'll see how it goes. Germany seems nice." He smiles at me. Canada is always fond of stepping out of his comfort zone, while I isolate myself from others. I don't trust anyone. Not yet, at least. Canada will be my experiment. If he can find someone who trusts him, maybe I can too.

"Go do you." I shrug.

Germany's head peeks out from the corner, "I thought you two were following me. I was about to bring you guys to your first-period class."

✧⋟ᘓ♥ᘓ⋞∞ 1 ∞⋟ᘓ♥ᘓ⋞✧

1026 words

Ps art not mine

See you next week ☺

Art above is my representation of Germany

Love ya

(◍•ᴗ•◍)♡

☆* ⋆ 2 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Him

America POV

Weirdly enough, I'm not in any classes with my brother Canada. As a matter of fact, he tries to avoid me. When he sees me in the hallways, he will pretend not to notice me. I know he's making friends, but I don't get why he's trying to ignore me! Yes, I like isolating myself, but he's acting as if I'm a stranger. I don't want to be that excluded from the world! At least talk to me, brother!

So far, I've seen Canada talk to girls. Fragile countries, to be exact. I guess it makes sense. You have to build from the bottom up. But I feel like he's building his reputation down. We need to come in strong. In my opinion, it is better to be brawny at first than build our way up the ladder.

I walk into the cafeteria to find my brother. Sadly, this is the only period we have together. I look around and find my brother talking to his new friends. Germany and two girls. I subconsciously smile. He seems to be enjoying their company.

What would life be like if I was nicer and didn't care a lot about reputation? I'll have more friends who trust me. Even with trust, these are countries. There is no way their mouth wouldn't lie. If I was nice, Germany wouldn't hate me.

Canada and I make eye contact. He nervously breaks it and gets back to talking with his friends. A girl with dark blonde hair that's braided in neat pigtails notices me. She asks Canada something and looks back at me. She smiles.

"Do you want to sit with us, Thirteen?" She pats the seat next to her. She sounds nice honestly. Maybe I can try being friendlier.

"Yes, thank you." I sit down next to a girl with bangs. "What are your names?"

"My name is Ukraine," The girl in pigtails says, "this is Japan," she says, pointing to the girl in bangs, "and this is Germany as you may know. He's the school's president!"

"We'll see about that," I mumble to myself.

"What was that?" Ukraine asks.

I laugh it off, "It's nothing." Canada sighs, knowing exactly what I'm thinking about. Whenever we move schools, I will always run for president and win because everyone wants to see a new face on stage.

"Your sister's so hot. Is she single?" Japan purrs.

"Japan!" Ukraine shrieks.

Canada chuckles and leans on his arm, "What do you think?" Japan eyes me up and down, a clear blush on her face. Gosh, how I feel like an object.

"Japan! Stop it! Your weirdness is making her uncomfortable." Ukraine slaps the Japanese. She looks at me apologetically, "I'm sorry for my friend's foolishness."

I shrug, "I don't mind, honestly. Japan is pretty cute." I tuck a strand of hair behind Japan's ear. The Japanese blushes harder and covers her face in her arms. I chuckle. Got you...

Thankfully, we moved on from that topic. I started getting to know Japan and Ukraine more. Apparently, Japan loves to draw cartoon-like characters. She has a whole notebook dedicated to it. Ukraine, on the other hand, loves flowers. All she talks about are flowers and it's getting irritating. Canada seems to love listening to her.

"Raine, Pan, Neimcy!" A girl comes rushing over. She hugs Ukraine and Japan. There's a guy who's following her. His brown hair is brushed back and his eyes beam a sadistic glow. We make eye contact. He scans me as if trying to remember a forgotten friend.

Who is he?

"You're such a bad friend, Poland. Always leaving us for your boyfriend." Ukraine huffs, jokingly.

Poland giggles, "Raine! I'm sorry!" The three girls start talking about love. Not of my concern because I don't know anyone in this school, yet. The country with brown hair sits next to me and smiles. I smile back as anyone would.

"China," I hear Poland growl, "Sit next to me. I don't trust you after last time."

The guy named China chuckles, "Are you doubting my loyalty?" Poland crosses her arms, clearly not believing him. Either way, she starts talking to her friends again. "Fool." I hear China mutter. I like the way he thinks. Just then, I feel someone's hand intertwined with mine. Who could it be? Obviously China. I snatch my hand away, annoyed by his advances.

"What is your problem?" I glare. He smirks and puts a finger on his lips signaling for me to keep it a secret. Ah, you're a player.

"Nerd, this is between you and me," China hums, leaning toward the German.

"Bet," Germany says. Canada and I stare at each other bored out of our minds. There's nothing to talk about. He can't talk to Ukraine about flowers and I still don't trust these countries. After a short while, China starts laughing. I turn to look at the two male countries and find out that Germany is blushing furiously. I can't help but laugh along. He looks so f*cking funny!

"What did you tell Germany?" Japan smirks, moving her eyebrows teasingly. The German turns away, flushing profoundly.

"China will show you." He mumbles, pointing at China. The said country grins at the attention he's getting.

"I'll show you." He smirks.

What the f*ck happened? From the corner of my eye, I see Poland

bursting into tears. Ukraine and Japan comfort her while sending death glares my way. Canada is shocked but sneaks a thumbs up at me to keep going. Germany on the other hand seems sad and grateful.

With Canada's signal, I kiss China back. He pulls me closer, deepening our kiss. I close my eyes, pretending to enjoy the moment. I feel his hands caressing my waist. He makes it feel so natural as if he loves me. I break the kiss, breathing heavily. I hear him whisper.

"I've been waiting to do this for the longest time."

The f*ck?

"I trusted you! I loved you! How could you do this to me?" Poland slams her hand on the table, breaking my train of thought. Mascara runs down her face. Germany gives her a tissue, which she snatches away from him and wipes her tears. "I can't kiss him during our show!"

"She'll be your replacement then." China side-hugs me.

"I know you don't know her name." Ukraine scowls.

China rolls his eyes, "Of course I do. She's my girlfriend."

"What is it then?" Japan grins, resting her head on her palm.

"I won't tell you."

"You don't know."

"I do know."

"What's her name?"

"Yeah China, what is her name?!" Poland shouts. That's when I realized the whole cafeteria's looking at us. I look over at Canada, kind of scared that Father might know about this because of the teachers in the cafeteria. He shakes his head, assuring me that Father won't know.

China sighs, "Her name is America. Happy now?" How does he know? I didn't tell anyone my preferred name. Everyone goes by my official name 'Thirteen.' I look at Canada, he never told anyone about my preferred name as he too looks confused.

Japan rolls her eyes, "That isn't her name."

"America is her preferred name. She just isn't close to you." China scoffs.

"China, let's go. I don't want to cause any more drama." I get up and start dragging him toward the cafeteria doors.

"China, wait!" Poland rushes after us. China looks at her, clearly irritated by her presence. "Why her and not me?" Poland mumbles.

China chuckles deeply, scaring the countries around us, "Poland. You know why. Remember last month when you were at his house?" The Polish backs away, fear clearly seen in her eyes, "Yeah, I know everything you did." China continues, "Now don't be surprised to hear rumors about your body count. He helped you warn others. Good luck finding your next lover as I know no one here would want a scumbag like you." With that, China walks off dragging me with him. I look back, seeing the horror in her eyes. She looks around scared, seeing that everyone is looking at her in disgust. She falls to the ground, helpless and frightened. Some laugh at her while others keep their opinions to themselves.

China went too harsh on her...

But why would I care?

✧ ∞ 2 ∞ ✧

1401 words

Ps art not mine

See you next week ☺

Art above is my representation of Ukraine

Love ya

(◍•ᴗ•◍)♡

☆* ⋆ 3 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Obsession

America POV

"What the f*ck America? Father specifically told you not to date any countries unless he approves. What game are you playing?"

"Maple, can you shut up? I will explain."

Canada takes a deep breath and leans on my bedroom wall. I look at my red, white, and blue ceiling thinking of what to say. None come to mind. "So?"

"Honestly, I never thought of challenging Poland or pretending to be in love with China. I believe it was my desire to break someone's heart and seem threatening to the other countries that made me act that way. After I left the cafeteria I went to the library to sleep. I don't think I will ever talk to China again." I admit.

Canada stares at me disapprovingly, "Amy, do you know how popular China is?"

I shake my head.

"Germany told me he is the most popular guy in school. You have a one time opportunity. It will benefit both of us." Canada continues.

I squint my eyes. "Maple, you don't mean–"

"Yes, you finally understand!"

I sit up from my bed and look at the ground. "He's a country."

"Don't tell me you like him already." Canada grins, rolling his eyes.

"He can *kill*, Maple."

"What really matters are the rewards." He smiles. Those words are engraved in my heart from the moment I was born. Father always said to beat your opponents and win. I need to listen to him until I can break free.

"Okay Maple. I'll ask China about the 'relationship' tomorrow." I mumble.

"Good Amy." Canada smiles his awfully sweet smile. He turns to leave my room, but I'm not done with this conversation yet.

"You ignored me during school today. I demand an answer." I glare.

"Amy, I didn't ignore you. I was just." Suddenly, Canada's cheeks started turning pink.

"So you have found your obsession, I see." I smirk.

Canada clears his throat. "Yes, I have."

"I bet it's Germany!"

"I'm not gay!"

I laugh at the furious Canadian. "Then who?"

"You would not be happy if I told you."

"Are you keeping secrets? I will never tell you anything again then." I huff.

"Fine. Fine." Canada sighs. He scratches his head nervously. "I have a crush on Ukraine."

The Ukrainian? I don't know her that much. I'll need to do some deep diving. "She needs to be approved by Mommy first."

"I know, I know. I invited her to come over tomorrow so she gets used to our house. When Mommy comes back, I'll introduce her."

"What?! You only knew her for a day!"

"I don't care."

"How could she be so stupid to accept the invite?" I groan, flopping onto my bed. Canada's so desperate sometimes. I feel as if he's influencing me to be like him.

"It's called love, Amy."

"More like blind love." I mock.

"Besides, her brother is also coming. I know you two will get along really well." Canada winks.

"You're a match maker now?"

"No. All I know is that he's popular as well." Canada says. His sweet smile becomes a smug one. "Ukraine's brother is definitely your type."

"Nuh uh!"

"But I can see you and China getting along real fine too." Canada makes his thinking face.

I feel my face burn with anger. How dare he have the audacity to matchmake me with China and a guy I never met! "You maple f*cking syrup! I hope you shove a d*ck up your *ss!"

"Amy! It's called a ship." Canada hums.

"It's not nice to ship your sister with other countries." I huff.

He shrugs and makes his way out my room. "Just remember not to make my dear Uki mad."

I chuckle, "Of course Maple. Goodnight!"

✧ ∞ 3 ∞ ✧

627 words

Ps art not mine

Art above is my representation of Canada

Love ya
(◍•ᴗ•◍)♡

☆* ⋆ 4 ⋆ *☆

Deal

America POV

"China."

"Awe, you remember my name." China grins.

I roll my eyes. "Of course I did, Ching Chong." China's grin drops to a neutral look. Have I made him angry? Pathetic.

"I know you want my attention but as you know, I am a busy country." China looks at his watch, clearly uncomfortable. "Now what is it that you want? I don't have all day."

"I'm here to talk about our 'relationship'."

China chuckles. "I only used you. Now scram." He looks me dead in the eye.

"Don't think so highly of yourself." I scoff. "I know why you did that."

China stares at me with confusion.

"You actually liked her, but Germany did too. So, you gave her up and now you don't want anyone to break your fragile heart." I lean on the wall and cross my arms, grinning. "Isn't that right, Ching Chong?"

"You really thought you read me." China rolls his eyes.

"Oh, then what is the real reason?" I hum, leaning towards him. I place my hand on his chest and look up at him with innocent eyes. He was surprised for a moment before his left hand grabs both of my wrists and pins me to the wall. My eyes darted around frantically. If anyone sees us, we will be in trouble. China smirks

and leans down close to my face.

"You don't want to know, love." He purrs. I furrow my eyebrows. I thought I got him... Unless, he's lying.

"China! Some girl asked you to date her." I hear Germany gag. The German and I make eye contact. "Ah, hello Thirteen!" He smiles, coming to a stop. An angry looking Poland and a giggling Ukrainian follows him.

"Tell her to f*ck off." China snaps. He then grins at me. "I have something else in mind." I'm not an object!

"Sorry Poland, but I think those two make a great couple." Ukraine scratches her head nervously. The Polish glares and walks away.

"We are not dating—"

China kisses me and my eyes grow wide. How dare he have the audacity to kiss me! I bite his bottom lip in rage. I never gave him my consent. He pulls away, a bit angry. I grin in triumph.

"I cannot see it." Germany replies to the Ukrainian, knowing exactly well that China and I don't like each other. China turns his head to the side, embarrassed.

"We agree with you." I smile.

"I don't." China butts in.

"Your face is red with guilt."

"Of course not," He lifts my chin up and grins. "Just looking at your vulnerability makes my heart flutter."

I flush and try wiggling out of his grasp. I feel readable and I don't like it.

"Hold that position. I need to upload this on my country-gram!" Ukraine shrieks, snapping tons of pictures. Germany chuckles, shaking his head disapprovingly.

"Go f*ck yourself!"
"Shove a d*ck up your *ss!"
China and I shout at the same time.

"Thanks for the pictures!" Ukraine skips away. She looks back and smiles. "I ship it!"

"I don't want to see your ugly face again." I glare

"See you after school Thirteen." Ukraine sings. I forgot about that... She's so irritating! I will murder her, but I need to kill him first.

"F*ck you!" I shout into the hallway, hoping Ukraine will hear me.

"You are not going to kill her. Not on my watch at least." China scowled. He—he read my mind?! Am I that readable? "Surprised? Your face keeps dropping hints." China caresses my cheek.

"Mr. Popular, don't get too carried away." Germany snickers.

"Okay nerd." China rolls his eyes teasingly. The German then leaves.

"You can let go of me now." I growl. China turns me around and holds me close to him. I suppress the heat flowing to my face.

"Alright America. We are to act like lovers during school." China commands. I raise my brow. This is too good to be true. "There are some rules though. You are not allowed to stop me when I'm kissing another country and we must stay close to each other."

"And we can not kiss. The cheeks are fine, but not the lips. I am also allowed to kiss whomever I like." I add.

"You can only kiss me." China growls. Gross!

I scoff. "I like being fair. I won't disturb your privacy and you won't disturb mine. Deal?" Why is he so weird?

China sighs. He looks to the ground and mumbles some curses. "Deal." He finally says. I grin in triumph. So far everything is going my way—

"Put me down!"

"You're coming with me."

****

I groan in despair. Yes, no one is here but I feel eyes watching my every move. My heart beats faster. Who's there? What do you want from me? At this point, I feel dizzy. Tears sting my eyes as I try unclogging my brain from my imaginations. No one's here, why am I...scared?

Clearly China noticed my odd behavior. "美国, you're scared of heights?"

"No."

"Liar. What else could have made you rip my uniform?"

"I don't have acrophobia, you jerk." I say, realizing how tightly I'm holding onto his uniform. I let go of it, trying to prove my point. It was an accident. I was...scared. He sets me down on a table looking at me with his concerned hazel eyes. I look away from him. He isn't my concern right now. School has already ended and I need to get home this instant. I try getting off the table, but China blocks my path, claiming that I need his help.

"I need to get home." I glare, pushing him.

"We are not done yet. You can stay for another 5 minutes."

"F*ck no." I push him. Just when I thought I could leave, China had the audacity to hold my wrists down to the table. I burn in anger. If I was strong enough, I would beat the sh*t out of him. I wish I had brought my gun.

"美国, you wouldn't want to leave if I were you." China smiles, masking his anger.

I roll my eyes. "I have an appointment. It's urgent."

"It can wait." China shrugs.

"You don't understand–"

"I do understand. Your brother invited his significant other, is that right?"

No words come out of my mouth; I'm speechless. How the f*ck does he know? Does Canada know who we're messing with?

"I told her that she still had to finish her part of the project today. She'll be done in about–" China looks at his wrist-watch. "27 minutes."

I clear my throat. "What is it you want? We already made a deal."

China's eyes look at me and then my lips. "You know what I'm here for." He grins.

"You really want to break the deal, huh?"

"No, I want to do this."

China leans closer to me and I, obviously, back away. I shut my eyes when his face comes closer to mine. He doesn't make any contact with my mouth. Instead, I feel soft kisses on my neck. Father will not be happy if he sees hickies on me.

"China, stop." I growl. He smiles and pulls me to the edge of the table.

"Don't you want to experience something new?" He whispers. I can feel his hot breath on my neck. It sends tingles down my spine. Without saying anything else he starts kissing my neck again. I grip the edge of the table helplessly. Do I really want to try this? "Relax." I hear him say. Never in my life have I allowed any country to place kisses on my neck. My mind is foggy and the only thing I can concentrate on is the sensation on my neck. It starts as kisses and then nibbles.

"Stop..." I say weakly. I bite my lip when he moves to a sensitive part on my skin. I need to stop him. But my body doesn't move. Then, kissing becomes sucking.

W-what the f*ck did I–? Sh*t... I moaned! That feels so f*cking good though. I can't control myself.

China pulls away with lustful eyes. Feeling embarrassed and exposed, I try avoiding eye contact with him. Now Father will know about my—sh*t! There are security cameras.

"You just saw the security camera?" China grins, amused at my startled face.

"You sh*t head. The teachers are going to know."

"The cameras are shut off. There's no need to worry." China smiles. Is he always this prepared?!

"This school is heavily surrounded by guards and security. You will get caught."

"You're worried for my safety? Awe, so sweet of you." China squeezes my cheeks.

"It's not like that!" I slap his hands. China laughs at me and my cheeks start burning.

"Alright, I will tell you—only if you keep it a secret."

"Sure." I lie. He probably knows I'm lying, after all he could read my mind somehow. No one can read me. Not even my family members, but somehow he can.

China leans down close to my ear. I feel my heart pounding faster. Does he trust me enough to tell me all his secrets? Surely not but I need him to. I need to learn everything about this high school and its loopholes. I'm sure China can help me.

"He is referred to as N.K."

That is not very useful information...

✧⋟⊰♥⊱⋞∞ 4 ∞⋟⊰♥⊱⋞✧

Surprise! A new chapter earlier then my usual upload times :) hope you liked this one.

1589 words
Art: China

See ya next time
(◍•ᴗ•◍)♡

☆* ⋆ 5 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Beloved

America POV

My stupid brother is pacing around the living room, scared as f*ck. He always acts like this when his crush is coming and I'm getting tired of it. Yes, it was cute but now it's irritating.

"Calm down Maple. It's not like you can't live without her." I groan, falling onto the couch. Canada stops in his tracks.

"You don't understand what love feels like. You break hearts left and right."

"Maple, you're the one who told me to do that in the first place." I roll my eyes.

"I suggested the idea. I never forced you to." Canada explains. "You even found it fun last time."

"No, I only found the crying Pola funny." I corrected him.

Canada looks at the clock on the coffee table and starts worrying again. "It's been 18 minutes. Why isn't she here yet?"

Can he shut up? I stuff my face in a pillow. After what seemed like an eternity the doorbell finally rings! I hear Canada's heavy footsteps as he makes his way to the front door.

"Nada!" Ukraine cheers. I sat up to find the Ukrainian hugging my awfully sweet brother. Canada giddily hugs her back, clearly forgetting the gloomy Russian standing in front of him. If I remember correctly, his name is Russia. He is one of the sons of the Russian Empire. Many say he's a handsome yet intimidating country. He honestly doesn't look like much. I expected more.

"Ukraine." Russia says with authority. I see Canada's hand twitch. At least he has self control, unlike me.

"Sorry." Ukraine apologizes. She retreats to her brother's side.

"What took you two so long?" I ask. "Maple got so worried." I smirk, embarrassing my brother. Canada whips his head around and sends me death glares.

"Ukraine was finishing up her project." Russia walks in the house and sets his backpack down on a stool. So China was right. The Russian then sits on the other end of the couch, keeping a distance from me. After all, we are strangers. It's normal.

"Sorry Nada. China kept threatening me to finish my part of the project today" Ukraine holds Canada's hands apologetically. "Even though he and Germany didn't finish their part." Ukraine mutters.

"It's alright Uki." Canada smiles. Ukraine quickly looks towards the side, definitely blushing profoundly. My oblivious brother starts saying sorry repeatedly.

"Can you shut up?" Russia glares.

"Sorry." Canada says for the millionth time. Oh Canada!

Ukraine and Canada start talking about all sorts of things while Russia and I awkwardly watch them. I could be sleeping right now, but Canada wants me to listen to their conversation because he's scared he will make a fool of himself. When is this over?!

I feel a tap on my shoulder. "Yes?" I ask. The Russian has found his way next to me on the couch. There isn't anything better to do, so why not start a conversation with him.

"I need your phone number." Russia says plainly. I raise my eyebrow in suspicion. Why does he need—

"Russia, she has a boyfriend." Ukraine overhears us. Thank you very much, Ukraine. I can handle this on my own.

"It's for China." Russia adds. I sneak a 'help me' glance to Canada. I

don't have China's contacts and neither does he, so Russia may be telling the truth.

"What's the real reason?" Canada walks over to us. "If you want to take my sister out, be my guest." Canada smirks, winking at me. What the f*ck Canada!

Russia pulls Canada by the collar "It's for f*cking China and no one else." He grits his teeth. Canada's eyes widened.

"She will give it to you later." Canada whispers back, clearly understanding why Russia is acting like this. I'm still confused by his sudden anger though.

"You don't have to get so defensive about it." I scoff. I feel death glares coming my way. "I'm not that bad~" I wink. This is funny—

"Russia! You're hurting him!" Ukraine slaps her brother.

"You wanted to come here." Russia says.

"You wanted to come too."

"So I can protect you. You always get stuck in the worst situations."

The two siblings start arguing. Canada and I look at each other, glad we don't fight that often. I've heard that Russia and Ukraine don't have the best relationship. Germany told me that the two countries never really had peace with each other. Ukraine would always disturb Russia's sleep. Russia wouldn't allow her to talk to his friends, besides China for some reason. They are a crazy mess and I don't want to get tangled up in their world.

"Russia, I'm sorry!" Ukraine bursts into tears.

The Russian crosses his arms, whispering. "Really? In front of them?"

"In front of Canada?" Russia adds. Ukraine sobs more. I can feel Canada's growing urge to lunge at the Russian. To be honest, I don't know who would win the fight. Russia or Canada. I mean, Russia's pretty muscular. But if we were to involve weapons, I don't know

who would win.

Now, if I was a modeling recruiter, I would recruit Russia immediately. His broad shoulders, light brown hair, his height—he's attractive. What the f*ck am I thinking? How did I get so out of topic?

"Uki, don't cry." Canada hugs her as she weeps onto his shoulder. "It's alright."

"This is why Папа doesn't like you." Russia grins.

"Shut up!" Ukraine screams, trying to hit Russia. Canada holds her back as she struggles in his grasp.

"Let me guess, you're the favorite." I roll my eyes.

"Possibly." Russia shrugs.

"Let me go! Let me at him!" Ukraine growls.

"Fighting is not permitted in this household." I say. I can see the grin on Russia's face. He really thinks he won, doesn't he? I sigh as Ukraine continuously tries hitting the Russian again. "Calm down."

"You're really on his side?!" Ukraine glares. The following words coming out of her mouth aren't audible. I don't care about her life. I only care about my family and the people I will love in the future.

I don't even know if I can love another...

"You are getting it wrong. I am not on your side or his." I scoff. Ukraine swallows and hugs Canada's arm tightly. When I look at Canada and Ukraine together, I wonder why. Ukraine is so thin-skinned! "Let's play, never have I ever. Hopefully we can get to know each other more and settle our differences."

****

"It's getting late, we should go." Russia says, getting off the couch. Really? In the middle of a movie?

Ukraine groans. "Why can't we stay over?"

"I don't think Папа would approve."

"I'm not leaving." Ukraine snuggles up with my brother. I grab the remote and sadly pause one of the best movies of all time: Star Wars.

"Well, I'm not letting you two go unless we finish this movie." I huff, crossing my arms like a child.

"We're not finishing this movie, Америка." Russia sighs. "Come on Ukraine, Папа is waiting for us." Ukraine covers her face with my blanket, trying to hide from reality.

"Russia. You're making her upset." Canada frowns. "We have guest rooms set up just for you two as well."

"Please Russia!" Ukraine pokes her head out of the blanket making puppy faces trying to win the argument. "I know you like Thirteen. Please!" She begs.

From the corner of my eye I can see Canada hiding a grin. "Well." He starts. "Amy would love it if you can keep her company as well. After all, she does feel pretty lonely sometimes. Maybe you're her cure."

I glare at Canada. "What the f*ck maple?" I only want him to stay so he can watch the movie. The best movie.

"Yeah Russia. Keep Thirteen company." The innocent Ukrainian smiles. She's obviously going along with Canada so she could stay the night. I don't think she understands what he is implying. 'You can keep her company' in his terms is to literally take my v-card! Good thing Russia and Ukraine don't know Canada well enough.

Russia takes out his phone, seemingly pondering whether or not to stay. He cautiously sends some messages and waits. Luckily his father agreed so he joined us back on the couch and I can finally start from where we left off.

"Amy. We waited 10 whole minutes!" Canada exclaims.

"No man left behind. It's too good to miss!" I beam.

I hear Russia chuckle next to me. "It isn't even that good."

"The f*ck you say?!"

"Сука блять!"

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Picture: **C A** x **U A**

☆* ⋆ 5.5 ⋆ *☆

·.*°:* ☆ Nightmares ☆ *°:*.

America POV

"Maple wake up. I'm have a nightmare." I shake my sleeping brother.

He groans and turns to his side. "Let me sleep."

"Can I sleep next to you?" I plead.

Silence.

"Please Maple?"

Maple yawns and sits up from his bed. He rubs his nose bridge. "Amy, we talked about this." I grab my stuffed eagle tightly. I'll have nightmares again if I don't sleep with someone near me. Weirdly enough, I'm not scared of horror movies so I shouldn't be scared. But these dreams are so real. I once had a dream of someone shooting me with a gun and the bullet grazed my right arm. When I woke up, I felt excruciating pain on my arm. Turns out, I got a scar.

"Please Maple!" I beg, grabbing his hand. I feel so helpless and useless against my dreams.

Canada pulls his hand away. "Go back to your room and sleep."

"Maple, you know I get scars from them. I can't go back to sleep! If I do, I'll be murdered!"

We stay in silence. Gosh, I really want to sleep, but the fear of being chased and stabbed is keeping me awake. I think I've been cursed. I wonder if anyone else has these dreams.

"Amy, go ask Russia." Canada says.

"Him?! No f*cking way!" I whisper-scream.

Canada stares at me. "I'm not letting you sleep next to me. If you don't want to sleep, go ahead."

My hands turn into fists. Why does he always say this? I'm not going to sleep on the same bed as him, I'm going to sleep in the same room as him. "F*ck you Canada."

"Back at you." Canada grins. I turn around to leave. "Amy, it's a good opportunity to get close to him."

I snap my head around. "You're crazy. He wouldn't let me."

Canada shrugs. "Ask Uki then."

"No. She's disgusting." I gag.

Canada's grin turns into a smirk. "Don't make any noises tonight. My beloved Uki needs her beauty rest."

I flush, "We're not going to f*ck." I walk out of his room, debating on my choices: ask Russia or ask Ukraine?

"F*ck it." I grumble while opening the guest room Russia's in. I slowly make my way over to him. He looks so peaceful. I don't want to disturb him. Suddenly, his eyes open. We look at each other for a solid four seconds. This is so embarrassing.

"Can I sleep next to you?" I ask, fumbling my fingers. Russia seems confused and disturbed. "I'm having nightmares." I mumble.

Russia looks at me, seemingly deciding if I'm lying. "Sure." He pulls me under the covers to my shock. I flush and try getting dirty thoughts out of my head. Canada you f*cking made me do this! It's your fault!

"Do you want a–hug? It can make you feel better." Russia asks. I freeze. It'll be so weird to say yes even though I would really like that. I feel so vulnerable right now. It's Canada's fault. It's all his fault. "I don't judge." Russia says, turning to look at me.

I look at him biting my lips, "Only if you're fine with it." Russia nods his head and pulls me closer to him.

It feels weirdly comfortable being cuddled by a country I barely know. Russia is a gigantic warm cozy pillow. We aren't even dating, this is f*cking weird. It's only for tonight... Never again.

"Thanks Russia." I yawn, cuddling closer to him.

He chuckles, "No problem. Good night." He pecks my forehead. Gosh, I feel like we're dating.

'^'

"Rise and shine Russi-THIRTEEN?!" Ukraine screams, removing the covers. B*tch! Would you like it if I wake you up from your princess sleep?

"Ukraine, shut up." Russia growls.

"She's dating China! Why are you always flirting with girls he dates?" Ukraine shrieks.

Russia yawns, "I don't. She's the only exception."

"Can you give us the cover? It's f*cking cold." I snap, cuddling closer to Russia for the warmth of his body. Ukraine looks at me in disbelief.

"You're cheating on your boyfriend with my brother! I'm telling China." Ukraine threatens.

"I'm not cheating. I'm sleeping." I roll my eyes.

"If you tell Китай, I won't allow you to see Canada anymore." Russia says. Ukraine looks at me then at Russia.

"Thirteen, you should break up with China and date my brother instead. China could damage your health. I've experienced it." With that, Ukraine leaves with tears forming.

"What did China do to her?" I ask Russia. I know nothing about

China. All I know is that he's popular, has connections, and everyone adores him. When can I see his true colors?

"Don't worry about her. Just know China will never hurt you." Russia hums.

I sigh, "I hope you're right." Russia sits up, ready to get out of the bed. "Russia... Don't leave me here. Can you stay a little longer?" I mumble, grabbing his arm.

Russia smiles softly, "Of course."

□□°• ⊹☾A continuation of Chap 5☽⊹• °□□
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Hope u guys like it! 😊

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[image]

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America POV

"Canada, Riane! You two make such a cute couple!" Japan hums. The two said countries blush at the compliment.

"Yeah! You two should start dating." Poland grins, nudging the Ukrainian's arm. Ukraine mumbles something and hits the Polish. When is lunch over?

"You know, Pola. I think Germany is starting to take some interest in you." I smile. I feel Germany kicking me under the table. I've made him flustered.

Poland glares angrily at me. "Shut up you boyfriend stealer." I roll my eyes. The one time I tried being nice to her.

"Poland, it's alright." Germany says, trying to calm her down.

"It's not my fault China chose me instead." I shrug, sipping my coke. Poland fumes with anger.

"Karma will catch up to you." Poland says through her teeth.

I laugh, karma doesn't scare me. And besides, it's China's fault. But Poland doesn't know that.

"Poland, you have someone better now." Japan tries to break the tension. She holds Poland's shaking hand and caresses it.

"Yeah, who?" Poland asks. The German's worried look turned plain. He definitely isn't recognized as a potential boyfriend even though he does everything for her. What could I say? Germany is a simp for Poland.

"You will see the signs soon." Ukraine smiles. Poland huffs, clearly still mad at me.

"Are you Thirteen?" A country with an eyepatch approaches me. He seems oddly misplaced in this school. His uniform isn't buttoned up correctly, there seems to be bruises that look more like bite marks on his body, and he doesn't act polite. And he isn't formal. His stance, his posture, stride–I can make a whole list by looking at him. As much as I don't want to respond to that name, I force myself to nod my head. The country leans down next to me. "Russia wants you to meet us after school in D12. You are not to discuss this with anyone, especially your brother." He says quietly while staring hungrily at the Ukrainian, Polish and Japanese country. Is he seriously threatening my freedom of speech and actions? And who is this 'us' he's referring to?

It does seem odd that Russia would even want to see me. We got along well, but there were some–let's just say–heated tension last night. I don't want to talk about it. "Oh~ and what happens if I tell him?" I smirk.

The country chuckles. "You wouldn't want to know..."

"Stop messing with her!" Ukraine growls. I can see right through her masked confidence, she's scared. For some reason, Japan and Poland are also frightened by this country's presence. What's so scary about him?

The country rolls his dark eyes and scoffs. "I'm here to deliver a message, dork." I can sense the anger Canada feels right now. He's probably thinking of ways to get the country out of Ukraine's life.

"Leave the girls alone." Germany sighs. The country crosses his arms in irritation.

"See you later Thirteen." At least he listens to Germany.

We watch the country walk towards the cafeteria door, but he then gets dragged to the staff's room by none other than China. The once tense air softens.

"I hate him." Japan mumbles.

"Who is he?" Canada asks.

"North Korea. South Korea's brother and one of Russia's best friends." Germany says. "He would sometimes bully others, but especially Ukraine. He isn't necessarily the best, but he can be nice sometimes."

"That's because you're his best friend's step brother." Japan rolls her eyes.

"These are facts."

Before the useless bickering continues, Canada asked me what North Korea told me. This makes the other countries grow curious as well. Should I actually keep it a secret? I don't know Russia well enough to make the decision to tell them.

"Russia likes to hangout with me." I shrug, lying in front of my own brother. This is for his safety. Who knows what 'us' could do? The Canadian eyes me suspiciously.

Ukraine nods her head. "That does make sense, since last night you two were—"

"—talking about movies to watch." I finished her sentence. Ukraine and Canada look at each other and then back at me, clearly knowing that I'm lying.

"You're cheating on China?" Poland grins. It's not called cheating. I'm not dating China, it's all an act.

"No." I glare. "But I do know his ex cheated on him with his best friend." The Polish looks startled, but nonetheless waves the topic off. The bell rings to the Polish's relief.

"I don't want to go to class!" Japan groans, stuffing her face in her arms.

"Stop being so whiny and get up. You don't want to be late." Germany laughs.

"Okay Dad..." Japan sticks her tongue out at the German and gets up to leave. We go our separate ways. Now I'm pondering whether to go to D12 or not. I know D hall is all the way at the corner of the school building and my last class is all the way in front of the building. I'll see when the time comes.

******

"I need to go talk to Russia." I tell my brother. A smirk appears on his face. "Don't get any ideas. I think he just wants to talk about the movies we watched yesterday." I glare.

"Amy's growing up." Canada chuckles, squeezing my cheeks.

"Stop it!"

"Sadly you didn't get laid yesterday."

"I don't want to! I'm just like you, waiting for the special one."

"I think you will find your special two, if you're just like me."

"What the f*ck? No!" Canada is so stupid. How on earth would I get two countries to like me and like each other? That's impossible. "You're crazy."

Canada shrugs, not taking it to heart.

"I didn't like your first two girlfriends. They were so annoying." I remember Canada's first relationship a few years ago. Somehow, he was able to pull two girls with his charms. His ex's were always kissing, skipping classes, and taking quality time away from my brother and I. He said it was an experiment to find his type and thankfully he broke up with them in a month.

"I agree." Canada admits. "Well, I'll see you at home." He smiles his awfully sweet smile.

"See you in a few hours." I smile back. We part ways and I walk around the school in search of D12.

»»————⊛————««

Pic:NK
See you next week my doves🕊️□□

☆* ⋆ 7 ⋆ *☆

—D12—

America POV

I slowly make my way to the end of D hall and find the door to classroom D12. Through the classroom's window, I see China possibly flirting with a female country. I suddenly feel an urge to slam the door open. Instead, I control my emotions and open the door quietly.

"You're here." North Korea says. There seems to be more bruises on his body than when I first saw him. I wonder what happened to him. "Russia's coming in around 5 minutes, like he always does."

I nod my head in response. Setting my book bag aside, I patiently wait for the arrival of Russia, but the murmurs at the corner of the room makes me curious. Who is China talking to?

"You're so handsome baby." The girl in pigtail says, hugging China's arm. What the f*ck?! My hands turn into fists.

"I know." China smiles with pride. No wonder he has such a huge ego. He hangs out with countries who praise him.

"North Korea, who's that girl?" I ask.

"Don't you see that I'm busy?" North Korea snaps.

"Well I'm 'sorry' that you have anger issues." I roll my eyes. North Korea grows angrier by the second.

"No one speaks back to me." He says.

I scoff. "You have authority? The bruises, or should I say bite marks, show a different story." He angrily walks towards me, a little flustered, and I grin. "You're not dominant. You're weak."

North Korea swings a punch at me and luckily I dodge it. I jump off the teacher's desk and use it as a barrier between us. "Stop running and fight me." North Korea taunts.

"Don't hurt my girlfriend." China glares. North Korea groans and sits on a desk sending glares towards me. I cross my arms. I can defend myself. I don't need his help.

"We aren't dating." I say. "You should've dated that thing in the first place instead of getting me involved in your drama." I angrily point at the girl. I wish I never met China.

China frowns. "She's only my toy."

"I thought you said I was special!" The country starts crying. China looks at her with disgust.

"I never said anything of that sort." China denied.

"Your mouth is full of lies, Китай." Russia chuckles, entering the room.

China rolls his eyes. "Shut the f*ck up 俄罗斯. At least I don't lie to you."

"Америка. I'm glad you came." Russia smiles.

"I didn't know what 'us' was going to do if I didn't." I direct my sentence towards North Korea. It's his fault I'm here.

Russia raises an eyebrow, apparently confused. North Korea waves it off, mumbling something.

"Besides the point. I need you to swear to not tell anyone about this meeting." Russia says.

"I feel bad for not telling my brother about this already. You want me to hide more secrets from him?" I groan.

"You didn't tell the group anything, did you?" North Korea asks.

"I told them that Russia likes hanging out with me." I shrug.

"Thankfully they bought it."

China storms over to me and slams me onto the wall. I hissed at the impact. How is China so f*cking strong?!

"美国." He starts, holding my wrists tightly. "You're giving them ideas. You're mine."

Russia shoves China off me. "Don't be so possessive over her. She isn't even yours."

"I'm not a f*cking object, China." I snap, rubbing my throbbing back. I can't show weakness. That girl country is closely looking at my every move. I can tell she wants revenge.

"Can you tell me who that is?" I ask, pointing at the girl.

"Her name is Vietnam. Otherwise known as Китай's b*tch." Russia grins. "Don't worry about her, she won't do anything under Китай's watch."

"Obviously." China beams with pride. I silently laugh. He's so funny sometimes.

Russia places his hand on North Korea's shoulder. "This is North Korea, aka N.K. He hacks the cameras at this school even though he loves mass security. With him by our side, we are able to get away with—anything." So China wasn't lying. N.K is North Korea. The missing piece to the puzzle was right in front of me.

"What are you going to use me for?" I yawn, getting tired of this. I lean on the wall and stare plainly at the Russian. "I want to go home."

"Do you like Ukraine?" Russia asks.

I slowly make my way towards the door. "I don't want to get involved in your sibling drama."

Russia grabs my arm. "Do you like her or not?"

"I don't care." I say.

"Good. Then you will love my idea."

What? I don't like any of his ideas. Specifically when he said Star Wars is awful.

"俄罗斯 here wants you to make Ukraine's life miserable." China grins, leaning on the Russian's shoulder. "She couldn't walk after what I did. Also 俄罗斯, you still need to pay me back."

"Of course." Russia smiles.

Ukraine isn't the best country, but I would never try hurting her. She's my brother's lover. Canada will be devastated if he finds out. "What am I getting out of this?" I ask. "I'm not doing this for free."

Russia raises his brow. "What do you want?"

What do I want? McDonald's? Coke? Oil?L-love? No, that sounds stupid coming from me and I already have my family's love. But other countries don't love me... Should I ask him how to love?—no, he isn't a love expert.

"You know, he can give you a good time." Vietnam breaks me from my train of thought.

"F*ck no!"
"Нет!"

"That's gross." China glares at the Vietnamese. She shrugs without a recognition of what she said.

"Russia, I have to think about this." I sigh. "I can't process this now."

I hear North Korea scoff. "Everyone has a desire. We can give it to you."

"Yeah idiot! Make up your mind and join the gang." Vietnam hums. "Unless you can't make a decision without daddy's help."

"Come on America."

"Make Ukraine miserable. Your brother doesn't have to know."

"We need your help."

I feel so uncomfortable. Four pairs of eyes are waiting for me to do something. Four mouths are encouraging me to join. Is this the right choice?

"Alright d*ck heads!" I grumble, giving in to peer pressure. What the f*ck is wrong with me?

"Good girl." China chuckles and kisses me on the cheek. I absolutely hate it when he does that but I can't bring myself to slap him. A deal is a deal. China grins. "What do you want as a reward?"

Should I tell them? My desire sounds so stupid. They will never be able to help me figure it out. "Can we talk in private?" I mumble. Sh*t! Why are my palms sweating? Russia and China look at each other and back at me.

"Yeah, only you two..."

Bye see ya next weeeeeeekkk

8

Double date

America POV

"I love you Uki!" Canada smiles.

"I love you too Nada!" Uki giggles, hugging Canada's arm. The two love birds make me feel lonely.

Right now, China, Canada, Ukraine, and I are walking to Vietnam's mom's restaurant for our double date. I got forced to come by Canada and China. I don't want to see Vietnam!

I feel China holding my hand. I have the biggest urge to slap him hard in the face, but Ukraine is here and we are outside. If I hit China, it will be assault.

"美国, are you alright?" China asks, sensing my discomfort.

"I'm just... You know what, I'll tell you the truth." I take a deep breath before looking at China, "I don't like Vietnam."

China doesn't seem surprised, as if he knew all along. He shrugs. "I don't blame you. She can be a pain in the *ss sometimes, but she's one of my best friends since elementary school. I can't break our friendship."

"Stop talking to her." I say, "spend more time with other countries."

China grins. "Why so demanding? Are you jealous?"

"Jealous? No." I chuckle. "I know she wants to kill me because of you."

China hums in acknowledgement. "As I said, she's my toy. I can control everything she does. You don't need to worry." For some reason, his words bring comfort.

"We're here!" Ukraine shrieks, "you're the best, Nada!"

"Uki don't thank me, China picked out the restaurant." Canada chuckles, grabbing Ukraine's hand. The two walk in, leaving us behind.

"I honestly believe that Canada and Ukraine are perfect for each other." I say.

"I don't think so. Canada needs to pass five tests before he can ask Ukraine to be his girlfriend. That's what Russia said." China shrugs. The f*ck? Tests? How high of a standard does he have for his sister's future boyfriend? We walk in and situate ourselves in the seats across from the two lovebirds.

"Uki, you're so cute." Canada cups Ukraine's cheeks. The Ukrainian blushes at the compliment.

"Stop! You're cuter!" Ukraine giggles. What a lovely couple. I wish I could find love like that. I look at the menu, trying to decide what to get. Maybe I'll try their famous dish: Pho. I feel China leaning onto me. He's dozing off to sleep! I can't support your weight!

"Welcome to Pho! What may I get for you today?" Vietnam appears out of nowhere, kind of scaring the sh*t out of China.

"I would like Banhi Mi and Cha Gio." Ukraine smiles. I didn't even see her look at that menu once.

"I'll like the Bun bo hue." Canada says, closing the menu.

"And for you handsome?" Vietnam hums. I want to smash her head into the wall!

"The usual." China smirks.

"I'll get Pho." I say. Vietnam nods her head towards China, completely forgetting the other customers at our table. She rolls away on her little roller skates.

Ukraine looks at me with concerned eyes. "Is there something going on between you and Vietnam? I can sense the tension."

"Everything is fine." I smile. "Excuse me, I need to go wash my hands." I get up and leave.

Vietnam is so annoying! Everytime I want to talk to China privately, this girl appears and tries to take China's attention away from me. I know she loves him, but I have matters I need to discuss with him. She's ruining everything! A lot of countries now believe that China's cheating on me with Vietnam which makes me look vulnerable. I need to get rid of her, fast. But how?

I hear the restroom door lock. I turn my head towards the sound and see Vietnam with a grin on her face. She walks towards me and places a hand on my shoulder.

"What do you want?" I ask, shrugging her hand off.

Vietnam chuckles, "China is only using you, sweetheart. Don't think he actually loves you." I roll my eyes, knowing where this is going. "He's mine and only mine. He loves me."Vietnam continues, glaring at me.

I laugh at her cluelessness, "do you not remember what China called you? You're his play thing. At least I'm not dehumanized." Vietnam burns with rage as she tries denying the truth.

"No, he loves me!" Vietnam shouts like an immature child.

I sigh, "Vietnam, leave my boyfriend alone."

"Last time I checked, you two weren't dating." Vietnam snaps. Ah sh*t America! Now what are you going to say?

I dry my hands with a paper towel and walk out the restroom, leaving a confused and angry Vietnamese. When I head back, Ukraine leaves to wash her hands as well, leaving me alone to drown in my thoughts.

Vietnam, I hate her. She will take China from me any moment. But isn't that what I want? I'll let him have a taste of his own medicine. He hasn't fallen for me yet, so I'll need to plan some things.

"Alright China," I hear Canada say. Seems like the two guys are back

from the bathroom. Canada sits down and so does China. "Amy, China said we're going to his house after dinner. Are you fine with that?"

It would be a good bonding moment between us. "Sure, why not." I smile, hugging China's arm. He kisses my cheek in response. Gross. We start talking about school and relationships. While we were talking, China asked Canada if he would kill for love. My stupid Canadian brother said yes.

"Really? You must love Ukraine a lot." China pretends to look interested. Canada, can't you see he's wearing a mask? I can't even tell his motives sometimes!

Canada nods his head, "of course. She's my sunshine." I look at Canada, scared for his life. Who knows how China will use this against him. What happens if China tells Russia?

"Will you still love her if you find out her secret?" China asks, a mischievous grin grows on his face.

"What?"

Ukraine comes back just before China can explain the secret. "China, I have a question. How did you meet Thirteen?" Ukraine asks, sitting back down.

China and I freeze. My palms start sweating. We never talked about this part of our fake relationship. China chuckles, "well, we met in elementary school. But then I transferred to UN elementary school. We lost contact after that. After a few years, I saw her again and we started dating."

Ukraine eyes up suspiciously, "that isn't believable."

"It's true." I smile, intertwining China and my hands. I lean on his shoulder to make it more believable. "I always had a crush on him. It was devastating when he left. Remember Canada? How I cried for a week?"

Canada nods his head, a little worried for some reason, "she was balling. Either way, I'm glad they're together again."

Ukraine sighs, "sorry, I was just confused. It happened so sudden. Couldn't you privately break up with Poland? She still has trauma from the incident."

I can tell China's trying to stop the smile creeping on his face. "I didn't want to lie to her anymore. I feel bad about it. It's better to get it over with now than later," He says, obviously lying. Ukraine doesn't know that. Ukraine nods her head, trying to process what she heard.

"Here's your food, enjoy!" Vietnam roller skates towards us with our dinner. I f*cking hate her.

'^'

The four of us walk to China's house. Vietnam pleaded to come with us, but Canada and I refused. The trip to his house was peaceful. China and Canada talked while I got to learn more about Ukraine. She's a really nice country and I can tell she's madly in love with my brother. She can't stop talking about him. Every topic leads back to Canada. I'm starting to get annoyed though.

"We're here." China smiles, standing in front of his house. He unlocks the door and lets us inside. His house is ancient, most of the colors used are red. There are golden dragon statues on the red pillars in the house. It's very decorative.

I hear a sigh, "you're back." The country pops his head up from behind the couch, staring plainly at China. He looks at Canada, Ukraine and I in clear confusion. "Who are they?" He asks, getting up from the couch.

China chuckles, "they don't concern you." The country glares at China. Canada and I look at each other, sensing that the two are siblings. Twins perhaps.

"My legs are tired," Ukraine whines randomly.

"I'll show you where the guest bedroom is," China smiles walking away into a hallway. Ukraine skips after him while Canada follows them. I stay behind because this new country is interesting. I need

to know everything about China, so I might as well get to know his brother.

"I've seen you in school. You're the new transfer, right?" The country circles around me, seemingly trying to figure out my intentions.

I nod my head, "that's right. My name is Thirteen. What is your name?" He doesn't reply, as if he's calculating something. Furrowing his eyebrows, he looks to the ground as if finding an answer to his philosophical question.

"You must be China's girlfriend," he concludes. He looks up at me, concerned. "Break up with him as soon as possible. It's for your own good."

As if I didn't know. China is dangerous and there are many secrets he holds. If I pretend to trust him, I might be able to learn his secrets. "Of course not. I love him," I lie.

The country sighs, giving up hope instantly. He gestures for a handshake, "my name is Taiwan. It's a pleasure to meet you Thirteen." I shake his hand with a smile on my face. "Seriously, I'm not joking. I know China, he's my brother. Break up with him as soon as possible. I'll get Ukraine to tell you more—"

"美国, let's watch a movie—Taiwan, stop threatening her," China glares at his brother. Taiwan steps away from me, clearly nervous.

"I'm not threatening her. I'm getting to know her, after all she is your girlfriend. Wouldn't you want her to meet the family?" Taiwan defends himself much to China's displeasure. If I can only get popcorn and watch.

"美国, come here. Don't listen to his lies," China grabs my hand and takes me with him. I turn back to see a super angry country. He hits the stool next to him in rage. A golden dragon statue falls and shatters on the ground. China pays no attention to the noise. It probably always happens.

It seems like Taiwan is a nice country. Even though he doesn't know

me, he worries for my safety. I wonder what Ukraine knows about China. She brought it up once and broke down into tears. I look at China, wondering all the plans, alliances, and secrets he holds. He seems undefeatable.

We make it to, possibly, his room. It's nicely decorated in red and yellow stars. Ironically, his bed sheets are green and don't match the color scheme. China sits on the bed and waits for me to sit next to him. I slowly walk over to him, trying to get comfortable in his blood red room. "China, where's Canada?" I ask, sitting beside him.

He side-hugs me. Using his other hand he grabs the remote and turns on the TV. "He's with Ukraine." China says, scrolling through the list of movies. Didn't he say he didn't approve of their relationship? "Taiwan will keep them busy. Like the annoying little tick he is." China smiles, mumbling the last part. Sibling rivalry, am I right?

We stay in silence as he mindlessly scrolls. He's taking forever! Whenever he clicks on a movie and reads the description, he dismisses it and finds a new one. I don't have the patience for this man. "Give me the remote. You're taking too long," I reach my hand over, trying to snatch the remote from his hand.

China shakes his head, "you have bad taste."

"Says who?!" I huff.

"俄罗斯," China grins.

I glare at him, "give me the remote this instant!" I put my hand out, waiting for the remote. He chuckles, shaking his head. "You f*cking Chi*g Cho*g!" I lunge at him.

We wrestle on the bed, making the sheets wrinkle. I try grabbing the remote out of his hand, only for him to throw it to the side. Should I control him first or should I go for the remote? I chose the latter. It wasn't the smartest idea as I found myself pinned to the bed with China hovering above me. I can tell he's annoyed by his skin piercing glare. I try wiggling out of his grasp to no avail. His grip is tight on my wrists. I look back at him, growing with anger.

Why can't he let me choose the movie? He knows I know the best ones!

His glare turns softer as a smirk creeps on his face. He leans closer to me, our face almost touching. I feel my cheeks rise in heat when I realize how awkward our position is. I stare at him, helplessly. He looks so handsome with those glittery hazel eyes. F*ck... I'm trapped...

He closes the gap, placing his lips on mine. My eyes widened in shock. Has he forgotten our deal? I feel a sharp pain on my bottom lip, causing my mouth to open slightly. China slips his tongue in my mouth to my dismay–but I'm enjoying it? I close my eyes and kiss him back, enjoying the moment while it lasts. He lets go of my wrists and pulls me onto his lap. The room is hot and I feel his hands roaming my back. It sends pleasurable feelings through my body. I can't think straight. Gosh, I need to breathe. Does he ever get tired? I pull away, breathing heavily. A string of saliva forms between our mouths. He looks at me displeased by the sudden interruption.

"F*ck you." I mumble, looking away from him. I got to say, he is an amazing kisser. I think I'm addicted.

I hear him chuckle, "you liked that, didn't you?" I glare at him, scared to admit the truth. He squeezes my burning cheeks. "Don't lie to me," he pouts.

I push him down on the bed, so that I'm on top of him. I smirk, "I didn't like it. As a matter of fact, I hate it—"

China pulls me closer to him. I stare at him, wondering what I got myself into. There seems to be no escape. He kisses me softly. Again, I kiss him back. What the f*ck am I doing?

"Thirteen!"

See you next time
If you can, please the star button
Bye!!!!
Ily

9

Confrontation

America POV

"Was that true?" Canada asks me. We are back at home after my unexpected events with China. Ukraine opened the door on us and it scared the sh*t out of me. I jumped off the bed and ran out the room. Ukraine chased after me, laughing her *ss off. When I finally saw Canada, he was talking to Taiwan. He didn't look happy at all. Initially I thought they had an argument, but it turns out Canada wants Taiwan to keep an eye on China for me. I can protect myself, thank you very much. When he saw me, he dragged me out of the house not saying a word. He didn't even say goodbye to Ukraine. Did he find out her secret or does he hate China? Probably the latter.

"What was true?" I yawn. Canada lies down next to me on my bed.

"That you knew China in elementary school." What a stupid question? He knows I'm 'dating' China so the two of us had to come up with some story.

"Ukraine put us on the spot. China and I never discussed the beginnings of our 'relationship', so I went with the flow." I shrug. Canada doesn't respond. He's deep in his thoughts which is concerning because he's never like this. "Is something wrong?" I ask.

He sighs, "I was conflicted. Now I'm better." I nod my head. Conflicted by what exactly? Is there something I don't know? Thoughts I wish to ask Canada are interrupted by the sudden realization of something tragic. I sit up, frantically feeling for my necklace around my neck. I wore it to the double date, but it seems like I lost it. How could this be?

"Amy, relax." Canada massages my shoulders, trying to get me to calm down.

My mouth feels like the Saraha desert. "I lost my necklace." I break the news to Canada.

"What?! I saw you wearing it during dinner," Canada groans, trying to figure out what might have happened. "China must have stolen it. You two were in his room making out. He must have taken it when you were least expecting it."

I searched around for my phone, "I'll call China first." Canada hums in acknowledgement and helps me find my phone. Once we get it, I dial China's number. "Please pick up." I cross my fingers. Thankfully he does.

"Hello?"

"China—"

"I know you stole Amy's necklace. Give it back!" Canada shouts into my phone. Silence on the other end.

I glare at Canada, "I doubt he took it."

"I don't trust him." He whispers angrily.

"Woah. Canada, is that you?" I hear Taiwan from the other end. Canada blushes in embarrassment.

I laugh, "Taiwan! Hello again. Have you seen a necklace lying around? I think I lost it at your house." Canada pushes me onto the bed like a child which makes me laugh even more.

"Shut up!" He glares.

"I haven't seen a necklace. I'll ask China." Taiwan says. My laughter dies down to Canada's relief.

"I haven't seen it." I hear China say from the other end. "The last time I saw it was when we were walking to Pho."

"Alright, thanks." I say, ending the call.

"I don't trust him. He must've taken it." Canada growls.

I sigh, "if he took it then I would've felt it." I dial Ukraine's number, only to hear her voicemail. "Ukraine isn't picking up." I called her again.

"Give her some time." Canada says. After the millionth call, someone finally picks up.

"Hey Ukraine, have you seen my necklace by any chance?" I say, hoping for an answer.

Instead of Ukraine, I hear Russia's voice, "she's taking an extensively long bath right now. I'll tell you if I find it."

Canada and I look at each other, worried, "please tell me as soon as possible." My voice shakes to my dismay. Tears slowly form in my eyes.

"Aight. Bye."

Canada pulls me into a hug. "We'll find it soon, don't worry." I hug him back, bursting into tears. That necklace means the world to me.

I couldn't sleep the whole night; I kept shaking in bed. Canada stayed next to me. He tried calming me down, but it was hopeless. My necklace is gone. Life won't be the same anymore. It was my first gift.

Father and Mom made it for me when I turned one. It had a picture of us (Australia and New Zealand weren't born yet) with my hero, a majestic eagle. That eagle always appeared when little me was in trouble. It saved me from burning forests, to exploding volcanoes, to being stranded in the middle of the ocean. You could say I was a troublemaker. The problem is, I haven't seen the eagle ever since I started elementary school. The picture in my necklace is the only connection I have with the past...

'^'

My tired Canadian brother and I made our way to school. As we walked, I always had to wake him up. I told him to sleep, but he insisted on staying awake with me. He said that if I can't sleep he can't sleep either. Logic? Gone. But it was nice to have company. I

love Canada for that.

On the way to school, China told me that Vietnam hadn't seen my necklace either. She checked the whole restaurant and couldn't find it. I don't trust Vietnam, but if China's involved then she should be telling the truth.

'^'

China and I make our way to the Lunch room. I have been worried about the whereabouts of my necklace the whole day. I stopped concentrating in class, which got me in trouble. Father might be hearing from the teachers soon. I don't want to get him involved.

"You'll get it back eventually." China soothes, holding my hand. I hope he's right. We walk into the cafeteria to find a swarm of students at our usual table. We walk over to Russia and Canada who are far away from the crowd.

"I believe Ukraine has your necklace." Russia says, completely emotionless, "she found it in her bag and thought it was hers. I told her it wasn't, but she insisted it's the necklace she lost decades ago."

I take in the information, burning with rage. My blood boils as I look at Ukraine in the middle of the crowd. "Amy, it's not her fault. It was a misunderstanding." Canada tries reasoning with me. I storm over, pushing my way to the center. I can clearly hear Ukraine boasting about MY necklace. She obviously found out it was made of diamonds and silver. I will make her pay.

What I did find odd was how she boasted about her wealth. She isn't the type to do such a thing; Ukraine is fragile and timid and, apparently, her family is rich. I hear Canada shouting my name, trying to get me to stop. He knows what I'm about to do and I won't let him stop me.

I make it to the middle, glaring furiously at Ukraine. She sees me, a little confused at my gloomy state, but smiles anyway. "Hey Thirteen!" She waves at me.

...

I slap her hard on the cheek. The whole cafeteria goes silent. Astonishing, I know! Ukraine holds her cheek, frightened. "America, don't!" I hear Canada in the background. It's too late now. I drag Ukraine by the collar and slam her against the wall. She gasps as the sudden impact.

I smile, "don't lie, dear. That necklace isn't yours." I take my necklace off her neck. Ukraine shivers as she makes eye contact with me. I slowly form tears in my eyes while looking at her. "I trusted you," I lied.

She looked down at the ground with guilt, "it wasn't my fault."

I laugh, "wasn't your fault? Russia told you and you didn't listen. It's all your fault."

Ukraine tenses up and glares at me, "show me proof that it's yours."

"The necklace is all the proof I need." I say, opening the heart shaped necklace. She looks at the picture, stunned. I push her onto the ground and step on her back preventing her from fleeing.

"Don't talk to me ever again." I say lowly. Ukraine stares at me in disbelief. Tears form in her eyes as she hears everyone chanting "thief". I walk away, leaving her to deal with the masses.

Canada and I make eye contact. I've never seen him this angry in a while. "America, look what you've done." He growls, rushing towards the hoard of students. He only calls me America when he's super mad. In my defense, Ukraine started this whole commotion.

I stand there, watching him. "She deserved it." I mumbled when he passed me.

"She should've burned that necklace." Canada kicks me to the ground.

I sat there. The necklace on the ground in front of me. My vision blurs as tears form in my eyes. He never acted violently against me. I gasp for air, feeling suffocated in this packed cafeteria.

Did he really mean those words? I look at the picture in my

necklace. What did I do wrong? Lose my necklace? Why is he on her side? I wipe my tears away angrily. I never felt this much hatred towards a country in my life. The pain in my heart is unbearable. I punch the ground in frustration. My own brother chose a stranger over me. He will regret his decision.

I look up and see Russia and China peering down at me, concerned for my well being. I suddenly feel embarrassed by my outbreak. I shove my necklace into my pocket and get up. I must look like a mess right now.

Russia sighs, "I told you. Ukraine and Canada will ruin our lives." I nod, still thinking about the event that happened a few minutes ago. Did Canada really mean what he said? Uncontrollable tears flow down my face once again. Just the thought of it hurts. Canada really changed.

China cups my face and wipes my tears away, "美国, don't cry." I continue to sob. Yes, I got my necklace back, but my heart still broke in two. China picks me up and I hang onto him like a baby monkey. I feel kisses on my cheek as I get carried out the cafeteria.

"I'm so sorry America." I hear Russia mumble. I sniff and wipe my tears away.

"It's not your fault," I mutter. I stuff my face in my arms. My body shivers once again when I recall those words.

I feel China place a soft kiss on my forehead. Honestly knowing that he cares makes me feel a little better but what happened in the Lunchroom will never heal. Canada is a traitor to his own family. Wait till I tell Father about this. His slogan is "family first. Strangers last." And Canada did the opposite.

We make it to a classroom where North Korea and Vietnam are waiting. China sets me down on a table. I hear Vietnam snickering in the background, "Thirteen cries? She's so sensitive!" I don't have the strength to argue. I thirst for water.

"Shut up. She's one of us now." North Korea growls. Vietnam pauses her annoying laughs. The Korean brings me his computer so I can

watch the situation unfold in the lunchroom. My blood boils when I see Canada defending Ukraine.

"Ukraine doesn't deserve your sympathy." Russia sits on the table across from me. I looked at him angrily.

"You made him like this." I wipe my tears away, as I don't feel sad anymore. I don't care about Ukraine. I care about my relationship with Canada.

"Китай, I told you it was a bad idea."

China scoffs, "you're blaming me now?" China grabs Russia by the neck, which oddly doesn't scare the Russian. How could he? Russia is also a strong country that I've seen beat up two countries at once.

Russia glares, "you grew their bond. When Ukraine got home, she couldn't sleep the whole night because she was texting Canada."

"I can't control what Canada or Ukraine does. You should've stopped your own sister. And guess what? You still haven't paid me back yet. I've been waiting for 2 years now."

Silence filled the room as we waited for Russia's response. He takes China's hand off his neck and sits up straight, a clear hue of red on his face. He clears his throat, "meet me at my house tomorrow."

This satisfies the Chinese as he kisses the Russian, only for the latter to return a slap. Russia wipes his cheek with the sleeve of his shirt, grossed out. My curiosity grows and I eventually forget about my stupid Ukraine addict brother.

"What did you do to Ukraine? I've seen her cry every time she tries bringing it up." I remember the warnings she told me about China, but she could never finish her sentence as if what he did was so detrimental to her mentality.

"She is over dramatic." North Korea laughs, opening the door to the room. "Vietnam and I are going to see Ukraine." He licks his lips as if he's a predator hunting his prey. The two leave, laughing with pure hatred for the Ukrainian.

"Are you feeling better?" Russia asks. I nod my head. I look at North Korea's laptop. Canada is eating with his friends while Ukraine excuses herself. She exits the double doors only to be cornered by Vietnam and North Korea. The two beat her up and I know they're calling her names by the look on her face. I look over at Russia who's also watching the cameras. He looks emotionless.

"Don't you care about your sister?" I ask the Russian. He doesn't respond. Too intent on the imagery in front of him. At last, North Korea and Vietnam leave Ukraine as a bloody mess. The two high fived each other as they headed away from the doors. I can see Ukraine shake in her blood, petrified. I frown, honestly feeling bad for her. She didn't deserve so much for so little. What could I do? I already ruined our growing friendship. From the corner of my eye, I see Russia hold back a grin.

I-how? (Not a chapter)

[image]

THANK YOU FOR 1k+ reads!!!!!! Thanky thanky. I couldn't have done it without you all ☺

I still can't believe this man y'all are the BEST

☆* ⋆ 10 ⋆ *☆

[image]

.*°* ☆ Aftermath ☆ *°*.

America POV

I hear the clock ticking every few seconds. My heart races as I dread the words coming out of his mouth. My hands shake on my lap. Cold sweat runs down my face. I take in a deep breath only for it to come out shaky. It feels like eternity waiting for punishment. I want it to be over. I want this to be a dream.

The door to the office opens. I dare not look up. I can already feel his disapproving glance towards me. His footsteps echo through the office. I look up at him, then back down at the ground knowing I'm in the wrong.

He clears his throat, "Thirteen colonies. Canada."

"Yes father." Canada and I say in unison.

I hear him set his tea down on his desk. "I know what you two did." I swallow my saliva. The silence is unbearable. "Now tell me, what really happened?" I made sure I was the first to speak up. If I don't, Canada will find favor.

"Father, yesterday a country stole my necklace. The necklace Mom and you made me. I found her today and, out of rage, beat her up." I look at him, helplessly. "I didn't want to lose the only memory I had left of my hero." I feel tears forming in my eyes, but to Father it's a sign of weakness. I look down at the ground, not wanting him to see the tears forming.

He hums in acknowledgement. Silence. "How about you, Canada?" Father asks.

Canada sits up straight and looks directly at him, "Father, the girl mistook Thirteen colony's necklace as her own. Thirteen have used violence against an innocent soul." Hearing him defend Ukraine enraged me.

"Father," I speak up again and look directly at him, finding some hope to defend my point of view, "as you have said family comes first and strangers come last. Canada defended the country by kicking me to the ground and telling me that the country should've burned my necklace. I do not believe it is justified."

Father hums in acknowledgement, deciding on what to do. In any situation, Father would always side with Canada. I will always get in trouble for doing the right thing. Suddenly, his phone rings. He picks it up, "hello?"

"I'm coming home tomorrow mon amour!" Mommy says from the other side. Canada and I look at each other, both excited despite our current situation. "How's America and Canada?"

Father smiles, "they're getting used to their new school. How's my beloved Australia and New Zealand?"

"Boarding school is awful!" I hear Australia whine.

"Yeah! We had to get up at 5 am in the morning! I hate that place. I'm so happy I'm coming home!" New Zealand says loudly.

"See you guys soon, I have to discuss something with Canada and Thirteen right now. Goodbye!" Father chuckles.

"Bye Father!" Australia and New Zealand scream. Father ends the call and looks back at us.

He sighs, rubbing his nose bridge. "It's been a while since you two fought." Canada and I look at each other then back at Father, scared for his next words. "Canada, never stand up for people other than family unless they have my approval." Canada nods his head. "As for you," Father turns to me. I patiently wait for my punishment, as I always get one even if I'm right. "Stay away from that country. Engage in fights if you have to. We have to show others that the

English family is strong and will never be defeated." Father beams with pride.

Am I dreaming? Am I really left off the hook for once? "Yes Father." I say with more enthusiasm than I usually would.

"Now, get out of my office and settle your disputes by yourselves. I have some business I need to take care of." Father orders us to leave. We do as told and make our way to the living room.

"I'm sorry Amy. I was just so mad." Canada mumbles. "I love her and I hate it when something bad happens to her."

"I understand. But what angered me was her boasts. I know it was a misunderstanding, but for her to tell everyone about 'her' expensive possession made me view her as a gold digger." I sigh, hugging Canada. "I want the best for you, Maple. I don't want you to be used by others."

Canada hugs back, "Thank you, Amy."

Flashback...

A few days ago:

The five of us are in the Janitor's closet. I am careful not to trip on any equipment or else I might spill disinfectants on everyone. To my dismay, North Korea trips. He accidentally pushes me and I collide with Russia. Russia and I awkwardly stare at each other, both embarrassed at the situation. I feel my cheeks burn. I'm way too close for comfort. I hear North Korea cursing in his native tongue. He gets up and dusts himself off.

"My bad." I mumble, pulling away from him.

Russia clears his throat, "it's alright."

Silence follows as we stare at each other, not knowing what else to say. My cheeks are still hot and I attempt to cool them off by thinking about the current situation. "Why are we in a janitor's closet and not a classroom?"

"China said that everyone will see us. After all, we're discussing the matter during school as Russia has no time after." Vietnam explains. I nod my head.

"Let's get into it." Russia says, "Америка, I need you to start terrorizing Ukraine." What?! Canada will kill me!

"Russia, I can't. She's too nice." I mumble. The Russian sighs, shaking his head disapprovingly. "Besides, I have nothing against her. What you're implying will soon lead to suspicion. Others will find out what we're doing and I don't want that to happen." I see Vietnam nod in agreement while North Korea rolls his eyes.

"No one cares. Ukraine deserves your hate–" North Korea starts, only to be shushed by China.

China leans on the wall of the Janitor's closet, "let's make Ukraine do—maybe steal—something that means a lot of value to you." He looks at my necklace. I cover it with my hand.

"No! I don't want to lose it." I glare.

North Korea groans out of frustration and kicks the wall. "Use your brain! If she steals something that means little value to you, Canada will know."

"There must be some other way. I'll start an argument with her." I try thinking of other ideas.

Russia shakes his head, "she's a country pleaser. She usually will never argue against anyone who contradicts her opinion."

I look at the three countries who all want me to follow through with the first option. I pace around the closet, hoping an idea will come to mind.

"Just go along with it. We will ensure your necklace gets safely returned to you." Vietnam smiles. I see Russia nod from the corner of my eye. My necklace should be fine as long as he's involved, afterall he lives under the same roof as her.

I nod my head, still afraid to lose my necklace. China grins, "alrighty then! We're going to go on a double date with Ukraine and Canada."

"What?!" Russia and Vietnam scream at the same time.

China chuckles, "come on. It wouldn't hurt. Besides, 美国 and I need to show that we're deeply in love to make our relationship seem believable."

Vietnam grabs China by the collar, "you are mine! Remember that. I won't allow you to go on a date with Thirteen."

"And I will certainly not want Ukraine's and Canada's bond to grow even more." Russia growls.

"First of all, I was never yours." China shoves Vietnam away, grossed out. "Secondly, the date can be a nice test for Canada. I know you want to see red flags in that Canadian country."

Russia furrows his eyebrows, thinking deeply about China's plan. I can't believe we're having a meeting in the janitor's closet. It's so nasty and unspacious. I feel trapped. Russia looks up and nods his head in approval. "Promise me that one day you will break the news to Canada. That will be the final test."

"Of course." China smirks. What news?

"Come to my mom's restaurant. I will reserve you a private room and shut down the security cameras for it as well." Vietnam suggests.

"I don't see why not." China shrugs.

"Америка, are you alright?" I hear Russia ask me.

"I'm worried about my necklace. It means the world to me." I say, unintentionally stuttering.

China holds my hand and softly smiles. "Nothing will happen to your necklace. You will get it back."

"Okay. I trust you." I say halfheartedly, hoping it will make me feel a little better.

I hear North sigh, "you are one of us now. There's no need to lie."

Before I could say anything else, there's a knock on the door. The five of

*us freeze as we hear voices outside. "I swear there's something wrong with this door. It's always around the time when I need to clean the school that it's locked." We look at each other scared as f*ck. This is not the best way to get caught. We hear keys rustle from the other side of the door.*

Vietnam and I try finding an escape route while the guys try preventing the door from opening. Eventually, Vietnam finds a vent. "Quick! Out this way." Vietnam whisper screams, opening the vent. Upon looking at it, I would rather get caught than get my outfit dirty. Vietnam takes the lead and goes through with North Korea following her. I stand there, contemplating.

"What are you waiting for?" Russia seethes, pushing me towards the vent. China gives me a hand gesture to come and then disappears into the vent. I don't want to get myself dirty. Russia snaps, "hurry up." With that, I enter the vent. I try holding back my sneezes as the amount of dust in there is awful.

We end up in the boy's bathroom where Germany is. "What happened to you guys?" He chuckles.

Russia dusts himself off, "none of your concern. Is she still coming over tonight?"

German sadly sighs, "no. She said she needed to take care of the animal shelter—"

*"You f*cking mother f*cker! I had to endure dust because of you!" I shout, ready to punch the sh*t out of him. Germany backs away with his hands up. Fear is written all over his face. "Let me go!" I demand, glaring at the Russian. I try kicking him, only for my leg to get caught in between his legs. I hear Germany sigh in relief. That infuriates me more.*

China chuckles, "you look so cute when you're angry. It reminds me of old times." I flush red and stop struggling against Russia's grasp. He's won, for now...

"I'm going. You guys are some crazy individuals." Germany awkwardly laughs. I send him a glare.

"I'm not done with you yet!" I seethed. The German runs out the door, scared for his life. I find my balance after Russia lets me go.

Russia locks the door and we clean ourselves off. Thankfully, I went later. Vietnam and North Korea had more dust on themselves. Germany wouldn't tell anyone about this, right? He is Russia's step brother after all. Anyways, Vietnam and I started talking about lunch food because it's so disgusting. At least we have that common view. Then she started looking a little off.

"Are you alright?" I ask.

Vietnam nods and turns her attention to the three males who were discussing something amongst themselves. "China?" Vietnam calls. China looks at her confused. Vietnam bites her lips nervously.

"What did you mean when you said 'old times'?"

China waves his hand, dismissing it. "It's none of your concern."

□□°• ·⊹·☾ see you next week! ☽·⊹• °□□
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☆* ⋆ 11 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Arrival ☆ *°*.

America POV

"Amy, wake up!" I hear Canada beam. I groan and roll away from him. It's the weekend. I don't want to get out of bed this early. He grabs my arms and tries dragging me out of bed.

"Let me sleep." I grumble. Canada yanks me off the bed. "F*ck!" I moan when my *ss hits the ground. Canada let's go, bursting with laughter. I get up and climb back onto my bed to Canada's dismay. He grabs my ankles and pulls me off the bed again. I land with a loud thump.

"They're coming in three minutes. Hurry up!" Canada kicks my leg. I roll around and trip him in the process. I grin at the Canadian on all fours. "You do you. I'm going downstairs." He glares, getting up. I sit up and watch him leave my room.

Stupid Canada disturbing my precious sleep. I quickly change out of my pajamas. The last thing I want is for Father to get furious. I walk down to the living room. Mommy and Father are hugging on the couch. Australia and New Zealand are bombarding Canada with tons of questions. I walk by them like a ghost. I never bonded with Australia and New Zealand as much as Canada. It's because Australia is a loud mouth and New Zealand is too social. They can't keep secrets meaning I can't tell them anything. Isolation is the key to success.

I pop open the cap of my medicine bottle and take out two pills. I swallow them and fill a glass of water. "Amy, you still take those?" I hear New Zealand ask with concern in her voice.

I gulp down the water and place the glass on the counter. "It boosts my strength." I shrug. Well, at least Canada says they do. I forgot when I first started taking them, but it has been a while. Sadly I

don't think I've seen any change in my strength. New Zealand shakes her head, a dead expression written over her face. I've never seen her this emotionless. It's probably because I never interacted with her long enough to know anything about her.

"Amy! Is it true Maple's girlfriend is coming over today?" Australia screams, breaking my train of thought. I glare at Canada angrily. I know he wants Mommy to approve her, but he knows Ukraine and I are on 'bad' terms. I should've told Father the name of the country that stole my necklace. How stupid of me! America! You need to think next time! "Amy, are you alright?" Australia waves his hand in front of my face.

I blink as I realize I dozed off into my thoughts. "Maple didn't tell me Ukraine's coming." I shoot him a glare, which he smiles back innocently. Mommy squeals and kisses Canada's cheek.

"I can't wait to meet her! She must have a pure soul if she chooses someone like you." Mommy smiles warmly. Canada flushes and nods his head. "My bébé is growing up!" Mommy kisses his cheeks continuously. Canada softly pushes her away, embarrassed.

Father chuckles, "maybe this time it will last, considering his facial expressions." My parents start teasing him and calling him cute and soft. He is their favorite afterall. I will never be like him. He always finds favor in their eyes. He is an angel while I'm an outcast. His golden brown eyes show it all.

"Mommy," Canada calls. Mommy turns her head to look at him. "Is it alright if her brother comes too?" Canada asks, out of the blue. He would never invite a family member of his new lover. Mommy and Father look at each other, confused. Canada's innocent face turns into a smug one. I don't like where this is going. "Let's just say, Amy caught feelings."

I feel everyone's eyes on me as I burn in embarrassment. Canada! You're so dead for this! "Amy's in love!" Australia teases, dancing in a circle around me. New Zealand joins the circles, giggling along. My parents stare at me, not believing the Canadian. I stormed out of the living room with my two younger siblings in tow. Could this day get any worse? I flop on my bed and groan. New Zealand and

Australia jump on my bed, giggling away.

"Amy is in love!" New Zealand sings. She flips me onto my back and plays with my cheeks. She frowns, "she doesn't look flustered. She looks angry." Australia peers at me confused.

"You never tell us anything about your love life." Australia huffs.

I roll my eyes, "because you can't keep your mouth shut, Aussie. You tell everyone everything." Australia groans and screams into my pillow angrily. New Zealand laughs at her twin. "Same goes for you Kiwi." I grin. The once laughing country sends me death glares.

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I slam the door on the Ukrainian, completely forgetting that Russia's with her. "Amy!" Canada shouts from the kitchen. I suck in a deep breath before opening the door again. Ukraine and I stare at each other. What was I supposed to say again?

"Welcome back Russia!" I smile at the Russian. Hopefully ignoring her will make it seem like I hate her. Well, I guess that first action already set it up.

Russia smiles back, "Hello Америка." I make them take their shoes off and lead them to the living room where the family is waiting. Mommy's eyes shine brightly when she looks at the two siblings. She embraces them as if she already knows them. Father looks at them attentively, especially at Russia. He was fine with them coming a month ago, what changed?

"You two must be R.E.'s children. Look how much they've grown mon amour!" Mommy smiles, leading them to sit on the couch. Ukraine sits next to Canada, as expected, and Russia sits next to her so he can keep an eye on my awfully sweet brother. Father hums in acknowledgement before turning his attention to the Ukrainian. I can see her shiver when she makes eye contact with my intimidating Father.

"So, what are your intentions with my son?" Father asks, getting straight to the point. Ukraine freezes, unable to speak. I hear Russia

mumble some curses under his breath like he always does when Ukraine is scared and frightened. Father chuckles holding out his hand, "I was just messing with you. I am Britain and this is my wife France." Ukraine sighs in relief and accepts Father's handshake. Russia does the same after her.

"Don't scare her like that." Canada glares, hugging Ukraine protectively. He only lets go when Russia and him make eye contact.

The rest of the time, Mommy talks to the guests while Father watches. Russia doesn't say much as I know he's bored as f*ck and only came to protect Ukraine. Ukraine engaged in conversation as she obviously wants my parents to approve of her and Canada's relationship.

During their conversation, I get bothered by my two younger siblings who love drama. They can't live without it! The two grew bored and started 'unintentionally' pushing me towards the Russian by taking up half the couch to lay down on! I glare at the two and get two smirks in return. New Zealand makes a heart shape with her hands and points to Russia and I. I flush in embarrassment when I realize Russia saw her gesture. They make everything worse!

I try focusing back on the conversation. Mommy and Ukraine are talking about different colored roses and their meanings. Super boring to be honest. I start gazing out the window. Birds are chirping and singing. How I wish to own a bird! A pet eagle would be fine. Maybe I can adopt one. If my eagle is a girl I'll name her Rosie.

I get cut from my thoughts when Mommy says my name loudly. "Sorry Mommy." I apologize. Mommy nods her head and smiles.

"As I was saying, don't you think Russie is a fine young country?" I look at her in confusion, not expecting her to say something of such sort. Last time I checked, she never cared about my love life because l 'didn't have one'. I look at the Russian up and down. He is handsome, but I would never tell Mommy that. She will get the wrong idea.

I shrug, "he's alright." This only makes her curiosity grow. She starts asking Russia what he thinks of me to which he says the same thing 'alright'. Maybe Mommy wants to see how our friendship came about? Maybe she wants to know more about Russia? Either way, it's weird. I can even tell Father is a bit stumped by the sudden topic change. His posture becomes stiff as he doesn't know what to expect.

"Mommy, I can assure you Amy is madly in love with the Russian guy." New Zealand perks up in the middle of their conversation. I feel my parent's eyes on me as I burn red in flames. I try avoiding eye contact, scared to be read. It's useless now as Mommy starts clapping with joy.

I shake my head, denying it. "Mommy, she's lying!"

Canada laughs, "your face says otherwise."

"I'm embarrassed that you'd want me to be with a scumbag. I have class, you know!" I huff, now angering the Russian which isn't a good idea.

He scoffs, "if I'm a scumbag, you're a Сука." Though I may not know Russian, I knew by his tone that he insulted me. With that, I unleash my anger out on him in front of my parents who look at me worriedly. I hear my two younger siblings cheer as I am entertaining them with the drama they wanted. Only a few seconds in, Canada pulls me off Russia.

"Hypocrite. What happened to 'not fighting in this household'?" Russia rolls his eyes. Ukraine helps him up off the ground. He is right, but it's better than getting teased by my family.

"Sorry Russia. Amy loves touching you." Canada sighs, shaking his head disapprovingly.

I curse under my breath, making sure Father doesn't hear me. Canada let's go and I sit back on the couch. "Maple, you bastard." I mumble. He smirks and sits back to his original place next to Ukraine. Sadly, since New Zealand and Australia still took up the whole half of the couch, Russia sat next to me. I try shifting away

from him, only for my stupid brother Australia to start stretching. He pushes me closer to Russia with his abnormal strength. Could this day get any worse?!

Mommy looks broken as she tries comprehending the situation that unfolded a few seconds ago. She stares at nothing in particular and blinks a couple of times before laughing it off. "Amerique can be moody sometimes."

"I am not!" I cross my arms. She chuckles, rolling her eyes. I groan in defeat. She's right. My mood fluctuates rapidly. I don't remember how I became this moody.

My Father's expression sends fear down my spine. The way he's looking off in the distance and holding his cup of tea tightly tells me he's angry. Stupid America! Why on earth did you do that? I know, I was mad. But in front of Father? You just earned yourself a beating!

"Thirteen, my brother loves your attitude. He can't stop talking about you at home." Ukraine adds in, now embarrassing her brother.

I smirk, completely forgetting how I hated getting teased and my Father's wrath. "Is that true?" I hum, leaning closer to the Russian. As I expected, he pushes me. There's a tint of red hue on his cheeks. I giggle at his cuteness.

He clears his throat, "нет. She's making things up."

"Ukraine would never lie." Canada hugs Ukraine, making her blush profoundly. I can see Mommy suppressing her excitement.

I feel Australia's head on my lap. He looks up at me with a smug look. "Russian guy and you should start dating. It's clear you two like each other."

Russia and I stare at him and then each other. "No. He's a jerk." I smile at Russia.

"She's a шлюха." Russia cracks a smile.

His smile is pleasant, even though I know this one's fake. He has a scar on his right eyebrow that I never noticed. It makes him more attractive than before. The voices around me drown out as I only focus on him. His lips look soft. I bite my lips. My eyes meet his icy blue ones wanting him. At this point, I forget my family is there. Russia is the only one in my view until stupid New Zealand's hand went in between our faces. I didn't realize that I was leaning towards him. I blush in embarrassment. I hope no one noticed.

"Let's play sardines!" New Zealand grins.

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.*°* ☆ Was it Sardines? ☆ *°*.

America POV

"Bye Russia!" I smile. Tonight has been eventful. Canada and Ukraine accompanied my parents and thankfully Russia and I got dragged out of there by my two younger siblings. Though they're goofy, they can get me out of boring and unpleasant situations. I lean on the door frame and watch Russia get into his car. We had so much fun. I hope our friendship lasts.

Canada stands next to me. He waved goodbye to his now Ukrainian girlfriend who gets in the car. I can't believe this. Father approved their relationship. "Love you Uki!" He calls. Ukraine rolls down the window and blows a kiss towards him. I can tell Russia's angry as he starts driving the car away. If we weren't that bored, he could've prevented it. Now, Canada has made his life much harder.

When the car isn't in sight, we head back in. "Maple, Amy was flirting with Russia the whole time." New Zealand groans.

"I did not." I huff.

"Yeah you were! Aussie and I saw you two making out in the closet. We pretended not to know anything." New Zealand smirks. She saw?! "Aussie's plan worked. We already set up cameras beforehand to catch the action. You are really bad at playing sardines." New Zealand chuckles.

"Camera?!" I scream.

"What can I say? Amy can't resist Russia." Canada smiles. The two give each other a high five. Gosh how I hope Father doesn't find out.

"And then they started making out! Can't you believe it, Father?

Amy is in love!" Sh*t Aussie! You retard! This is why I don't tell you anything. I look at Father, knowing I'm in deeper trouble. Not only did I fight in the household, I kissed a country!

Father stares at me, a dead expression on his face. I swallow my saliva. "Is this true?" He asks, walking towards me. I look at him, shivering in fear. I know my siblings are all worried, but they will never defend me when Father is angry.

"Yes Father," I take a deep breath, "but I do not like him." I look at the ground and fumble with my fingers.

Father lifts my head up harshly. His glare pierce my skin. "What did I tell you about boys?" He growls. Cold sweat drips down my face as I stare at him trying to remember the words. "You are not to talk to him again." He commands.

"Why not?" I snap. Father looks surprised. I can't help, but grin at my accomplishment only to then receive an agonizing slap in return. I hold my cheek, wincing in pain. I see my siblings stare at me in shock. I know they want to help me, but because they don't want to anger Father even more.

"Thirteen. You know the reason why. He is not to be trusted." Father fumed. He's so controlling! I can't do anything with him around.

I sigh, "I seriously don't know. My memory is getting worse." Father seems to relax a little. He straightens his posture.

"Come with me to my office." He says. I obediently follow him. I look back at my siblings, vexed at their presence. None of this would've ever happened if they just kept their mouth shut! The three of them guiltily meet my gaze. "This is why I don't tell you anything" I mouth before entering Father's office.

The same feeling from before came back to me. I will never find favor in his eyes. No matter how hard I try he doesn't think I fit his standards. I sat in front of his desk. My heart is beating fast. I take deep breaths to calm myself. It will be quick and painless. Right?

Father makes his way in front of me. He places his tea down. Using his staff, he makes my head look up at him. Tears sting my eyes. It's too much. What will he do this time? He sighs, "Thirteen. What do you see in this Russia?"

I looked at him confused, as I didn't expect him to ask me such a question. "He's a friend. Nothing more." I respond, trying to uncover his intentions.

"I've heard you hang out with him and his friends a lot." He explains. I stare at him in shock. Canada probably told him. After all, he usually tells Father everything. "Why is that?" He asks, trying to read my facial expressions.

Why is he so interested in Russia? Is it because he didn't talk a lot? "Canada's friends hate me." I admit. Father takes his staff off my chin and sits down in his office chair, listening attentively. "Ukraine initiated it. She was the one who stole my necklace. Out of rage, I hit her and in response she played the victim. I was called cruel, heartless, and crazy. I was the outcast of Canada's world so I left it and found my own friends who care for me. I hope you understand."

With that said, my plan worked. Father immediately jolted up and stormed out of the office calling for Canada. I chuckle to myself. I don't have to get beaten today!

Father storms back in, dragging Canada by the ear. I pretend to be sad by fidgeting. Mommy comes in worriedly. "Mon amour, what's wrong?" She asks.

Father breathes heavily, "the Ukrainian has stolen from this household before." Mommy stares at Father in shock.

"Uki would never!" Canada protests, only to be shoved onto the ground. Canada turns to me, realizing what I've done. "America you liar!" He screams.

I hold my hands up in defense. "I would never lie to Father! Besides, I have proof from the school's security cameras that she in fact took my necklace." Canada glares at me.

"What's going on?" New Zealand peaks through the office door. Her face pales when she sees how angry Father is.

Mommy tries calming Father down by reassuring him that Canada won't ever talk to Ukraine ever again. My Canadian brother starts protesting, only to be shut up by Father. "Canada, I have my eyes on you. If you ever talk to Ukraine again," he chuckles deeply scaring the sh*t out of me, "you don't want to know what's coming." Father loves order and he hates it when someone revolts. Me saying these things will help me win his favor, though I don't need it. Canada's the favorite and he will always stay in that position.

"Let's get you to bed. You're too stressed." Mommy kisses Father on the cheek and hugs him. She leads him out of the office. "Amerique. He'll discuss things with you tomorrow. Now, go to sleep, my babies."

When she leaves the room with Father, I blow a sigh of relief. My body was so tense from the interaction. I didn't know that it'll go this well. "America. Why did you tell him?" Canada sniffs.

I never expected him to cry. He never does unless someone close to him dies. Now I feel bad. Was this the right choice? "Maple, I only told Father the truth. He asked me. Was I supposed to lie?" I mutter.

He turns to look at me. Tears stream down his Maple cheeks. "I love her, America. I want to spend the rest of my life with her. Now that Father doesn't want me to talk to her," his voice starts cracking as more tears flow down his face, "I'm hopeless." I feel my heart shatter looking at my brother. My big strong older brother. Maybe it is my fault. I went too far. I crouch down on the floor next to him and hug him. He sobs onto my shoulder and grabs onto me tightly.

"I'm sorry." I whisper.

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·.*°* ☆ Long Walks and Talks ☆ *°*.

America POV

China, Russia, and I are walking in the park talking about anything that comes to our minds. It's a bright day and there isn't much going on at school since we're on a week long break. I escaped punishment and was able to go out today. Father is nicer to me now. I wonder why. Anyways, it's only when our conversation changes direction that the joyous day becomes gloomy. China and Russia both start complaining how hellish life is with their siblings. While they were talking, I recalled how I treated Canada the other night. My stride slows down as I soon drown myself in my thoughts. Canada didn't deserve this. Ukraine isn't that bad of a country. The two will make a lovely couple. Why am I like this?

"Америка?" I hear Russia call my name. I look up and see him and China 6 feet in front of me. I fake a smile, reassuring them that I'm alright.

China sees through me, "you can tell us." I sigh and lead them to a more private part in the park. I don't want any bystanders listening or else word might get out and my Father's name will be ruined.

I sit on the grass and hug my knees. The two sit in front of me, giving me concerning and confused glances. "Maple is no longer allowed to talk to Ukraine and it's all because of me." I mumble, my voice cracking. Russia beams and the two males high five each other, laughing away. I watch them silently. My brother probably hates me now. I only told Father about Ukraine to get myself out of trouble. It worked, but now I feel guilty. I don't care about Ukraine. I care about my brother. My awfully sweet loving brother. He helped me through everything and when he finally found someone who he truly loves. I repaid him by ending his relationship. Will he ever forgive me? I was just scared of Father's beatings!

I sniff, finding myself to be crying. I quickly dry my tears with the sleeve of my shirt. I can't believe I'm crying in this wonderful weather. The laughing countries make me angry. How would they know the pain I'm in? The two see their siblings as a threat;both want authority and power over many around them. I, on the other hand, love my siblings dearly. I can't bear watching them get hurt.

Canada ignored everyone today. When we were eating breakfast, his eyes was focused on the untouched food in front of him. My younger siblings began to get worried since they never saw Canada this emotionless. Australia started cracking up jokes, trying to lighten the mood. This only made the Canadian angrier as he left the table and stormed to his room.

Tears are flowing down my face now. Stop it America. You'll get laughed at. America, stop being weak! I feel China pulling me onto his lap. I can't bear the sorrow anymore! I hug him tightly, sobbing onto his shoulder. I feel him stroke my back. It is comforting in a way, but I know it isn't real. He's only faking his affection like he does to all the countries he talks too. I guess it will do for now. "Shhh, don't cry now. What you did was right." I hear Russia's soothing voice. It makes me believe him, but deep down I know I'm in the wrong. He's only saying this to make me feel better.

I glare at him. Tears still flood down my face. "Unlike you, I care about my family's happiness more than anything. I should've never accepted this deal! It's all your fault!" I hissed. Russia doesn't take this by surprise. He has the audacity to chuckle. I burn with rage, ready to slice him open. How could he—

China cups my cheeks and squeezes them, "you're so cute when you're angry." I stare at him completely forgetting what I was mad and crying about a few seconds ago. My cheeks burn, not in anger but in embarrassment. He smirks, before pecking me on the lips. Alright. He's done it. I'm a blushing nervous wreck. He doesn't stop there and continues to kiss me. I try pushing away, only for him to pull me closer and deepen the kiss. I breathe heavily and gasp when he bites my bottom lip. He slips his tongue in my mouth, exploring the territory. To be honest, I don't want him to stop. He is an amazing kisser that I can't resist. Instead of fighting I started kissing him back passionately. When I can't take it anymore I break the

kiss. A string of saliva forms between our mouths. I look at him, panting heavily. I can see the lust in his eyes which arouses me to continue kissing him only to remember that Russia is watching and we are in a public park. I flush red in embarrassment when I realized what I did.

"I get it. I'm single." Russia grins, rolling his eyes teasingly. I push myself off of China and cover my face, cursing along the way. I hear snickers from the male countries which causes me to burn up more. Why am I acting like this around them? "Anyways, besides the point, China and I will have Canada under control." Russia smiles, making me feel hotter by the second. I nod my head not knowing what to say. It's all so overwhelming!

China turns to Russia, "I'll tell him the secret sometime this week."

"I don't think that's a good idea." Russia says nervously.

"What secret?" I ask, completely stumped. I tilt my head in confusion. China and Russia look at each other, seemingly deciding if they should reveal it.

Russia whispers something to China. The latter's face expression changes to a slightly angrier one. He whispers back something, angering the Russian. The whispering escalates into a brawl as they curse at each other in their native tongue. I giggle at their stupidity. Two countries fighting over nothing! How hilarious.

Before China could speak, Russia covered his mouth. "The secret will be revealed when the time is ready." Russia glares at the country under him.

China shrugs, not caring much. The Russian gets off of him and helps him up. I cluelessly got up. The two start talking in Russian and Chinese. I only know a few words such as 妈妈 and Папа since they have close pronunciation to the English mom and papa. I wonder what they're talking about! Maybe I should study their languages so I can better understand them. After all, I learned Spanish and French. Their languages should be a breeze.

"Russia, why are you so protective of Ukraine when you're not?" I

ask. The Russian frowns. He doesn't seem to know as well. China, upon seeing this, steps in to help his friend out.

China chuckles, "for his brother of course." China then gets serious, "he doesn't like capitalism..."

I nod. Why is Russia hanging out with me then? I am a capitalist. It doesn't make sense! "Hypocrite." I mumble. Thankfully the two countries don't hear me as they are in a deep conversation about alcohol.

I know they're my fake friends. Everyday they spew out lies. I can never trust them. I know they'll never have Canada under control. My brother is a different breed of ferocious. The secret that China will tell him will end up badly. I know it. Canada might freak out or something! I hope it doesn't go wrong. Anyways, after a long day of conversing with Russia and China I make my way back home so I can relax on my bed.

I am greeted by New Zealand as she starts asking me tons of questions. One of which catches me off guard. "So who are you really dating? Russia guy or China?" She asks innocently.

I shake my head, "I told you. I'm not dating anyone!" New Zealand looks at me disapprovingly.

She whines, "Amy! Tell me. I'm dying to know." She falls to her knees and looks at me with her puppy eyes. I facepalm and say the same thing again. She gasps sarcastically, "are you playing with their feelings? That's so gangster of you."

I stared at her wondering why I have a sister with such a weird personality then walked to my room. I need some rest after a long day. Before I can even reach my bed, Father comes in. What now? I need my beauty rest! "Thirteen. You are not permitted to speak to your two friends ever again," Father sighs, leaning on his golden staff. I tilt my head in confusion. All of a sudden he changed his mind. Being the nosey country she is, New Zealand pops out of nowhere and demands an answer. She screams at Father, waking the poor depressed Canadian from his slumber next door.

The Canadian storms over and slaps her, leaving a red mark on her face. New Zealand screams in agony, making Australia and Mommy rush out of their rooms to attend her. I blink, a little confused. How did it get so chaotic so fast? Canada apologies for his actions and helps her up from the ground. The poor crying Kiwi gets a hug from Australia who is glaring at Canada. Father groans, rubbing his nose bridge. He hates chaos, but sometimes it's too much for him to handle so he lets it slide.

Father tries closing the door to Kiwi's protest. Mommy comes back with ice packs and tries to keep her quiet. "Amy never shares anything about her life with Aussie and me! Please Father." New Zealand begs, grabbing onto Father's ankle. That's why she caused all this ruckus? I sit on my bed, frustrated. I want to get this over with and she's dragging time! And besides, I don't want her here because of the unpredictable sentencing that's going to come out of Father's mouth. I might be punished or humiliated. Just when I thought Father was going to kick her out Australia starts pleading as well. Father looks at them baffled.

"Alright, settle down. I want silence from the both of you." Father says with authority. My two younger siblings instantly shut up. They sit on the ground next to each other with ears that are ready to take in any information that will be coming from my Father and me. Mommy shakes her head disapprovingly while Canada watches with little emotion. Father sighs, "as I was saying, you cannot and will never be friends with China and Russia."

I cross my arms, looking at him in a menacing way. Father furrows his eyebrows as he gets angrier. "Father, China and Russia care about me. And besides, many of my classmates are scared of me. Why? Because a country ruined my reputation," I explained. I can see Canada flinch. It's my fault he's like this. "I refuse this offer. Sorry Father." I end my statement.

"Don't pretend you don't know what you did." Father sneered. My palms sweat and my legs quiver. Father is so scary sometimes! I don't even know what I did and I'm scared. "I let you off the hook too easily yesterday. I deeply regret my decision." My two younger sibling's covered their eyes thinking that Father was going to get physical. I see Canada slightly smirk, but it soon turns to a frown as

he remembered something.

"What did I do?" I ask, oblivious to what I did. For a second Father believes that I did nothing wrong, but soon the furry comes back to him. He holds out two pictures for me to see. One of which is the picture of Russia and me making out in my closet that Australia showed him yesterday and the other is a recent picture of me on China's lap passionately kissing him with the Russian watching. Where did he get that picture? I swear I didn't see anyone at that part of the park. I hope the person who took this photo didn't record our conversation. That will be detrimental to our reputation at school and outside. "Where did you find that?" I ask. I try suppressing the heat flowing to my face but to no avail.

Father doesn't answer. He throws the pictures on the ground. Australia and New Zealand scurry over to look at it. I hear Australia gasp loudly. Canada looks shocked as well for some reason. "Do you like them?" Father questions me, making me feel guilty for doing nothing wrong.

"I do not, Father." I replied. Father doesn't believe me as he continues staring. "They are only friends." I say at last.

"Friends don't do that!" New Zealand butts in with her sass. She smirks and makes a heart with a hand. Australia laughs and holds up the pictures. They're making everything so difficult! I don't want Father to get the wrong idea.

I sigh, "Father, don't listen to them. They don't know anything, after all I never tell them anything. Kiwi said it herself." Father nods his head and glares at my two younger siblings. The two pale instantly and cover each other's mouth simultaneously.

"I'm only trying to protect you. Those two are bad influences. Avoid them at all costs." Father commands.

I growl, "no. I won't avoid them. I can protect myself from threats. The pills you and Maple got me are surely useful. I take them everyday."

Father shakes his head, "I forbid you from talking or interacting

with them. I will make the principal enforce this rule."

"You can't!" I raise my voice.

Father smiles maniacally, "yes I can. I will have someone from your school watch you. If you are caught talking to the two countries, remember that I'm waiting for you."

"Father!" Australia perks up, "Amy needs a boyfriend though. She has been single for way too long!" He whines. Why does he want to be so involved with my love life?! Aussie, you retard!

Father doesn't reply as he is deep in thought. "We can get Germany to watch her, mon amour." Mommy suggests, with a soft smile. Father nods, approving the idea. I'm old enough to decide right and wrong by myself. I don't need a babysitter!

"Germany is Russia's step-brother." Canada perks up. Now I'm not sure if he's for me or against me.

Father shrugs, "the two avoid each other at school." Well then I will not let that happen. Germany is weak. He can't control me. He will never control me.

Canada sighs, "Father, Germany has a lover. I don't want his girlfriend to get the wrong idea." Father groans, trying to think of something else now.

"Father, I have an idea! Why not let Aussie and me watch her?" New Zealand suggests. Australia sneaks a wink at me and I glare back.

"I will get Germany to keep an eye on her. In the meantime, I will be checking with the principal. I will always be watching." Father threatens. I flop on my bed and groan. Thankfully, the cameras are easy to avoid. North Korea controls everything. As much as I hate to do this, I need to talk to Vietnam about everything now. I know she hates me for fake dating China but now that I can't talk to him I will need her to help me communicate with him and Russia. Father leaves my room and the twins rush to comfort me.

"Don't worry Amy. You'll be able to talk to them soon." Australia hugs me as if I'm the one needing his comfort.

"Yeah! We will ensure that." New Zealand jumps onto my bed.

I hear Canada chuckle. I know what he's about to say. "Looks like you can't talk to your lovers. How is that for karma?" Canada grins, happy that I'm suffering the same fate as him.

I roll my eyes and scoff, "I'm not emotionally attached to them; I don't like them. So please, remember they're only my friends." I need to text China and Russia this instant before Father takes my phone away. I take my phone out and open the group chat, only for New Zealand to snatch it away from me. I freak out, grabbing my phone back. She whines and pleads for it. "Can you guys leave my room? I need some time alone." My siblings begrudgingly leave and close the door.

I stuff my head in my pillow and groan with utter frustration. "Sh*t. This is bad."

□□°• ⊹☾ Yes sir □ ☽⊹•• °□□
□

☆* ⋆ 14 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Panic ☆ *°*.

America POV

Canada and I are on the couch watching a movie. We are now both grounded thanks to me! It's been 5 days since the incident and we have forgiven each other. Well, more of him forgiving me because he did nothing wrong. I met up with China and Russia with the excuse of going to the mall. Mommy came to watch me. I told my two younger siblings to come so they can distract Mommy for five or so minutes. In return, they want me to tell them what I've discussed with Russia and China. Obviously I lied to them by saying that we were conversing on how to get Canada and Ukraine back together.

I hear the doorbell ring. Canada and I looked at each other wondering if Father called anyone over as we weren't allowed to bring friends. Mommy went to open the door and greeted the country. China? What is he doing here?

"Hello madam." China bows slightly. Mommy softens her stare and a welcome smile creeps on her face. "May I speak with America and Canada? It's urgent." She immediately frowns when she remembers what Father had said.

She sighs then calls Father, "mon amour!" She walks up stairs trying to find him. China grins at me. I glare at him angrily. I told him not to come here! He's going to get me in more trouble.

I quickly storm over to him. "China, why are you here?!" I whisper–scream.

He chuckles and places his hand on my cheek. "I'm allowed to visit you, ain't I?" I cross my arms angrily. Father is going to rage! "Awe, is 美国 mad? I just wanted to see you." China pouts. I roll my eyes knowing that he's lying about coming. He always has a purpose.

Everything he does is something related to his plan.

I feel someone push me aside: Father. Father looks at China, confused "you must be?"

China slightly bows, "my name is China, sir." I can see Father's face morph into an angry one. He glares at me seemingly thinking I called him over. I put my hands up in defense. He came here by himself! "I came here to discuss an important topic with America and Canada. Is it alright if they follow me to the park?" China smiles innocently. Father looks at him, contemplating his intentions. If I say anything then Father will believe I planned it.

I hear New Zealand squeal in the background, "China! You're here!" She rushes towards him and hugs him. China chuckles and hugs her back much to Father's and my disbelief. Does she know him or is this a joke?

"Hey Zea! It's been a while." He smiles, "I brought you something, your favorite." He reaches into his crossbody backpack and hands her a container with mince pie. My Father and I stare at each other in shock as New Zealand starts cheering in delight. She rushes inside to start bragging about all this to Australia because she is the one who got the, to her, best meal on the planet. How much does China know about my family? All I know is that he has a younger brother who he hates to the bone. Other than that, nothing else. I am honestly creeped out by him.

Father, upon seeing how close he is with New Zealand, decides that Canada and I could go under the conditions that he goes as well. Obviously, China agrees. The four of us head out to the park. Father made sure I didn't talk to China which made me bored. I walked behind them. The three males conversed about school and life in general. I'm f*cking jealous. I want to talk to China too!

I kick some rocks on the sidewalk as we make our way into the park. We walk by the peaceful pond full of water breathing organisms. F*ck, is that Japan? I quickly rush behind my Father. He's tall enough to cover me from that crazy country's view.

Japan is a weird one. Not that I care or anything, but her

personality and habits scare me. One night when I was walking down the street, leaves fell from above me. When I looked up, there she was in all her glory. Her eyes glowed a yellow beam. And it appears that her pupils are those of a cat. She was on all fours and I swear I saw a cat tail. When I blinked again, she was gone. Another time, during school, she started hissing at all the countries that tried touching her project. She even scratched someone with those long nails of hers. I wonder how Poland, Germany, and Ukraine tolerate her. Even Canada, the nicest country on the planet can't deal with her sh*t. That Maple syrup complains about Japan almost everyday. I'm glad I'm not close with her.

I see Japan peck the country next to her. Someone like her can find love? I scoff, not believing it. There's no way! The country next to her wraps his arm around her torso and pulls her close. I bump into Father by accident. That's when I realize how my hands have turned into fists. Before I could react, Father caught onto my mood. "Are you alright darling?"

I mutter a yes, not wanting their attention. There's no way I'm jealous of Japan! She's inferior to me. That's what I believe at least. I sigh, not really understanding my own emotions. I'll ask Canada about it later. He must know.

"Mr. England, I need to talk to 美国 and 加拿大 privately. Would you excuse us? It won't take long." China smiles slightly. Father grins, loving the formality. If only I could make him smile like that. No matter what I achieve, he gives me that same old dead expression. I have no place in his world.

"Only on one condition," Father says, "never step foot on my property again."

China's face drops to a frown for a second only for it to become a smile. "Of course." Father looks a little surprised. Canada and I make eye contact. He snickers and I glare at him. My life is now way more restricted than his. "We will be back." China takes me by the hand. Canada follows us into the park.

When we get far away from Father I sigh in relief. His presence is so threatening sometimes. I could never express my feelings around

him. "China, that was dumb of you. I can tell that he wants to have tea with you." I mumble. China shrugs. It obviously doesn't matter to him.

China makes us sit down on the grass in front of him. He sighs, "I have some—news to tell you." I stare at him in question. Canada and China aren't friends. They do talk. Other than that, they're complete strangers.

I feel Canada flinch next to me. I look at him with concern. He's scared. "It doesn't have to do with Ukraine, does it?" His breathing becomes unsteady.

China sadly nods his head, "I only learned about this today. Apparently there's only four countries who know about this, myself included." A secret? Oh boy I do want to know!

"We've been on a walk for so long. Spill." I grin, leaning on my arms. I can feel Canada's weary look on me. I don't care. How will a secret affect my life?

China looks at Canada for his opinion. My Canadian brother shakes his head. I groan in frustration. "Amy, I don't think I can take it." He whispers into my ear. I roll my eyes. Canada is such a scaredy-cat.

"So?" China asks, waiting for a reply. Canada nervously bites his lips. He looks at me again, not knowing what to say. Just say yes!

Canada takes in a deep breath and exhales. "Yes, I'm ready."

China sits down and leans closer to us, "what I'm about to tell you can't be told to anyone, especially 俄罗斯." I nod my head. Considering that he's keeping this interaction a secret from Russia says a lot. I'm even starting to feel uneasy.

"Ukraine—she's not a virgin."

"What?!" Canada screams. He tries backing away from us, like realizing he's at the end of a cliff. "It can't be. You're a liar!" Canada accuses China.

China doesn't make eye contact with either of us. He just sits there.

"Why would I lie about this?" Canada holds his chest, gasping for air. I rushed to his side.

"Maple, it's okay." I try reassuring him. He looks at me with confusion, anger, and hatred. I bite my lip nervously. He never acted like this before! Usually this happens when he breaks up with someone, but not as severe.

China frowns, seeing how Canada reacts. He just had to add "she did it willingly." Canada passes out on the ground.

"Maple! F*cking Maple syrup wake the f*ck up!" I shout at my unconscious brother on the ground. My heart is racing. Cold sweat runs down my face as I try shaking him up. "It's all your fault! You shouldn't have said that. It's too much for him to take." I glare angrily at China, who has the audacity to chuckle. I dial Father's phone number and tell him the situation. I hear him rushing over from behind.

"Bloody hell, what did you do to my son?!" Father yells. He picks up my limp brother and carries him away. I try leaving to go after them, only for China to pull me into his embrace. I struggle in his strong grasp.

"Let me go! I have a brother to worry about." At this point I'm willing to bite him.

China pouts, "美国, I saw how you looked at Japan. Are you going to miss this opportunity?"

"Opportunity for what?" I snap, "my brother might die because of you. I need to make sure he's okay." I try pushing him, only for me to now face him. That grin on his face makes me angrier.

China uses his hand and caresses my cheek. I flinch at the touch. He gives me a pity look which I hate. "He's going to be alright. It's only a minor shock." I grumble in annoyance. I wanted to forget about Japan. And somehow he read through me! I look to the side, still angry at him for making my brother faint. "Don't be mad, now. I want to spend some time with you." China smiles warmly.

It's only then I realize how much I want to stay. I'll think about Ukraine later. She isn't important. And Canada, Father's going to take care of him. It wouldn't hurt if I stayed for a bit. I grumble and stuff my face into his chest. I let my body relax from all the stress. I hear him chuckle which makes my cheeks warm. Why am I being so —submissive? I never acted like this since—I forgot when. "I f*cking hate you." I mumble.

"I love you too."

□□°• ·⊹☾ *I had a lot of tests so sorry for the late update* ☽⊹·• °□□
□ □

☆* ⋆ 15 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆Promises ☆ *°*.

America POV

"Maple, don't cry now." I mumble. Canada continues to cry onto my lap. My pants are now drenched with his tears. I won't complain. I cried on his shoulder more times than I can remember. I sigh, not knowing how to make him feel better.

Canada looks up at me tearfully. It hurts looking at him in this state. He swallows, his bottom lip shakes. "Is it true she did it willingly?" I bite the inside of my cheek. I know China already told him, but I don't want to tell him during his weak state. "Please Amy, tell me the truth." Canada clasps my hands, looking at me pleadingly with tears flowing down his cheeks.

I take in a deep shaky breath, "you should go to bed." I try getting up and lead him to his bedroom.

Canada grabs onto my arm tightly, "please Amy. I need to know who." I can hear the desperation in his voice.

I swallow hard, "I'll ask China for you, alright? It's time for you to get to bed." I call for Australia to help me get him into bed. With him, we were able to carry the emotionally distressed Canadian up the stairs and into his room. We lay him on his bed and stare at him with sympathy. Neither of us have gone through a heartbreak. Well, Australia became super depressed when his spider died but not to the point of how Canada is acting.

"Amy, what happened? Why did he need to go to the hospital?" Australia asks me when we are outside Canada's door. I shut the door so that Canada doesn't hear us talking. I don't want to remind him of our conversation with China.

I look at Australia, debating on whether to tell him or not. He is a

loudmouth and might tell the neighborhood. But he is my little brother and I shouldn't keep these kinds of secrets from him. "Promise me not to tell anyone about this. Anyone." Australia nods his head and uses his hand to make a zip motion over his mouth. I lean closer to his ear, "Maple found out that his lover isn't a virgin."

Australia looks at me with confusion. "She's still the same girl. There's no reason to be upset." I shush him and glare angrily at him. If Canada hears his comment he will go bananas. "What's so wrong about her losing her virginity to someone else?" Australia says, his voice muffled by my hand.

"You don't understand do you?" I roll my eyes. "Have you seen the way Maple looks at her? His eyes are full of desire and longing."

"What?" Australia tilts his head, still trying to understand.

I facepalm, "in simple terms, he wants to marry her and make her his and only his. That's why her staying a virgin is so important." Australia nods his head, understanding the situation now.

"F*cking Maple syrup brain, who cares about her virginity as long as she loves you." Australia grumbles, having more common sense than Canada. I hum in agreement.

I hear my name being called from behind Canada's door. Before I open the door I tell Australia to tell New Zealand about Canada. When my younger brother leaves, I enter the room to find my older brother hugging a pillow. "Amy." He calls, "sleep with me tonight. I'm scared."

"Okay," I say. I walk over and get onto his bed. He hugs my arm tightly as if he doesn't want to let go of something precious. The tears have stopped flowing down his face. I softly smile, hopefully he will feel better soon. But when I look at his angelic features, I feel guilt.

If I never accepted the deal this would've never happened. If I never met Russia, this would've never happened. If I never met China this would've never happened. If I never came to UN high school, none of this would have happened and I would be at peace, in my

bedroom doing whatever my mind tells me to do.

It's all my fault.

'^'

"Китай, why did you tell him?" Russia growls, holding China against the wall. There's no sign of regret, but a sign of joy on the Chinese's face.

He chuckles, "you should've seen him. It was hilarious." He receives a hard slap on the cheek, but he continues to keep his composure as if pain was just a feeling. "Didn't you say you wanted to get your sister away from him? Did I not do that for you?" China pouts.

Russia let's go and groans. "Yes, I did say that but it wasn't the right time."

China rolls his eyes, "so when was the right time?"

"You didn't say who took her virginity, did you?" Russia asks, completely ignoring China's question.

"Of course not! I'm not stupid."

"Who took her virginity? I need to know." I say, getting into their conversation. The two males look at each other, seemingly deciding if they should tell me.

"You don't. It's not important." China waves it off.

"My brother is walking around asking everyone he knows just to get an answer." I glare, "tell me who."

Russia's eyes grow wide. He turned to China, eye blazing an angry glow. "I told you not to tell him." With that, he storms out of the room.

I turn to China, "tell me who it is." He shakes his head. "Please, China. He's stressed and I don't want to see him like this. Please." I grab onto China's arm, begging him. He looks at me, surprised. I don't know why.

China hums in acknowledgement, "then you'll have to do what I say." I bite my bottom lip, not wanting to have another person control my life. Father already suspended me for going out by myself. It would be much worse when China tells me what to do. I can't say yes, but I'm desperate.

"No, I won't." I say.

China raises an eyebrow, "I thought you wanted to help your brother. Is that right?"

"Not on this condition, no." I know he's trying to guilt trip me. China sits down next to me and pulls me onto his lap. I squeak in surprise and try getting off. I look at him, wondering what he's thinking. He has a maniactic smile on his face that sends chills down my spine. "Are there other ways?" I ask.

"Well there is this one thing." He plays with a strand of my hair. I swallow hard. It doesn't seem good. China laughs, "I'm just joking. I'll never force you to do anything, 美国. You look so scared." China caresses my cheeks and I blush in embarrassment. I should've known better.

"China, that wasn't funny." I pout, hugging him tightly. He continues to laugh. Soon enough, he stops wheezing. I mumble curses to myself before looking up at him, "please China. Tell me who took Ukraine's virginity."

It takes a few seconds for him to process what's happening. His cheeks turn pink but then he gets angry at himself and turns his head away from me. "If I tell you, promise me your trust."

I stare at him, confused. "I promise."

□□°• ·⊹·☾ SIR YES SIR ☽·⊹•· °□□
□ □

☆* ⋆ 16 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Control Yourself ☆ *°*.

America POV

Canada got sent back home early for using inappropriate language and spreading "false" rumors. After he left, Russia started telling everyone that my brother is delusional. China kept quiet the whole time. He knows better not to make the Russian angrier. After all, he caused all this. Russia will be at his throat when school's over.

Thankfully, no one told Ukraine about it. I was talking with Germany and he told me that he and Poland were able to get Ukraine to stay out of it. The Ukrainian just gave questioning glances when she gets pulled away to the side but the couple—well almost—were always able to direct her attention elsewhere. I chuckled and said, "she's plain oblivious." It got the German angry and I didn't know why. He stormed off, not saying a word after.

After school, North Korea showed me a video of Russia and China behind the school building arguing at each other. It soon got physical and both started giving heavy blows. Blood was on the wall and both had a lot of bruises. North Korea laughed at all this. I continued to stare. Two of the strongest countries in our school are fighting for something so minor. I wonder what they would do when they get into a bigger complication. I better watch out. I need to keep my gun with me at all times.

I reached home to find a crying Canada on the couch. He's hugging a pillow while Mommy tries comforting him. She smiles weakly at me before looking back at my sobbing brother. "Amérique." She starts, voice soft. "Do you have any idea who stole Ukraine's virginity?"

I swallow hard. I do know. China told me. "Yes. I do." I whisper, voice shaking. Canada sits up and stares at me with pleading puffy red eyes. "China told me." I stutter out. Upon hearing the name,

Mommy stiffens but relaxes soon after.

Canada gets off the couch and crawls over to me. "Amy, you have to tell me. I need to know." He grabs my arm. I wince at his nails digging into my flesh. I know he's desperate but I can't tell him when he's so emotionally controlled. I pull my arm away from him. He looks at this as a sign of "no". He continues to beg, "please Amy. I'll do anything."

I look at Mommy for help and she stares at me, expecting me to spill the secret out. "Maple, I don't think you can take it. Go back to your room and come out when you're mentally prepared." I say sternly. My brother agrees and scurries off into his room. I watch him leave, worried what he might do after. His heart is broken. He could never claim the love of his life.

I take off my shoes and close the front door. I've been standing there since I've entered. I didn't know how to tell Canada about this. I silently walk over to the couch and sit next to Mommy. She hands me a cup of tea which I gratefully take.

Silence follows after as we look out the window to see Father yelling at New Zealand to shoot an arrow right. I set down my cup of tea and look at my lap. I can't bear not telling him, but he'll go crazy once he knows. F*cking Canada!

I feel Mommy's soft hands on my shoulder. I can feel her concerned gaze fixated on me. "What's wrong?" What's wrong? Everything's wrong! And the problem is UN high school.

"Mommy, this school is a hell hole." I look at her, tears forming. I don't care about how others treat me. I'm fine with it. I was always the outcast. But seeing Canada—the most cheerful country on the planet—go through so much drama makes me heartbroken. "None of this would've happened if we stayed in human schools. They are much more civilized."

Mommy looks at me confused. "Un high school gives the best education. I don't want my children going to a filthy school. Besides, you two are scoring high in all your classes."

"You don't understand." I say, "they are manipulators, hungry for power. Some go off finding their next prey, beating them up till there's a bloody pool around." I think about the Ukrainian in her own pool of blood after North Korea and Vietnam were done with her. I can still remember seeing a slight grin on Russia's face. How he cares for her. "Everyone wants to control you." I finished my statement.

Mommy hums in acknowledgement. I'm hoping she'll understand. "That's just the way of the world." She giggles and taps the tip of my nose. I flinch. I guess she's right. I'm just not used to it. And besides I'm no better myself.

I broke people. Made them want to die for me. I manipulated them into believing I was their only chance of being loved. It's just that I did none of it in UN high school. I can't do it. For months I told myself to change. To be better. I don't think I'm getting better. At least it's not me who's in trouble.

"Mommy, do you think I'm bad?" I ask in a low tone.

"Why would I think that?" Mommy questions. She cups my cheeks and plays with them, which I hate. But I tolerate it if it's from her. "You're an angel. Many just don't know it yet." She smiles warmly, giving me some hope inside. We sat in nice silence for a few moments until Mommy asked me who stole Ukraine's virginity.

"Mommy, I can't tell you." I mumble, looking at the ground guilty. "I made a promise." I whisper.

Mommy looks mad. "I'm your Mother. Who cares about some stupid promise you made with another country?" I don't reply. I don't want to make eye contact with her. A promise is a promise. "Look at me. Look at me!" She forcefully turns me to look at her. She caresses my cheek. I flinch at the touch. "Bébé, I'm your mother. Tell me." She laughs silently. I could only stare at her. It's been so long since she got mad at me. I forgot how scary it was. "Tell me!"

"Amy! I'm ready!" I hear Canada scream from upstairs. I get up to leave. I hear Mommy whispering please. Has she forgotten I told her nothing about my life? She never asked me. But when Canada's

involved she begs me to tell her.

I pull my arm away from Mommy's grip harshly. "You will know when the time comes." I say. I turn to leave, not wanting to look at her face. I step into Canada's tissue littered room. He's on the bed patting the space next to him. I take a deep breath. I don't think I should tell him. He's not ready. Even if he's trying to seem calm, I know he's freaking out inside.

I sat next to him. We stayed in silence for a few moments before I finally made my decision. "Maple, do you really want to know–"

"Yes Amy, please tell me." Canada pleads. I look at him, unsure of what to say. Why am I so hesitant? He is my brother. He should know about this. I want him to find a better lover, but I don't want him to leave Ukraine. She's a sweet country. Though weak, she's still able to withstand pressure that others can't face. Why am I like this?

"Promise me you won't do anything to the country who took her virginity." I mumble. I hear Canada shuffle around the bed. I know he wants to get revenge, but I can't let that happen. I fumble my fingers, "do you want to know or not?"

"Amy, I can't promise that. You know I can't."

"Please Maple. I'm begging you." I bite the inside of my cheek. I hear him sigh. He says he promises and I'm still not ready to tell him the truth.

"Constrain yourself. It was China."

☆* ⋆ 17 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Sorry ☆ *°*.

America POV

"Canada! F*cking stop!" I scream. I try getting through the crowd of countries. He f*cking promised me he wouldn't do this.

Canada wipes the blood away from his nose and looks at the bruised country in front of him. "It's all your fault." He sneers.

China shakes his head, scoffing. "My fault? She did it willingly and I gave her her request." China grins, bowing slightly to show how he's a gentleman. Ironic. Canada lunges at China and pushes him to the ground. The crowd grows silent. You can only hear China's sadistic chuckle. He smiles at my Canadian brother and that's when I knew they were unequally matched.

My brother's face drops. He expected China to surrender. He makes eye contact with me, giving me a confused glance. I never told him about China's personality or how he deals with complications. Canada knows him as a nerd because of his academic awards. Never has he seen the China I see.

Before anything could get worse, Russia steps in the ring to stop it. He tells the crowd to go away as this is private business. He starts shouting then it becomes shoving. In a matter of time, everyone has left the hallway besides Russia's gang and Canada and I.

China and I make eye contact and I guiltily look at the ground. "I swear he promised." I mumble. China sighs and comes over to me. His hand lifts my head up to look at him. Still I look to the side.

"Don't touch my sister!" Canada shouts. He's being constrained by Russia and is about to break free from his hold.

I bite my lips. I want to flee from this situation. But my feet are in

hard cement. "I know it's not your fault. Your brother can't be controlled with words." China says, stroking my hair. I stare at my feet, wondering why I'm so embarrassed by him. My brother.

"Stay still. I'm mad at him too." Russia growls. This calms Canada down as he found an 'ally'.

China scoffs at them and drags me into the janitor's closet. I hear Canada scream after me. Soon enough, his screams are gone. He probably got taken away or got calmed by someone.

In the janitor's closet, China closes the door and sits down on a chair. He pulls me onto his lap facing him. I mumble sorry over and over again. Just like my brother. I hate it when I break a promise. I feel so weak, that the others won't trust me anymore. China shushes me, a clear tint of red on his cheeks which makes me a little confused.

"China, I'm sorry. Did I break the promise? I only told Maple and no one else. Not even my parents. Please forgive me." I whimper. China turns even more red. He covers his face with his hand and groans. "Please?" I say, making a last effort. It's over, America, you lost his trust and I guess 'love'.

China pulls me up onto his lap more so that we're super close to each other. My eyes widened when I could feel his friend under my private part through the clothes. I flush red, realizing that he isn't mad at me, he just wants to have a little fun with me.

China kisses me on my neck. I grab onto his shoulder, trying to constrain myself from making pleasurable sounds. I bite my lip hard when he starts sucking. "F*ck," I stutter out when I can't take it anymore. I let China place more hickies on my neck as a way of apologizing. When he's finished he kisses my lips. I kiss back wanting to enjoy the moment. We pull away. I breathe heavily over his shoulder. Before I could let him do anything else, I kiss his neck. I feel him freeze under me. "Do you not like it?" I ask, moving my hands over his chest.

China stays silent for a while which worries me. Have I made him uncomfortable? "You can continue." China whispers. With that I lick

the nape of his neck. I feel him flinch under me. He isn't used to hickies or he doesn't want them. Either way, I start sucking his skin. China breathes heavily and starts groaning in delight. He's as sensitive as me. I thought his body count was sky high. I feel his hands sliding down my back and grabbing my *ss which makes me stop what I was doing. He senses my uncertainty and removes his hands, "sorry."

My eyes open wide as I fall off his lap and hit the hard floor. Never have I ever thought he would be able to say 'sorry' to anything. It is so unlike him. Am I sure I'm with the right China? Am I dreaming? It has to be a dream. I look around the closet, trying to figure it out just by sight. I can feel the cold floor tiles. It has to be real. But it doesn't seem real.

"Are you alright?" China asks worriedly. He picks me up from the floor and sets me back onto his lap. I slightly blush at the gesture. He cares for me. Stop it America! Don't get persuaded by his kindness. He isn't like this. I'm probably with his doppelganger, there's no way China will say sorry. Not in a million years will he say sorry to anything!

We hear knocks on the door. "It's Россия." I hear Russia's voice. Now I'm paranoid. That might not be Russia and I'm certainly not with China! I get off of China's lap to open the door so I can run away, only for China to hold me back.

"What is something 俄罗斯 only knows?" China questions. I hear a sigh from the other side.

"Ты трахнул почти всю школу и трахнул 127 человек из человеческих средних школ." Russia mumbles, quietly enough for China to hear. China hums in acknowledgement. "And I know this door isn't locked." Russia adds. He opens the door with a grin.

China groans, "I forgot to lock the door, again!" Okay, so this is China. He always forgets to lock the doors. He told me that's how Taiwan found him doing it with Ukraine.

"Anyways, did you tell Canada?" Russia asks, stumped. China shakes his head and points to me. I freeze when I see how angry Russia is.

"Relax, I told her to tell him. She wanted to know. She was begging." China grins. Russia looks at me, in want of something. "I couldn't refuse. I know you wouldn't either." China shrugs, leaning on the chair.

Russia mumbles yes and rubs his nose bridge. "Well, I guess that's it. Mission accomplished. Ukraine and Canada will never be together as long as the Canadian avoids her." Russia smiles, a genuine smile.

The male countries do their handshake while I watch. I am being used. Used by them. But I enjoy watching others suffer. Sadly, I found pleasure watching Canada suffer. I remember when I was little Canada would always come to my rescue. Now I repay him like this. He doesn't have to know. I will keep this secret locked within me for the rest of my life.

Canada, I am deeply sorry.

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America POV

Father found out that I was still talking to Russia and China. He told me that a janitor told him about the many conversations we had. I tried explaining myself, but he shushed me. It caused me to be more anxious. My hands started shaking and I was ready to run out the door when his cane flew up into the air.

Weirdly enough, he told me to relax as he knows I did it for the greater good. I was stumped. I flinched when he patted my head. I thought he was going to push me to the ground. But no—he started praising me.

Obviously to show I'm well mannered I bowed slightly. I kept saying thank you to the compliments he's giving me. I couldn't help but smile. Father never applauded me for something unrelated to medals. I have never done anything in his favor until now. This is a period of time I will never forget. The way my Father's face is pleasant and cheerful. The way he chuckles. I'm in an alternate universe.

Father never does this; this can't be Father. It has to be Father. I am confused. "Father, I ask you not to tell Canada about this." I mumble, looking pleadingly at him. I swallow hard, "if he knows, our relationship will be shattered."

Father hums, swearing that this is a secret between us and Mommy. I know he will keep his word, but will Mommy?

Father smiles at me, "you are now free from my ban. From now on, you are able to talk to the angels that saved your brother from the devil."

Ironically, Russia and China are the devils; Ukraine is an angel.

Either way, the ability to control my own life makes me joyful. I walk out of Father's office happily and make my way to my room to FaceTime Russia and China about the news.

Once they heard about it, they were both surprised. "We can't meet up at the janitor's closet anymore. I never knew he would be listening to us speak." Russia chuckles, scratching his head.

China rolls his eyes, "it's the safest place. Unless you want to meet up under the stage again. Remember how that went?"

The Russian groans, trying to think of another place to meet up. "We can try the library. The librarians never go to the back corners where all the kid toys are. That should work." I suggest.

China shakes his head, "North Korea hates that place. He will scream if he sees the Mickey Mouse plush." I look at him in confusion.

"I'll take it out—"

"It's attached to the wall. We will be damaging school property if we try ripping it out." China says. "I tried once. I had to pay a hefty fine for the damages." China recalls, angrily.

"The gender neutral bathroom." Russia suggests. I look at him grossly. I do not want that incident to happen again! "No one uses it besides the athletes after school."

"There has to be better options." I chuckle nervously. "How about the roof?"

"It's winter," China deadpans. "The bathroom is the best option for now. I'll tell North Korea and Vietnam."

Russia nods his head in agreement. I sigh. I don't want to be in a bathroom discussing things! "It's so unsanitary!"

"Better than the cold." China rolls his eyes jokingly. I groan and shove my face in my pillow.

"Do you two want to hangout at the park today? I'm free." Russia

asks.

China sighs, "I can't. 台湾 is forcing me to go shopping with him."

"Ditch him."

"妈妈 doesn't want him to go by himself." China whines.

I giggle, "have a good time!"

"Yeah yeah, bye." China hangs up.

"I'll be there in ten. See you!" I smile and wave goodbye to the Russian before hanging up. I hope Canada doesn't see me leaving the house. He'll be suspicious.

I quickly put on my coat and my gloves. It's lightly snowing today, making it the perfect day for pictures. I grab my camera and sneakily make my way towards the door—until New Zealand stops me. I turn around to see her smug smirk as if she knows what I'm going to do.

"What do you want?" I ask, annoyed at her presence.

She wiggles her eyebrows trying to get a reaction out of me. I give her a confused look. She sighs in defeat. "Amy, are you going on a date with China?" She sings.

I shake my head, "he's busy and we're not dating."

She then turns on her thinking face, tapping her chin a few times while she looks up at the ceiling in search of another idea. Her eyes brighten up and she soon grins, "you're going out with Russia."

I nod my head, not wanting to lie to her. "Aren't you banned from talking to him?" Canada asks, walking out his bedroom. He's still in his nasty mood crying his heart out in his bedroom. He's definitely going to ask Father now. Thanks a lot Kiwi...

"I'm free. Now excuse me while I leave the house." I grumble, putting on my stylish snow boots. Canada shrugs and walks back into his room.

"Have fun on your date!" New Zealand teases. She winks at me. From upstairs I can hear Australia scream "Amy's going on a date?!"

"I'm not going on a date!" I scream, only to find that New Zealand slammed the door on me. "Kiwi!" I shout, irritated. I huff, and started walking to the park. When I reach the park's gate, I feel my hands turning cold. I should've worn more. I didn't expect it to be this cold!

I see Russia standing at the gate looking at his phone. "Russia!" I call. He looks up and smiles at me. His smile is so f*cking adorable! We walk into the park together side by side. "How are you surviving in this cold?" I ask, shivering.

We sit on a bench that looks out at the frozen lake. Russia chuckles, "funny story. My Папа said I was born in the coldest region of his Empire. He was on a mission to drive out the mongols when I was born into a -30 degrees celcious city. My brother took care of me the entire time because he was worried sick that I'll freeze to death. I grew up just fine and, even though I still need to wear some clothes, the cold never bothers me. I love it."

"I wish I could say the same. My hands are freezing!" I whine. Russia looks at me concerned and takes my gloved hands in his. He puts my hand in his pocket and holds it there. My face heats up at his gesture. At least my hand won't feel cold anymore. "Thanks," I mumble, trying not to stutter.

"No problem." He says. "Now tell me something about your childhood."

I think for a moment. I wonder if he's okay with this. "You know my Mommy, France?" He nods his head. "Well, I'm not sure if she's my real Mommy." I smile nervously.

"What do you mean?" Russia asks, confused.

"Keep this a secret, alright?" I whisper. Russia nods. I take a deep breath of the chilly air and exhale. "My Father, he had an orgy with all the Empires. To this day, I don't know who my real Mommy is."

Russia laughs, "your Father is really something."

I giggle and try shushing him by putting my finger on his lips. "Don't tell him I told you. I'll be beheaded."

Russia nods his head, trying to control his laughter. "I feel bad."

"Don't be. I got love from all the countries who think I'm their daughter. And besides, my theory is that an alien created me. How cool would that be?!" I grin proudly. Hearing him laugh makes me feel funny. It sounds so genuine and loving.

After his laughter died down he said we should get on the pond. The frozen pond. "Come on, give it a try." Russia smirks, holding out his hand.

I gulp, "no. I don't think it will hold my weight."

Russia rolls his eyes, "you're so light. If I can carry you, this ice can hold you."

I shake my head, "I'm not risking it."

"Don't be scared." Russia taunts.

"I am not!" I huff.

"Then join me."

"But it will crack—"

"Scared?"

"Fine! I'll join you." I mumble.

Russia grins in triumph and drags me onto the ice. I hold his hands tightly. My legs shake when I try holding my balance. "I never knew you skate." I mumble. "Do you play any other winter sports?"

"I play hockey and go skiing sometimes." Russia shrugs.

"Wow, that's so cool! Russia can ski." I gasp in fake amusement. Russia frowns and rolls his eyes. I smirk, "Russia can ski. Russia, can

I call you Ruski?" I stare at him with puppy dog eyes. Russia starts cursing in his native tongue and looks towards the side. "Ruski! Please?" I beg, tugging on his coat. He flushes harder. "Do you not like it?" I whine, hugging his arm.

"Нет—no. I like it." Russia stutters in his accent. I giggle at his flustered nervous face. I never knew it was that easy to make him turn red. It's so funny! I start poking them. "Америка!" He growls, trying to get my hands off his face.

"Ruski! You look adorable." I beam, gliding closer to him as he continues to move away from me. "Don't leave!" I cry out. Russia gets off the ice and I follow him.

He starts running around trying to avoid me but I have a few tricks up my sleeves. Quickly make a snowball and hit him on the leg with it to try and slow him down, then I pounce on him. We landed in the snow with me on his back holding him down. "Америка!" Russia groans.

I giggle, "I got you Ruski!" I roll onto my back, laughing away at my silly joke. I hear Russia scoff softly. Before I knew it, he was hovering above me with both his hands holding him up. I bite my lip realizing that he's angry. "I'm not sorry?" I whisper, cursing myself for saying that.

Russia leans down closer to my face and I freeze. My cheeks become hot and I feel like I'm melting the snow around us. Russia smirks seeing my state. He leans down next to my ear. "Do you want more, Америка?" He says in his deep husky accent. F*ck yes I do want you!

"I uh, no?" I stutter out. I hear Russia chuckle. He gets back up and helps me up so that we're both sitting up. I stare at him, still in a daze. His lips look so soft. I just want to kiss it.

"Америка?" Russia gets my attention. I hum in response. He leans closer to my face and I force myself to back away. He's so f*cking hot. I feel his hand on my back preventing me from falling over. Our faces are in such close proximity that our noses are almost touching. I stare at his lips as he closes the gap and kisses me

tenderly. I feel my belly flip and I melt into the kiss.

"रूस!"

Russia breaks the kiss quickly, turning to the sound of the voice. I whine slightly, I want more kisses. I turn to look to where he's staring at to find a girl waving.

"Who's she?" I ask.

"India." Russia says plainly. I can tell he's annoyed so I don't say anything. He gets up and helps me up. I jump up and down to get snow off my coat and help Russia get some of the snow off his back. We then walked over to the country waiting for Russia.

"Hi, my name is Thirteen." I smile, putting my handout for a hand shake. India looks at me with confusion.

"I know." She says. I chuckle slightly, already feeling the tension between us. I retract my hand to my pocket. I've never seen her in my life. How does she know me? "Are you two dating?" She asks.

"Нет." Russia responds. India stares at us plainly. "We were making snow angels." Russia says bluntly.

I can tell that India's jealous of me just by the blank look on her face. She smiles, "Anyways, what are you doing here?"

"Hanging out with Америка. You?"

India's smile falters. She is definitely jealous of me. I grin and wink at her, making her more angry. I silently laugh. "She's a wolf in sheep's clothing." India glares at me.

I gasp, "me?"

"Don't act innocent."

Russia looks at her as if she's crazy—she is crazy. "You're talking nonsense. No wonder Китай argues with you. You always have false claims." India opens her mouth to explain. "I'll talk to you later." Russia turns towards me and smiles, "let's go Америка."

I nod my head and we leave a fuming India. I turn my head around and stick my tongue out at her. India gasps and storms off angrily. I stole her man. Well, not literally. I don't think they're dating.

Russia and I slowly walk around the park where it's densely populated with trees. I look at the snow drifting down and covering them like a winter wonderland. "Ruski, what is she to you?" I ask.

I hear the Russian sigh. "She's a friend of mine. We got along well until—arguments started between China and her."

I hum in acknowledgment. I want to ask him what complications they had but I don't want to get into China's private life. "Let's build a snowman." I smile.

Russia and I started making snowballs for the body and I found a few pebbles on the ground for the mouth and eyes. For the nose I found an icicle hanging from one of the branches. Russia found two small sticks for the arms. When he was putting them in, I couldn't help but form a snowball and throw it at him.

Russia turns his head around. A clear expression of annoyance on his face. "Америка!" He howlers.

I giggle, "oops." And then throw another snowball at him which lands on his cheek. "My bad." I continue taunting him.

We had a snow fight. He ended up winning because I was shivering to the bone. "Meany." I glare. I hug myself tightly in attempts to trap the warmth.

Russia laughs, "you started it and I wasn't going to lose to you." He side-hugs me and I lean towards him for the warmth of his body. I huff, crossing my arms. "Is Америка mad?" He smirks. I look away from him, blushing madly. Why is he so f*cking hot?!

Russia walked me home because he didn't want me to get hypothermia. The whole walk was basically me clinging onto him for his warmth. He would make subtle comments while I just mumbled yes or no. When we arrived at my house, New Zealand opened the door before we even got to the front porch. She gasps

and starts shrieking in delight. Australia then comes over and also starts gaping. I flush in embarrassment. It's embarrassing that I'm related to such freaks!

"Kiss for the camera!"

"Aussie! Shut the f*ck up!"

□□°• ⊹☾ 🎉 Happy New Year 🎉 ☽⊹• °□□
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America POV

Apparently, Father told us that we needed to attend the Romanov ball that the Russian Empire is hosting tonight. He should've told us earlier! I don't have enough time to prepare for something so marvelous.

I rummage through my billions of dresses, trying to decide which color and what type of dress is appropriate. It's so difficult to choose! I look pretty in all of them. I would ask Mommy for help right now but I know she's busy herself. She's making macarons. I could ask New Zealand, but I don't like her taste and I can hear her screaming from her room. I grumble in annoyance. Father, Canada, and Australia have it easier. All they had to do was wear a simple dress shirt and dress pants. Why is life so hard for me?!

I peek my head out my door and find Canada walking in his dark blue dress shirt and black dress pants. He's wearing a golden chain making everything much better. I drag him inside my room and lock the door preventing him from leaving. He looks at me in shock then a smug smirk appears on his face. "Need help impressing your boyfriends?"

I glare at him, "no you f*cking Maple syrup."

Canada shrugs, "see you later then."

I grabbed his arm so he wouldn't leave. As much as I hate doing this, I need help. "I'm having a hard time picking out a dress. Please help me." I beg on my knees, looking up at him with f*cking puppy eyes.

Canada grins, liking how I'm begging for his help. I'm not the type to plead. I get what I want. But sometimes it's too much work or I'm

desperate, so I beg. "Alright." Canada chuckles, patting my head. He walks over to my clothes and instantly picks out a dress for me. "Try this one." He says, throwing the dress onto my face.

"You're going to mess up my hair!" I shriek.

"Sorry Amy." Canada chuckles.

I huff then take a good look at the dress. It's a silky emerald satin gown that I haven't worn in so long. The dress has an open back and a v-neck. "Are you sure?" I ask in which Canada nods his head. I drag myself into the bathroom to change.

I strip down and put the dress on. Do I have to wear a bra? I can literally see it in the dress. I take them off, but then I don't want my breasts to be flying everywhere. Well they won't because the dress will be tight enough to hold them in place. "Maple," I mumble shyly. I hear a hum from the other side of the door. "Should I wear my bra?" I whisper.

"I can't hear you!" Canada says. I curse. Is he teasing me or is he serious?

"Should I wear a bra?" I asked a little louder this time, but I stuttered. I hear silence from the other side. I flushed in embarrassment. Asking my brother isn't the best choice. I should've asked New Zealand or Mommy if they weren't so busy.

"I mean, if they won't fall out—I guess?" Canada nervously chuckles. I say thanks and mentally slap myself for being so weird.

I take my bra off and put on my dress. I zip it up and look at myself in the mirror. I can't help but blush. I look so f*cking pretty! I used to feel so insecure about my body. I would always wear baggy clothes to cover my body. It was not until middle school when I started loving myself. Everyday, I would stand in front of the mirror telling myself that I'm beautiful. It was weird at first and now I'm accustomed to seeing my body. I'm proud to show the scars on my back and leg. They're, in my opinion, attractive in a way.

I walk out the bathroom and walk over to Canada who's sitting on

my bed. He turns to look at me and gasps his funny Canadian gasp. "My sister's definitely getting laid tonight, eh!" He wiggled his eyebrows teasingly with that awfully sweet smile of his.

I blush in embarrassment, "shut the f*ck up, Maple! I know for a fact you're going to get tons of girls surrounding you. I bet Germany would even start falling for you!" I laugh.

Canada glares at me, "he has a girlfriend and he isn't gay."

"You want him to be." I wink. Canada groans in frustration and I laugh at his misery. He gets up and makes his way to my desk, taking out my necklace.

He put it on me and smiled softly, "don't lose it again."

I scoff, "I won't. I'm not that forgetful."

Canada rolls his eyes and chuckles. "I found these green heels for you to wear. Sadly, with these on I'll still be taller than you." He sighs sarcastically.

I huff and cross my arms, "just you wait, Maple. I will be as tall as the Empire State Building!"

"Sure." He smirked teasingly. I put on the heels he picked out and wobbled around trying to stand in them. It's been so long since I wore heels with such a high platform. I grab onto Canada, afraid I'll fall down to my doom. He chuckles, "let's find you a better pair then."

"I can manage!" I huff, finding my balance.

Canada walks to the door and opens it. He turns to me with a slight grin on his face, "come then, let's go."

I swallow hard. I started walking towards him—and then I tripped. Thankfully Canada caught me before I made contact with the ground. I whine, "I used to be so good at this!"

Canada chuckles, shaking his head. "You'll have to start learning again." He carries me onto my bed and I watch him shuffle through

my many high heels. He eventually finds another pair of emerald heels. This one is only 2.5 inches while the one I'm wearing is 5 inches. I'm happy I have so many heels to wear.

I switched my heels and now I'm finally able to hold my balance. "Thanks Maple!" I smile.

"No problem. Let's go help Mommy make the macarons. She was scurrying everywhere." Canada says. I nod my head and we head down to find a flour covered Mommy.

"We'll take over. Go change." I push her towards the stairs. She says thank you and Maple and I start working in the kitchen. Mommy was almost done. It just came to the assembly portion.

'^'

We arrived at the winter palace. I gasp at how majestic it looks. The pillars, the golden decor, and the bright yellow paint. It's all so magical! I hear New Zealand squealing in delight. This is her first time at a ball. She hugs my waist, giggling the whole walk to the front doors. The soldiers bow down to us as we make our way inside.

The scene is breathtaking. The floors are made of marble, so are the two stairs on either side. The walls are painted with angels and other worldly forms. It seems so surreal. In front of us is a crowded room full of countries.

"This way," a servant bows and leads us to the room full of countries.

New Zealand shrieks, "I can't wait to see your boyfriend!"

Mommy and Father turn to me in confusion. "Kiwi, I'm not dating him." I glare. She giggles and continues teasing me. We enter the dining hall.

An empire greets us. "Welcome to the Romanov ball." The Empire slightly bows. He's wearing a white military uniform with golden badges.

"Thank you for inviting us, R.E." Mommy slightly bows, alongside Father. Following our parents we also bow.

"My pleasure. And you must be Америка," the empire smiles towards me.

"Yes your majesty." I bow again. I can feel confused stares from my family members.

The empire chuckles, "No need to be so formal." I flush in embarrassment. The empire grins, "I've heard a lot about you from my son. Tell me, how do you feel about him?"

I feel my Father's menacing glare. I swallow dryly before replying. "He's one of my best friends." I smile, trying to cover my nervousness. I don't think the empire or my parents liked the reply. Father doesn't want me to be too close with Russia. He would rather us be allies. Mommy of course reciprocated his idea like she always does. The empire, however, I don't know what he thinks. And I also find it surprising Russia would talk about me in front of his dad. Now I'm curious. What does the empire know about me?

"Anyways, my eldest son will lead your children to the other table." The empire smiles, pulling away a country from the crowd. The empire leaves with my parents, leaving us with this new stranger.

"Welcome, my name is Soviet." He says with little emotion. Soviet is wearing a white suit with a sickle and hammer pin on the left. There's a scar on his left cheek and there's an eyepatch on his right eye. I feel New Zealand hide behind Canada and I. She's probably scared of him.

Canada smiles, "nice to meet you Soviet. My name is Canada, this is my sister America—" Canada starts introducing us. I can't help but notice Soviet's gaze on my body. It feels uncomfortable being looked at as some thing. I frown. It feels disgusting. I should've not worn this gown.

"Follow me," he mumbles. We do. Canada and I look at each other, both understanding Soviet is distraught and frustrated. We get to the table where all the teenagers are chatting. New Zealand and

Australia go to their friends, Canada goes to Germany and Poland, while I situate myself between Russia and China—basically disrupting their conversation.

China smirks, "lovely seeing you here, 美国." He takes my hand and kisses it. I snatch my hand away angrily making him laugh his *ss off. China's wearing a red dress shirt with a golden dragon symbol that covers half of his shirt and some blood red pants. He's also wearing silver chains and his usual silver watch on his left wrist.

"Привет Америка." Russia smiles. His smile is so f*cking cute! I smile back. At least he isn't as annoying as China. Russia's wearing a black collared shirt matched with black pants. He's not wearing any accessories besides a silver ring on his index finger.

I have to admit, they're both handsome. No wonder they're well known in school. "美国, don't be mad at me." China pouts. He leans towards me, making me try keeping our faces at a distance. My back makes contact with Russia and that's where I'm stuck. It's not fun being sandwiched between two super attractive males. I try my best to control the blood flowing to my face, not wanting to get teased further.

"F*ck you," I huff. He chuckles and starts playing with my cheeks by squeezing them. I blush more at his gesture. Where are my hands? Why don't I want him to stop? I feel Russia's cold hands trace the scars on my back and I shiver at the touch. He seems curious.

"Oooo!"

My eyes grow wide and I freeze in place. China looks at me with confusion and then looks for the owner of the voice. Russia also stops touching my back.

I turn to see New Zealand with her sh*t eating grin. "Nice seeing you guys again." New Zealand purrs. Australia looks at me and wiggles his eyebrows teasingly. I groan in frustration and bang my head on the table, getting stares from the other countries.

Great. Just great...

Thankfully, everyone's eating in peace. I chatted with Soviet and Third Reich to know more about their lives. They graduated high school a few years earlier and are now helping their parents govern (there's no need for college in this AU. You learn everything in high school).

I hum, "Do the government policies affect your relationship?"

"His ideas certainly do. I'm not quite fond of communism." Third Reich laughs half heartedly.

Soviet glares at her, "you'll understand how great it is soon."

"I doubt it—"

"Attention, America!" I hear New Zealand's voice on the speaker. I feel everyone's eyes on me. Where did she find a microphone? Australia is gone too. Does this mean— "America, dare or dare?"

"What kind of question is that?" I mumble, only to find Australia holding a microphone up to my face. "Aussie?!" I shriek. I slightly startled myself as my voice echoed through the dining hall.

"Dare or dare?! Answer the question!" New Zealand huffs.

I look at Russia who is equally as confused as me. "Where did you find the mic?" He asks Australia.

Australia shrugs, "I asked a maid and she gave it to me."

Russia looks over at Soviet and they both seem very panicked over the situation. "Give me the microphone. It doesn't belong in your hands." Soviet commands.

Australia shivers, "hurry up Amy. My life is at stake!"

I sigh, "dare."

I hear New Zealand squeal. "I dare you to kiss Russia and China!"

I bite my lips nervously. The eyes staring and China's seductive grin is making me feel embarrassed and exposed. "Go on Amy. Everyone's waiting." Canada snickers. I glare at him, burning madly.

"Remember, with the tongue! And yes, I will expose your darkest secret if you don't do it." New Zealand adds, getting my Father to start protesting only for the Russian Empire to shut him up. I feel my face burning up in flames.

"F*ck it." I kiss China, covering our connected lips with my hand. His eyes go wide at the sudden gesture but soon closes. He passionately kisses me back. I can hear Australia gasp which makes me feel uncomfortable. I don't like kissing in public. It makes me feel judged.

I pull away and turn to Russia. I immediately kiss him and cover our lips with my hands not wasting any time. I want this to be over. He tenderly kisses back. Gosh why am I enjoying this? I break the kiss, panting. I can't believe I kissed two guys. I feel my lips, wondering if I really did that.

"I got it all on video!" Poland grins evilly.

"Pola!" I shriek (Poland and I are now friends. She got over the fact that China chose me over her and accepted my existence because Germany persuaded her to give our friendship a shot). "Delete it right now!" I demand. She shakes her head.

I bury my head in my hands. This is so embarrassing. I don't want to go back home and face Father's wrath. He'll definitely ban me from seeing China and Russia!

"Sorry for the interruption, you can eat now. Poland will send you the video if you want it." New Zealand giggles. The orchestra starts playing music in the background, but everyone is still silent. New Zealand pops out from under the table.

"Kiwi." I growl.

She turns to Soviet and Third Reich, "thanks for the distraction."

The two siblings look at each other and back at her confused.

"You're welcome?" Third Reich smiles. I grumble some curses.

"Admit that you liked it." China hums, resting his head on his hand. I blush and look away from him.

"It was a dare!"

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After eating, it was time for the royal ball. The Russian Empire and his husband, the German Empire, gracefully led the way in a captivating slow waltz. Eventually, all the empires find their partners to dance with.

"China! Would you like to dance with me?" New Zealand giggles, grabbing China's hand. The two start waltzing towards the other dancing countries. I giggle. Even though I hate her presence sometimes, she always brings a smile to my face.

"May I have this dance?"

I turn around to see Russia holding out his hand for mine. I stare at him, completely speechless. My heart stops for a moment before it starts pumping rapidly. I feel my face burn up hotter than the sun. I slowly take his hand. He smiles and pulls me onto the dance floor. Why am I so nervous all of a sudden?

He places his hands on my waist. I shiver and place mine on his shoulders. Why do I want him to touch me? Why do I want to hug him so badly? I look up at him and find him gazing down at me with a soft smile. "You look beautiful tonight, Америка."

I turn my head to the side, trying to hide my blush. "F*ck you." I mumble. I hear him chuckle, making me burn up even more. He looks so attractive and adorable when he laughs! Before I knew it, I tripped on myself and fall onto his chest. "Sorry," I say, finding my balance again. I'm met with his smirk. "Don't you dare say anything." I warn. Russia rolls his eyes teasingly with a grin on his face. I puff my cheeks and huff.

"Why is the song so slow?!" I hear Australia whine from the crowd. Why are my siblings the ones making a whole ruckus? To his

demand, the orchestra starts picking up the pace.

"You're in big trouble when we get home young man!" Father's voice booms, sending a shiver down my spine. Australia dashes away into the crowd scared of Father's wrath.

"It's time to switch partners!" The announcer speaks. I say my farewells to Russia and find myself dancing with his older brother, Soviet.

"Hey Soviet." I smiled at him. He nods his head. I let my eyes wander around the ballroom. New Zealand is dancing with Father and getting scolded by him. Typical Father. Germany's dancing with Poland. He's blushing like crazy! Russia's dancing with China. Australia's running around the dancing couples and making funny remarks. Wait, where is Canada? I look around to find him dancing with Ukraine. I frown. They seem to be getting along again unless it's only on the surface.

"Is something wrong?" Soviet asked me with an eyebrow raised.

I bite my bottom lip, "nothing's wrong."

He sighs, "you're clearly lying."

"Says who?"

"Says your face."

I roll my eyes, "fine, but don't tell anyone." He nods his head. I don't trust him, but Russia said he wanted to break Canada's and Ukraine's relationship too. "I'm worried my brother will fall in love with Ukraine again. He's already gotten his heart broken into millions of pieces because of her."

Soviet hums, "I don't approve of their relationship either. But as long as they stay friends, it's alright." That surprised me. I wonder if he knows to what extent Russia went to break their relationship. How hard it was to plan every little detail out. How hard it was for me to watch my brother cry over his loved one. Why would he care? He's only an influence affecting Russia's thoughts.

Soviet must've noticed me dozing off into my own thoughts. He cleared his throat to get my attention and successfully did. "Россия told me a lot about you." He says. I tilt my head, a little confused.

"What'd he say?"

Soviet smirks, "one thing is that you suck at picking movies."

"I do not!" I huff.

"Do too."

"Well, I know you have a thing for your step sister, Third Reich." I grin evilly.

His face suddenly turns red, "I would never."

"Oh yes you would. I can tell by how you look at her." I wink. Soviet fumes in anger and embarrassment. I laugh at his facial expressions. Who knew he's not as scary when you make him flustered.

"Who told you?" he asks, glaring at me.

"I figured." I shrug. He looks at me, probably realizing that I shouldn't be messed with. Well, I hope that's what he's thinking. "Did you tell anyone?" I press.

He shook his head, "my parents would be disgusted if they found out. (Third Reich and Soviet aren't blood related)"

"Sucks to be you!" I giggle.

"So uplifting." He rolls his eyes with a grin on his face.

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"Why are you telling all your family members that I have a bad taste in movies?!" I glare at Russia, to which he laughs. "We only watched one movie together! How would you know the rest of the movies I choose are bad?" I grumble, crossing my arms.

"One movie says a lot." He smiles, patting me on the back. My bare back. His hand sends tingles down my spine and I feel my stomach flip. I ignore it. At least I try too.

"Then you pick a movie." I huff.

"Bet." Russia smirks. He makes his way over to China and drags him away from whoever he's talking to.

"俄罗斯, I was talking to someone," China snaps. Russia only rolls his eyes. He then grabs me by the hand and pulls us out of the ballroom. I don't like being dragged around. I am an independent country that doesn't need help with the simplest task: walking. "Where are we going?" China asks, breaking the silence.

"To watch a movie." Russia hums.

"I doubt it will be good." I groan.

"Horror?" China asks. Russia nods. "Yes!" China cheers.

I shiver. I'm not a fan of horror films. I can tolerate it, but I get nightmares. F*cking nightmares! I would wake up with wounds from where I got hurt in my dream. "Can we not watch horror?" I stutter. I don't want to be bashed in the head again. Or even worse being stabbed to death.

"Is 美国 scared?" China taunts.

I clench my fists and bite my lip. "Please." I whisper. I hear them mumble something to each other. I feel like crying. I don't want to experience the pain. The pain of being tortured over and over again.

"We can watch a romantic film, if you like." Russia suggests. I nod my head. Anything but horror.

Russia leads us to his room. His room is painted black & white and his bed sheets match it. The room looks modern in a way because of the simple designs of the chairs and drawers. I imagined it to be more...welcoming.

"Make yourselves comfortable." Russia says, turning on his TV.

I hop onto his bed and take my heels off. Then make my way to the headboard. China sits to my left. He takes my hand in his, to my surprise. We put on a show for others, but we're with Russia. He knows that we're fake dating. Either way I don't pull my hand away.

I feel China's hand trace my back and I shiver at the touch. "China?" I mumble. He hums and continues tracing my scars. I bite my bottom lip, holding back a gasp when he kisses it.

"You're gorgeous." He whispers, kissing my neck. I let out a shaky breath. As much as I don't want this, a greater part of me does; I don't stop him.

"China." I gasp when he starts biting my neck. Father already yelled at me several times because of my hickies. He wants me to stop. I can't help it though. It feels so f*cking good!

I see Russia grin at me. He makes his way over and sits on the right side of me. I look at him, biting my bottom lip because I don't want to moan.

China makes my head turn in his direction and places his lips on mine. I kiss him back, still confused at myself for allowing this to happen. He asked for entrance and I denied it. It's only when I start feeling Russia nibbling my collarbone that my mouth slightly opens. China takes this opportunity. Our tongues fight and he eventually wins.

I break the kiss, panting heavily. Before I knew it, Russia's lips were on mine. Again, I fight for dominance and fail. Now both of their tastes are in my mouth and I can't get the happiness out of me! I pull away, trying to catch my breath.

How did I get here?

"What the f*ck?" I say, breaking the silence. I'm so confused, I don't even blush. What was I thinking? What were they thinking?

China turns my head towards him softly. "You like that, don't you?" He says. I blush. I can see the lust in his eyes.

"No."

"Don't lie, Америка." I hear Russia whisper close to my ear. His hot breath sends tingles down my spine.

I swallow hard. "Yeah?" This seems to satisfy China. He smiles at me. I look around, not wanting to get distracted by his perfect face. What were we doing again? "Are we going to watch the movie?" I ask.

"Right, I forgot." I feel Russia shuffle on the bed to grab the remote from the nightstand. I get comfortable on the bed, resting my back on the headboard. I cross my legs feeling them slightly shake. Sh*t that feeling is back. I bite the inside of my cheek and furrow my eyebrows. It always happens after I get...(physically)teased.

The movie plays on the screen and I slowly find my eyelids get heavier. The last thing I remember was resting my head on Russia's shoulder.

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It would mean the world to me if you vote for this story or comment ✍□📝

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America POV

My eyes flutter open as the first raze of the sun beams through the window. I hear the sound of birds singing as the new day begins. I groan and turn to my side, trying to shield myself from the morning raze. Why does it smell like Russia?

I jolt up, looking frantically around a foreign room. I'm in Russia's room. I see my dress hanging on the doorknob and that's when I realize someone changed me. I was wearing a dark gray oversized shirt that reached to my knees. I frantically feel my chest for my necklace. Thankfully it's still there. I sigh in relief. Whoever changed me is the least of my concern.

Oh my f*cking gosh. Father will be furious when I get back home. Nothing I can do about it now. I get off the bed and find a pair of black slippers on the ground waiting for me to wear. I slip them on and slowly make my way to the door. I open it and peek out. I don't remember which way leads to the dinning hall. This place is a maze!

A maid spots me. "Excuse me, can you help me find Russia?" I ask, hopefully loud enough to hear. She looks at me with little emotion, then enters a room. I frown. Rude...

"Hi America." I jump when I hear Ukraine's voice behind me. She giggles quietly at my startled state.

"Don't do that." I snap, glaring at her.

The Ukrainian looks at the ground guilty. "Sorry," she mumbles. We stay in silence for a while before she starts speaking again, "I know we started out... rough." She pauses again, trying to figure out what to say to not stir my anger and annoyance. "Can we start over? I'm

sorry for all the things I've done to you." She stutters, fidgeting with her hands.

I feel bad. I can't stay 'mad' at her forever. "I forgive you." I mumble. I can see her instantly light up which makes me smile a little. I hate Russia for making me harm his sister emotionally. But I will get my desire. That's all that matters—

"Thank you!" Ukraine shines her pearly teeth. "Now I know you must be wondering who changed you." She smirks.

I flush, "you're scaring me." I hope it's not who I think it is.

Ukraine giggles, "don't worry, a maid changed you." I sigh in relief. "Let's go find Росія and Китай!" She drags me out the room and I stumble behind her. For a small body, she does have a lot of strength. She leads me to the door the maid went into and opened it.

My cheeks turn completely red at the view. Russia's in the middle of wearing a T-shirt and China's on the bed scrolling on his phone—shirtless. My eyes trail down his body, noting every scar he has. I then find him staring at me with a smirk. "Take a picture, it will last longer."

"No thank you." I turn away, trying to hide my blush. I hear him chuckle. It makes me more embarrassed.

"What were you two doing—in one room?" Ukraine asks.

"We were watching a horror movie." Russia rummages the drawer for something. He finds what he's looking for and throws the T-shirt onto China's face, much to the other's dismay. China grumbles in frustration while putting on the shirt.

Ukraine looks at them skeptically, "I don't believe you."

Russia glares at her. "Then get out."

She suddenly gasps and backs away due to her shock. Russia, China, and I all look at her with great confusion. Ukraine's cheeks turn red and she seems to be sweating out of nervousness. "You two—you

two did it." Ukraine stutters out in disbelief. "No! I got an image!" She screams, running out the room pulling her hair. I watch her turn a corner. Her screams quickly drowned out.

I look at the two males questionably. "What the f*ck was that about?"

China shrugs, "none of my concern." He gets off the bed and feels his tummy. "I'm starving! Let's go get breakfast."

Russia leads us to the dinning hall where his siblings and parents are eating breakfast. This is going to be so awkward. The Russian Empire and The German Empire greet us and I sit in between Ukraine and Germany. The servers asked us what food we'd like and I ordered pancakes and bacon. Russia has so many siblings, no wonder this table is so long! Everyone soon breaks up into their groups. I turn to Germany.

"So, how was the dance yesterday?" I smirk, wiggling my eyebrows. He immediately blushes.

"It was nice." He mumbles. "How was yours?" He grins. Now it's my turn to blush.

"It was good." I smile, trying to cover up my embarrassed self. "I heard you and Poland were making out in your room. Did it escalate to something—more?" I tease.

Germany looks at me stunned, a clear hue of red on his cheeks. He opens his mouth to speak, but closes it again. I giggle. He's so fun to mess with!

He picks up some food in his fork, smiling, "at least I got a video of you kissing both Russia and China which isn't a rumor"

"Delete it!" I glare, almost stuttering.

Germany chuckles, "why should I? I need to let the world know."

I huff in annoyance. Thankfully my food came so I started gobbling it up. I look over at Ukraine who hasn't touched her food since I got here. I think she's still traumatized by the sudden realization of

something in the room. Her cheeks are rosy red and there seems to be nervous sweat trickling down her face. I can see the concern on Soviet's face from across the table. He looks at me, trying to ask if I know what's up. I shake my head. Soviet frowns.

Soviet waves a hand in front of her, trying to gain her attention. He sighs, "Украина, is something bother—"

"Russia and China f*cked!" Ukraine blurts out, loud enough for the whole table to hear. She slaps her hand on her mouth, realizing the damage she's done.

The table goes silent. Everyone stops what they're doing. The cluttering of a fork hitting the ground echoes. Soviet stares at her in shock. Everyone stares at her in shock. Russia and China look at each other, both becoming flustered by her statement.

Russia clears his throat, "she's delusional. Китай and I would never."

"You two were topless!" Ukraine argues.

China painfully chuckles, "俄罗斯 came from the other guest room and since we were both tired, we decided to just chill and watch a horror movie." Ukraine isn't buying it. She glares at them knowingly. The air becomes tense and I find it hard to breathe.

"More like Netflix and chill." Germany comments, gaining glares from the two flustered countries.

The German Empire hums and stirs his coffee using a spoon. He looks disappointed. "Warum habt ihr beide Amerika nicht ins Bett eingeladen?"

"We didn't do it!" Russia shouts angrily, blushing furiously. China and Russia start defending themselves from the other countries' claims. Now what did The German Empire say? I heard my name.

"Germany," I whisper.

"Yeah?" He says, trying to hold back his laughter.

"What did your dad say?" I ask.

Germany grins darkly, "you really want to know?" Yeah duh. I don't know German. I nod my head. His look makes me rethink my decision. Germany whispers into my ear, "He said, 'why didn't you two invite America to bed?'"

My eyes widen and I blush profoundly. I open my mouth to stay something but none comes out. I sit there, looking at him dumbfounded. Germany tries controlling his laughter, but fails. "Shut the f*ck up Germs!" I slap him on the back of the head and cover my face with my hands.

"Admit it!" Ukraine demands, "you two are gay!"

China groans in frustration and slides his hand down his slightly pink face. "乌克兰, for the millionth time. We. Didn't. Do. It. You're spewing nonsense!"

Ukraine crosses her arms, still not letting it go. The Russian Empire chuckles, "Украина, you're thinking too much." Ukraine rolls her eyes and huffs.

"Thank you." China sighs and relaxes back into his chair. That was a very heated argument. I hear Ukraine mumble something in her own language angrily. She then finally starts eating breakfast.

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"Thank you for letting me spend the night here. I really appreciate your kindness." I slightly bow.

"Of course, Amerika." The German Empire smiles.

"I'll see you soon." Before I can turn to leave, Third Reich and Ukraine drag me back into the palace.

"You're not going home yet." Ukraine giggles.

I groan in frustration, letting them drag me away. I can see both The German Empire's and The Russian Empire's confused faces. They must be wondering why their children are so weird. Like, I

agree with them! "You guys let China leave. Why not me?" I snap.

"You're *interesting*." Third Reich says. I sigh, giving in to my fate. I get thrown onto a bed. My legs dangle off the side. Ukraine comes next to me and smiles.

"I want to go home!" I whine.

She giggles, "we want to hangout with you though."

"Against my will!" I huff.

"Amerika, who are you?" Third Reich asks creepily. I sit up on the bed, my arms holding me up. I tilt my head, confused at her attitude. I can see Ukraine freeze in place, scared.

"She's America!" Ukraine smiles. Her nervousness could quickly be spotted under her masked smile.

Third Reich makes her way towards me. She peers down with a menacing smile. I swallow hard. What the f*ck does she want from me? She suddenly pins me to the bed, growing with anger. I chuckle nervously. I don't want her to bite me with her sharp teeth. I can imagine how painful it would be.

I look at her and a thought creeps into my head. I pretend to check her out while a smirk appears on my face. My hand reaches to her cheek and my thumb grazes her lips. She stares at me, getting confused. I whisper, "gay."

She gets up immediately and I laugh at her embarrassed state. That's one way of getting out of situations like these. I look to Ukraine. She's frozen in place with fear, confusion, and anger.

I sigh, "look, Third Reich. If this is about Soviet, I have no interest in stealing your man." I put my hands up in defense.

"It's not about him." She grumbles, "it's about politics."

"I have no desire to enforce my ideas into your father's country." I say. She looks at me curiously. "I don't want to involve myself with —european affairs." I add.

She seems to relax, "good."

"Anything else you want to ask me?"

"Yes," she starts. Oh great! I'm getting interrogated. "Go ahead, Ukraine."

"I uh, America. Why is Nada ignoring me?" Ukraine looks at her lap sadly.

Don't tell her Amy
Don't you dare tell her
She will cry for days
She will blame herself
I don't want her to be like this
I love her
I just can't be with her

Canada's voice plays in my head over and over again. I look to the side, "I don't know."

Third Reich shoves me back onto the bed, "don't lie, Amerika." I wonder what kind of bond these two have. Third Reich seems like Ukraine's protector. "Answer her!" She sneers.

"I don't know," I deadpan.

Ukraine tries calming her down. She holds her hand and caresses it softly. "Третій Рейх, it's alright. You don't have to get so worked up —"

Third Reich shoves Ukraine away. She takes both my wrists in one of her hands and holds them up above my head. I furrow my eyebrows and try getting out of her grip. Who knew she's a maniac?! She acted so sweet when I first met her. I wonder what she wants out of me. She chuckles sinisterly. I bite my lip, trying to find a way to get out of this situation. Do I really have to do this?

I'm so stupid. Now she's going to blackmail me. And Ukraine's here! She's definitely going to tell China. Well, obviously he wouldn't care. Wait what?! She's actually f*cking kissing me back! You know what? F*ck it.

She kisses me angrily—and hungrily. I try to match her energy, but fail. Her free hand makes its way around my body. I squirm at the touch. She breaks the kiss to my relief. I try catching my breath while glaring at her. I can see a glint of lust in her eyes which panics me. She smirks before kissing me again. I feel so defenseless right now.

I try kicking her off, but her knee rubs my crotch causing me to gasp. Her hand reaches down under my borrowed shirt and slides up my side. I start panicking. I don't want to do this! Usually the oppressor would let go of me and leave me be, but Third Reich is something new. I wonder if she actually likes this. I think I'm going to throw up!

"Третий рейх?"

Third Reich immediately gets off me. I groan and wipe my lips with my arm. Her taste is in my mouth and my wrists f*cking hurt. I sat up to find Soviet standing at the door, shocked. Ukraine is standing behind him, looking at the ground. She told him. I'm grateful, but now he'll get angry at me for stealing his lover. Great.

Third Reich lets out a shaky breath, "It's not what it looks like—"

"Блять!" Soviet groans, "it's exactly what it looks like!" He looks at me with envy and disgust.

"Don't look at me like that, she wanted it." I direct the blame to Third Reich. "Gosh, my wrist hurt so much." I frown, rubbing my wrists.

"You kissed me!" She shouts.

I roll my eyes, "what was I supposed to do when your gay *ss pinned me to the bed. You wanted it." She stares at me shocked, a red hue covering her cheeks. I look at her in amusement. Got you. Third Reich storms out of the room realizing she's been found out. That was such a weird encounter.

Now I feel bad for Soviet. I frown and get off the bed, making my way towards him. "It's alright, Soviet." I say softly. He looks at me,

unable to figure out what happened. "I have an eye on your brother."

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"You kissed my step sister?" Russia chuckles.

I glare at him, "will you shut up?" I continue washing my mouth with water. Russia laughs, he tries suppressing the sounds by covering his mouth with his hand. I grumble in annoyance. "It wasn't my choice! She pinned me against the bed."

"Sure, sure."

Thankfully Russia's laugh dies down. I wipe my hands with a piece of cloth. I turn around to find Russia right in front of me. Our noses are almost touching. I blush and then slap him hard on the cheek. "What was that for?" He groans.

"You scared me." I huff. He rolls his eyes teasingly and we exit the bathroom. Apparently, Ukraine is mad at me. Not because of Canada, but because of Third Reich. She's not angry at her step sister for hurting me. She's mad that I kissed Third Reich! Unbelievable.

"What do you think Soviet's doing?" I ask. I feel so bad for him. He told me that he likes Third Reich and he caught me kissing her. The more time I spend in their household, the more drama I make!

Russia shrugs, "probably reading some Karl Marx books."

I nod my head. "He wouldn't be angry if I kissed Third Reich, right?"

Russia looks at me, confused. "Why would he be? He doesn't like her that way." Okay, so it's only me who knows.

"I know, but sibling love? Brother protects sister?"

"He doesn't care!" Russia chuckles. I sigh. I shouldn't have done that. "Америка, don't blame yourself."

"I'm not. I just feel bad for him." I mumble.

"Америка." Russia snaps. I stop my train of thought and look at him. "He can deal with his emotions. You don't have to worry about it." Russia cracks a smile.

I sigh, "I guess so." He pulls me into a hug and I stuff my face into his chest, feeling relaxed in his embrace.

"Thank you."

□□°• ·⊹☾Comment &Vote it means the world to me ☺□☽·⊹•• °□□□

I have 8 tests next week, wish me luck 😭

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America POV

"China! Stop it!" I pout. He continues laughing.

"美国, you got the world's angriest country to kiss you. You should be proud!" He chuckles.

I groan, "she was so gross! Just thinking about it makes me want to throw up." China pats my back and side hugs me. I cross my arms in anger.

Ukraine told China that I kissed Third Reich. She was left stunned when China said "okay, bye." She's such a tattle tail—or because she has trust issues. I don't know what she's trying to do, but I know she wants Canada back. Messing with me is the wrong way to start.

I huff, "I doubt you would want to kiss her."

China shrugs, "if I can get something out of her, I would."

I let myself think about that for a second. He probably wants to get something out of me, but I have nothing to give. Or do I? What does he want from me? "美国, I only want your love. Nothing else." China reassures.

"What?" I stutter. Blood floods to my face and I look at him in shock. China blushes and scratches his neck.

"I said that out loud, didn't I?" He chuckles nervously.

I nod at him. We stay in silence, both blushing profoundly. I never realized that he wants my love. No wonder he said yes to our fake relationship deal. But he didn't know me before then. Right?

"I'll see you later, China." I hug him and make my way into my

classroom.

I didn't pay attention to the whole lesson. Does China really love me? That's the only question in my head. Thinking about it makes me smile and feel giddy on the inside.

"—America, Taiwan, and Israel. Break up into your groups. The project is due next Wednesday."

Wait, what are we doing? "Hi! My name is Israel." A girl approaches me. Her hair is nicely done in a side braid ponytail, her glasses are a pastel blue, and she's wearing a white hoodie with a few graphic prints of a city. I smile at her. She looks trustworthy and innocent.

"My name's America." I shake her hand. She sits down next to me and Taiwan comes over and sits in front of us.

"My house, after school." Taiwan sighs, "I'm grounded."

"What did you do?" I ask.

Taiwan gives me a 'seriously?' look. I shrug. I'm interested now. "I fought with 中國 and we broke a vase." I snicker to which he responds with a glare. "Quit laughing." He grumbles.

"Right after school?" Israel asks.

Taiwan nods, "meet me at the school garden near exit B. 中國 is going to drive us."

We stay in silence for a few seconds, before I ask the stupidest question I've come up with in my entire life. "What is the project?"

Israel giggles, "we have to make a slide presentation about a story: a story that we create together." I hum in understanding. I already have a few ideas up my sleeves ready for use. Israel leans towards me, resting her head on her hands. "Who were you thinking about?" She smiles innocently.

"No one." I stammer out. I didn't expect her to ask that. Now I'm a blushing mess.

Taiwan rolls his eyes and grins, "my brother, obviously. You two are in love!" I'm not sure if he's mocking me or he's teasing me. Either way I shut them up before the teacher hears us.

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"Maple, I'm going to Taiwan's place." I say. Canada looks at me, a smirk appearing on his face. "It's for a group project. Don't get the wrong idea." I glare.

He chuckles, "I hope you get laid!"

"Shut the f*ck up! I have standards." I slap him hard on the cheek. He laughs harder. My f*cking Maple-syrup-holic brother is so f*cking stupid!

"I'll give you the money! Please leave me alone." I hear Israel sob. Canada looks at her in disgust. Even though Canada is the nicest country in the world, his goodness is conditioned. He will only help if you're his friend. I mean, that goes for everyone.

The bully laughs at Israel, "no wonder your parents left you! You gave them a heart attack and they flew to heaven." Israel shivers, crouched on the ground. She helplessly cries as the countries around her laugh.

Canada places a hand on my shoulder. " It's not our problem." He says.

I brush his hand off and walk towards the countries. I shove them away from Israel. "Come on, get up. Let's go." I command. She nods her head and stands up. I drag her away from her bullies quickly. I can hear the curses coming our way, but I ignore it. Canada looks at me confused. He follows me out the double doors.

"Thank you America." Israel sniffs.

Canada matches my speed. "Who is she? Why are you helping her?" He asks in a whisper.

"She's my project partner." I affirmed. He nods in understanding.

I see Taiwan and China arguing with each other. Canada and I look at each other and back at them. We're so much better.

"閉嘴! 中國, 我告訴你. 如果你再操他，我會告訴所有人!" Taiwan shouts.

China scoffs, "台湾，你没有证据我和他干过这事!"

"Hi guys!" Canada smiles his awfully sweet smile. The two sibling's emotions change into pleasant expressions. I giggle at their silliness. "Take care of my sister. I got my eyes on you." Canada glares.

I roll my eyes and nudge him playfully. "Maple, I can take care of myself."

"Yeah sure." He chuckles. "See you at home." He leaves us and goes to Germany. I wave goodbye.

China frowns, "are you alright?" Right, Israel. She's still sniffling and trying to calm down.

"I believe so." She says shakily. I side hug her and rub her arm. She hugs me, still frightened from her encounter. "Thank you." she mumbles.

During the car ride, Israel told us about herself and why she gets bullied. Her parents died in a war and she lives in the orphanage. The war is the cause of the bullying she faces at school. Apparently, her parents fought against the Arabs and lost. The Arabs spared her, but their sons and daughters continued to torture her. They hate her for existing.

I've been bullied before. I know the feeling of helplessness and hatred. But once I got my footing, I was unstoppable; I was feared. Taiwan begins sharing his own personal stories of bullies. He said that those types of people hate themselves and they use others as a scapegoat—hence the creation of bullying.

China was silent the entire time; he is unempathetic. He doesn't even help his own brother. He does care for countries, but it depends on who. North Korea, for example, is always backed up by him in a fight. I guess he's the type of bully the two of them try

avoiding.

Israel sighs, "I don't hate them. Even though they force their ideologies on me, I can't come to hate them. Everyone has problems and I feel bad for them."

"You're too nice and naive. They'll hurt you way more if they know that. Don't tell anyone." I say sternly. Israel nods her head in understanding. She is innocent, I got that right.

China parks in the garage and we get out of the car. We are greeted by the Qing Empire. She doesn't seem too welcoming towards me, but starts communicating with Israel a ton. I'm not jealous. I'm weirded out. As far as I know, I did nothing to her. Why is she so hostile towards me?

China seems to notice her behavior. He side-hugs me and gets her attention. "妈妈, this is my girlfriend." He smiles. His mom smiles fakely.

"让她滚蛋! 你不可以和她约会. 她父亲对我做了很多可怕的事情!" She seethes behind her smile. I look at China and he seems to be fuming with anger.

Israel looks to the ground, "she said your father did terrible things to her."

I furrow my eyebrows. I do not want to be associated with my Father. I am my own independent country and any European affairs don't affect me. I deal with myself. "Ms. Qing, please don't associate me with my Father. I do not deal with European affairs. I mind my own business. I could care less of what you do." I informed her.

The empire hums in understanding. "I misjudged you then, darling." Yes, you did. Misjudged me a lot! "中国, 别惹她. 我喜欢她." the Empire smirks. China blushes red. Taiwan and Israel start laughing while I stare at them in confusion.

"Let's go start our project." Taiwan chuckles, leading me out the living room. Israel follows us, still laughing. I watch China and his mom argue in their native language. He's still red from

embarrassment.

"You can speak chinese?" I ask Israel.

She nods and smiles, "yeah. I've been learning since last year."

"Can you speak any other languages?" Taiwan asks.

Israel hums, "I can speak French, Hindi, Arabic, Korean, Polish, Japanese, Greek, Hebrew and many more!" I stare at her, stunned.

"Be my personal translator. I'll pay you." I say rapidly.

She giggles, "Sure! I don't need your money though. I like learning languages."

"Thank you!" I beam, hugging her. She hugs back, a wide innocent grin on her face.

Taiwan rolls his eyes and smirks, "girls."

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"We're done!"

Taiwan looks at our slide presentation, in shock. "That was—fast." Israel and I high-five each other. "What should we do now?"

"Annoy China of course!" I grin. Taiwan and Israel look at each other, scared.

Taiwan scratches his arm, "if anything happens, we're blaming you."

I roll my eyes. "Alright, so here's the plan: Taiwan, you call China over to your room. Your door must be locked. Israel and I will be in the living room with nerf guns, ready to shoot him. After that, hopefully China will start chasing us and we will all hide in your room. Got it?"

"I don't think that's a good idea." Israel chuckles nervously.

I shrug and grin evilly, "it's worth a shot. Besides, I'm taking the blame."

"Sure."

"Alright!"

Israel and I start loading the nerf guns while Taiwan prepares himself to scream. He starts playing sound clips of screams and trying to match the pitch. Israel starts directing him how to scream it and what pitch to scream at to make it sound believable. With a couple more training sessions, Taiwan is ready.

Israel and I sneak into the living and hide behind the couches. We have red cloth that covers our head for camouflage. We position our nerf guns and get ready for the scream. The Qing Empire comes over and sits next to us, confused at what's happening. She's going to blow off our cover if we don't do anything. I nudge Israel and she starts explaining everything in chinese. The Empire chuckles and gets back to sipping her tea.

"中國! 我有你的金條! 你想拿回來嗎?" Taiwan gives a maniatic chuckle. Did he really give up on screaming? Not cool man!

China slams the door to his room open and storms over to Taiwan's room, trying to open it. He struggles for a bit before banging the door. "台湾! 开门!" He shouts.

Israel and I look at each other. She smirks, that's when we start firing shots at him. China covers himself, trying to stop the darts from hitting his face. He seems to be even more mad. "Sh*t, scatter." I mumble. China comes running towards us and we flee off the coach.

Israel hides behind the couch the Empire is sitting on and I run to hide behind a pillar. We continue shooting at him. I giggle at his furious face. It's so much fun teasing him. Making him seem helpless. "美国!" He glares. I stick my tongue out. He runs towards me and I avoid his grasp. Israel has already escaped into Taiwan's room and is shooting from the door frame.

I run towards Taiwan's room, but I slip on my camouflage cloth. I land on all fours and my nerf gun slides a few feet away from my reach. "Man down! Man down!" Israel screams, from the room.

Taiwan picks the nerf gun up and starts shooting China.

I start crawling as fast as I can to Taiwan's room. When I look back, I realized China found a large cardboard piece to use as his shield. Sh*t! I get up and before I can understand the situation, China picks me up. He opens the door to his room and throws me onto his green bed. I hear the door slam shut and that's when I knew I was in big trouble.

China kisses me angrily. His hand roams around my body, causing me to gasp and moan. I try breaking the kiss, only for him to pull me back in. He French kisses me roughly and all I can do is try shoving him away. I feel his hand slide under my shirt, giving me shivers of longing. Finally, I'm able to catch my breath.

His kisses trail down my cheek, all the way to my neck. I bite my lip, trying to stop the gasps and whimpers from escaping my mouth. He sucks harshly, causing me to yelp in pain and pleasure. He continues, not minding my squirming. His hand caresses my inner thigh, which catches me off guard. I try closing my legs, only to realize he's standing in between them. I panic slightly. He won't go too far, right?

"China." I moan when he bites my collar bone. Why does he make me feel so good? Why don't I want him to stop? China stops and takes his shirt off. I blush at his perfectly toned body. A few scars run along his chest, making him look insanely hot. What are you thinking? You need to escape!

I quickly sit up and try getting off the bed, only for him to shove me back on. He tries taking off my shirt, but I hold onto it. He frowns and then rips my shirt off. My eyes grow wide at his strength. Is he really that angry?

China sits on the bed and pulls me onto his lap facing him. He kisses me a bit tenderly this time which I am grateful for. His hands roam my half naked top while mine feel his hard abs and trace his scars. I stop when my legs start shaking uncontrollably. No no no! That f*cking feeling is back. I cling onto China, trying to control it. I feel his hand slide to my waist.

"Just like old times." China smirks at me. I stare at him, all confused, helpless, and flustered.

"What are you talking about?" I stutter. Does he want revenge? I could get off of him if I can, but I have a desire for anything to stop my legs from shaking. I swallow hard when he leans close to me.

"美国, I knew you in elementary and middle school. You had this same problem where your legs would shake." China hums, caressing my shaking thighs. I stare at him, completely confused. I don't remember him. I don't remember anyone in elementary school. "Sadly, your memory got erased somehow. But I know how to stop this." China smiles softly. I stare at him, realizing how much I don't know about him. How much I don't know about my own life.

"I don't remember." I stutter.

He sighs, "you'll remember soon." China pulls me up and down on his lap and I gasp at the friction at my crotch. I can feel his boner grow under me. I bite my lip hard. Why do I want this so bad? Why am I being so submissive? F*ck it.

"China." I moan. I start moving my hips and he leans back on his hand and watches me. From the look on his face, I can tell he's enjoying it. My bottom feels so wet and China's hand tracing my scars is making it worse. I gasp and pant. I am f*cking enjoying this, ain't I?

China furrows his eyebrows and groans. My pace quickens when his hands help roll my hips. I grab onto his shoulders trying to constrain myself from moaning, to no avail. In the moment, he kisses me sloppily. I tried kissing him as best I could, but the pleasure feels so good that I can't concentrate.

"F*ck, China!" I groan when I'm at my climax. I fall limply onto him, panting heavily. I hear him chuckle. He kisses me on my forehead, in which I blush.

China hums, "you did great, 美国." I nod my head, too tired to reply to him. He picks me up and places me under the covers.

He turns to leave, but I grab his hand. "Please stay," I whisper, looking at him with pleading eyes. He turns even more red before slipping right beside me. I hug him and cuddle into his chest.

"I love you, 美国."

"I love you too, China."

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America POV

"Canada's here to pick you up." I hear knocking.

I grumble in annoyance and stuff my face in my warm pillow. "Five more minutes Maple." I yawn, still not willing to open my eyes. I snuggle with my warm pillow and smile.

"美国, wake up." I hear China hum.

I shake my head. "No!" I pout.

He chuckles, "your brother is waiting for you."

I sigh and get up. I rub my eyes. I suddenly realized that I'm in China's room with the top part of my body exposed(she has a bra on)! I quickly cover myself, flushing red. China rests his head on my shoulder and hugs me from behind. His skin on mine sends shivers down my spine. He licks my neck and I slightly gasp. "China." I mumble. He turns my head towards him and pecks me on the lips.

He smiles and I flush red. He's so f*cking hot! I'm so lucky to have him. Wait, I don't like him. He's only an ally. China gets off the bed and makes his way to his drawer. I looked around for my shirt, and that's when I remembered he ripped it in two. It was my favorite shirt too!

"Here, wear this." He throws a dark red hoodie with a graphic print of a golden dragon on the bed. I take it and wear it, mumbling curses along the way.

"Why did you rip my shirt?" I ask, glaring at him.

China starts putting on a dark red shirt. "It was in the way."

I look at him angrily. "It was my favorite! You could've just let me take it off."

"You didn't want to take it off." China rolls his eyes.

He's right. I wouldn't take it off. I cross my arms and huff. "It's still your fault."

China pouts, "don't be mad at me, 美国." He sits down next to me and caresses my cheek. I try pretending to be angry, but I can't. I feel bad now!

"Okay, I forgive you." I say half heartedly.

China grins and pushes me onto the bed. He hovers on top of me and I look at him in shock. My cheeks are burning up so much! China kisses me softly. I lean into it, deepening the kiss. He's such an amazing kisser. His love seems so real—

"Hurry up! Canada's getting impatient." Taiwan's voice comes from the other side of the door. China breaks the kiss, and looks at the door angrily.

"离开!" China growls.

"加拿大正在接受妈妈的审问，我想他们很快就会打架." Taiwan reasons. China sighs and gets off me. He holds his hand out for me and I take it.

"What did he say?" I ask, getting pulled up.

China furrows his eyebrows, "my mom and your brother are arguing." I panic and drag him out the door. Gosh, Maple f*cking syrup!

"I don't want to hear about it! I'm only here to pick up my sister!" Canada shouts, eyes blaring with rage.

"You are a threat to my country. Your father is a bad man!" The Qing Empire snares. Taiwan is in between them, trying to calm them down.

Canada looks towards me and smiles in relief. "Let's go. I can't stand her anymore." Canada drags me away from China. I apologize to the Qing empire for Canada before we make it out the door.

The ride back home was silent. I didn't want to start a conversation afraid he would swarve the car. I know better than to not make him triggered. Canada is unpredictable with his anger. It's rare to see him like this because he's always smiling. I hide in his shadow most of the time because he's a lovable country. Nice to everyone around him. He has the 'perfect' life, as people call it.

We make it back home and Canada immediately goes into his room, slamming the door shut letting his presence be known in the house. I sit on the couch next to Father who's reading the daily newspaper. "Where have you been dear?" He asks, not looking at me.

"I was at my friend's working on our project." I say. "Don't worry, Father. I don't have to go over there again. I finished the slide presentation today." I stammer out. Father would always want me at home and not anywhere else. He's concerned for my safety even though I told him multiple times that I'm able to take care of myself. At least he allows me to go to the park by myself. That's the only place he'd allow me to go. I hear Father hum in approval.

I make my way over to the refrigerator and take out coca cola. The best beverage for a relaxing evening. I hear Father gasp. It's rare to see him surprised at something so I quickly whip my head to look at him. Mommy comes rushing over, "are you alright mon amour?"

Father turned the newspaper for her to read. Mommy's eyes widened. It can't be that bad. "What happened?" I ask.

"The Russian Empire and The German Empire are getting a divorce." Father explains.

"What?!" I gape. The two are one of the most powerful countries in this century! This couldn't be good.

"The German Empire had an affair with Austria-Hungary." Father scrunches in disgust as he continues reading his newspaper.

Mommy gets off the couch, "I'm going to call R.E to see if this is true. It can't be!" She grabs her phone from off the coffee table, but Father stops her.

"It's best not to involve ourselves yet. He might be suspicious." Father analysis.

I take the newspaper from my Father to get a better description of what's happening. "Father, they divorced the day after the ball." I mumble. Could it be? The German Empire used this chance to expose himself. No wonder The Russian Empire looked a little gloomy that day. He was more focused on his food than anything else.

Mommy nods, "I've seen G.E drag Austria-Hungary away from the crowd. I didn't see them after the ball ended." I didn't see Austria-Hungary though. Maybe she left before I woke up. Gosh, Europe is messed up!

Father gets up, "I need time to think about this. R.E and I aren't on the best terms." Mommy and Father walk away to their bedroom while I continue staring at the newspaper. It has a little image of The Russian Empire, The German Empire, and their children. I wonder how Russia and Germany reacted to the news. Heck, Soviet might even be happy! Either way, Europe isn't my problem so I let it slide out of my mind. I mean, they won't affect me. Right?

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I sneakily open Canada's door. His lights are dimmed down so he's probably sleeping. It wouldn't hurt if I woke him up. I mean, he's probably calmed down. To my horror, he's watching f*cking p*rn videos! "Maple?!" I scream, slamming the door.

"Amy?!" Canada shrieks. I can hear a slamming of a laptop and shuffling in the room. I lean on his door and slide onto the ground. I want to bleach my eyes. I swear he has a p*rn addiction. This wasn't the first time I caught him looking at those videos. The door opens. "Forget everything you saw." Canada chuckles nervously.

"Lock the door next time!" I glare.

"Knock on the door next time!" He argues back. I huff and get up from the ground. With a running start, I flop onto his bed face first and groan. "What do you want?" I hear Canada sass.

I feel the bed shift when he sits down next to me. I sigh, "Maple, be honest with me. Did you know China before UN high school?" I roll onto my side to see his face, trying to decipher his facial expressions. He didn't bother to open the lights so it's hard to tell.

"I never knew him before this year, why?" Canada says, looking at me with confusion.

I swallow hard, "he said he knew me in elementary and middle school, but I don't remember him. In fact, I don't remember anything or anyone!" I wait for a reply and get none. From my view, Canada's face is expressionless. He's staring at his wall without blinking. Now I'm concerned for his well being. He's probably thinking about the Qing Empire.

"He's lying. I don't recall seeing him." Canada says finally.

"But—"

"No 'but's Amy. He's trying to trick you." Canada insists.

I shuffle on the bed so that I'm sitting up. My gaze drops to my legs. "He knows how to stop my shaking legs, Maple. It's only you who knows about it. I never told anyone." I say. "So how does China know?" I whisper.

"It's easy to figure out." Canada shrugs. "Let me guess, he was touching you roughly?" I nod my head sheepishly. "That's why." Canada snaps his fingers.

"Maybe." I mutter. Would China really lie to me? I mean, yes, but I have a feeling he's telling the truth.

"Amy," Canada places his hand shoulder. "I want you to stop talking to him; you need to get away from him." he says softly.

I no longer feel conflicted. I want to smash something. He's giving up now? We were so close to gaining secrets about this school and

its loopholes that he wants to stop here? "What about our plan? Don't you want to rule the school—"

"It's for your own safety!" Canada growls. I stare at him in shock. He's giving up? He's giving up on everything?! The only reason he's friend's with Germany is to gain insight. The only reason he's friend's with Poland is because she has influence. The only reason he's friends with Ukraine is to prove that he's stronger than her bullies. The only reason he wants me to date China is because the Chinese country has more experience in negotiation between teachers and staff. What is he thinking? "Amy, I don't want you near China anymore." he whispered.

I stand up. My hands become fists. He really has a maple syrup filled brain! "All these months to waste? Maple, are you out of your mind?!"

"It's for your own good. You're being brainwashed by him and his friends; you're drifting away from me." Canada doesn't make eye contact with me. He gazes to the corner of the room. I feel the distance between us.

"I thought you trusted me."

"Of course I do! I'm just confused." I stammer. I didn't want Canada to think that way!

Canada chuckles, eyes beaming a sadistic glow. I subconsciously step back. His face drops into a neutral look. "I know you're holding secrets from me."

My eyes widened in shock. Did he find out about Ukraine? Did he find out about my deal with China and Russia? No, he couldn't. "I tell you everything. Why are you doubting me, brother?" I demand. I feel the tension growing between us. It's my fault. It's definitely my fault.

"I'm sorry, Amy. I just—something didn't feel right when Ukraine 'stole' your necklace." Canada apologies.

I pretend to be offended. "You f*cking know I wouldn't lie about

that sh*t!"

His eyes grow soft at my remark. "I'm sorry. I just—I love her."

"I know, but she'll bring you down with her." I say, cursing myself for lying. Russia is the one that will bring him down, not Ukraine.

Canada smiles his awfully sweet smile, "Thank you, Amy. I could always trust you."

Always...

□□°• ⊹☾ I will change the book's picture and write a spicy chapter 🌶□□🌚 (*spicy chapter not guaranteed*) if we get 369 votes 🌚 ☽⊹• °□□

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America POV

It's been 2 days since the incident. I went on with my usual routine: waking up, going to school, and sleeping. I didn't bother thinking about my past. I'll figure it out soon. But, I'm now interested in my past with China. He knows a lot about me and he says I know him. I don't. He told me we used to share secrets, but I don't remember any secrets. He, on the other hand, remembers them all. It's been years. Did he like me that much that he remembered every little detail about me? From my physical appearance to how I speak? China, if only I've known you before then this is all *true*.

However, I have a feeling he's telling the truth. He can't just naturally come up with nonsense and make a story out of it, right? China is so mysterious! I want to know more about him. More about his life. How he came to know me and if all this 'love' talk is really true and not a cover up for a deeper desire. I need answers. Canada is a dead end so I must look yonder.

"Father! Kiwi and I are going to the park." I announce. Father nods his head and sips his tea. He's watching Australia and Canada play chess. Australia already lost 3 rounds out of the four they played. He's new at this, but Father expects him to master it by now. It's only been 2 hours and Canada's a pro!

"Check mate."

Australia groans and slides down off his chair dramatically. "You're so mean!" He whines.

Canada shrugs, "you won me once. All you need is strategy."

"I only have *one* brain cell left from this and it's all because of you." Australia huffs. Canada chuckles at him.

"Stop being dramatic, Aussie! If you can talk to spiders then you can play chess." New Zealand giggles, coming down the stairs. Australia gives her a nasty remark and starts getting scolded by Father. I giggle at my younger brother's misery. Too bad he's under Father's watch or else he would go all bonkers. We leave the house and start walking towards the park.

"Let's go Kiwi. You don't want Bela to wait for you. Do you?" I smirk.

"I don't like her that way. Aussie likes her." She glares. "I like her brother Kazakhstan." She whispers.

I gasp, "awe, Kiwi's in love!"

"Shut up Amy!"

I continue teasing her. She looks so adorable! My little sister is f*cking in love. I need to go tell Russia. He'll be so surprised.

"I wish your boyfriends could f*cking shove their d*cks in your mouth right now." She grumbles in annoyance.

I'm not sure if I'm supposed to be flustered or mad. "Kiwi! What did I say about curse words?"

"You curse all the time!" She groans.

I shake my head, "you're still my younger sibling. Listen to your elder."

She rolls her eyes, "I hope my wish comes true."

I blush madly at her statement. I am no wh*re. How dare she degrade me. That's when I remembered something. New Zealand knows China. I never saw them interact before, but I know she went to the same elementary school as me. Though not in the same grade, we knew each other's friends—I think. She probably knows the truth.

"Kiwi, how did you know China?" I ask.

She gives me a confused look, "Elementary school. Why?"

"I only knew him this year."

New Zealand stares at me in shock. "You're telling me you forgot about him?"

"I didn't know him." I emphasize.

New Zealand puts on her thinking face. "That's not plausible. You were the one who introduced me to him."

"What?"

She nods her head, "Yeah. Maple, Aussie, and I always get jealous because of the unbreakable friendship you had with China." She shrugs.

"But Maple didn't know China until this year!" I claim. There's no way Canada would lie. New Zealand wouldn't lie either. Who should I trust?

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I asked him two days ago."

"You two have a bad memory." She giggles.

I sigh, "I'll figure it out sooner or later."

I hear New Zealand gasp. "Bela!" She beams, running towards the park gate. I turn to look and find an annoyed Russia next to his sister.

"Hey Ruski! Why are you here?" I smile walking towards him.

He sighs, "Беларусь dragged me out the house forcefully."

"Sucks to be you!" I grin.

He rolls his eyes and smiles. "Thanks. I guess you're here to watch your sister?"

I shake my head, "unlike you, I have freedom; Israel and I are going to hang out. She said she's bringing a friend along so since you have nothing better to do, I might as well drag you with us." I smirk. My phone starts ringing and I see it's from Israel. I picked it up.

"Ame!" Israel sings, "we're at the frozen pond."

"Alright, I'm coming." I reply and hang up. I smile at Russia, "come on, they're at the pond."

Russia and I leave our siblings and make our way to the pond. I wonder who Israel brought. Though I may be 'popular' as some call me, I don't know anyone besides my friend group. Sh*t, it's India. From our first encounter, I wasn't fond of her. She's so straight forward that it made our interaction unbearable. Weirdly enough, I enjoy triggering her. I hook my arm with Russia, an evil grin appearing on my face. Russia unhooks his hand with mine. I frown before realizing his arm wraps around me and pulls me closer to him—a side hug. I hear him chuckle in amusement. I blush at his gesture, but quickly shake it off. It's a mutual agreement that we trigger India.

"Israel!" I smile, getting her attention away from her conversation with India.

The Israeli's eyes gleam with joy. She drags India towards us. "India, this is America. America, this is India!" Israel smiles. India glares at me and I smirk. The tension rises between us and I feel India's jealousy and anger. I get closer to Russia to trigger her. She recoils at my movements. The oblivious Israeli stares at us, confused. "You guys know each other?" She asks.

"It's my first time meeting her." India smiles sweetly towards Israel. "Nice to meet you, America." She puts her hand out. I take her hand and pull her closer, securing my dominance. With a tight grip, I shake it firmly like how my Father taught me. The more strength you have in your handshake the more authority you have.

"Nice meeting you too, India." I grin smugly. She pulls her hand away and rubs it. I stare at her, amused.

I hear Russia clear his throat, "so, Israel, I heard you can speak Chinese?"

"是的．我喜欢学习语言!" Israel does a thumbs up.

Russia frowns, "do you know Russian?"

"I'm not that good. I'm still learning." Israel sighs.

I feel Russia relax. I raise an eyebrow towards him, wondering what he's thinking. He'll probably use the language barrier as an advantage considering how he feels relief. Out of nowhere, India hooks her arm with Russia and starts trying to pull him away from me. Russia stands firmly in place, his arm not letting go of me. I'm pissed off. He's not yours. You can't take him away like that! "रूस, let's get out of here." India giggles while glaring at me. I roll my eyes and cross my arms at her remark.

Israel looks stumped, you said we were going to stay here and ,הודו" ".talk

India chuckles nervously, "right! Let's go back to the bench."

Israel drags me away from Russia, much to my dismay. But how can I get mad at her? She's so innocent and naive. She loves everyone! I think she's even nicer than Canada. Honestly, she is nicer than all the countries in the world!

Israel sighs and hugs me, "I'm sorry about India. She gets jealous when anyone talks to Russia. I myself can't talk to him or else I'd get her wrath. I promise you she isn't like this when he's not around." Israel gives me an apologetic smile.

I sigh, "you don't need to ask for forgiveness. All I know is that she needs help. China started ranting about her to me. He said that whenever he had to discuss something with Russia, she shows up and drags him away. I think Russia is even tired of it; he doesn't like being controlled." *He likes to be the controller.* Of course I don't say it out loud. Israel doesn't have to know too much about Russia. I don't want him to have an awful reputation in school.

Israel nods her head, "I should've never introduced her to him. It's

all my fault." She looks at the ground guiltily. I don't like it when she's sad. She trusts others too much.

"Don't blame yourself. You did nothing wrong. She needs to fix herself." I smile softly. Israel smiles back.

We sit on the bench together. An emotionless Russia and a cheerful India walk over and sit with us. India is sitting on the left end of the bench when I'm sitting on the right next to Russia. I should've sat at the right end because I can feel India's death glares towards me.

Israel and I start talking about school relationships. There were rumors around school about the possibility of North Korea and Vietnam dating. My face scrunches up in disgust. Those two will not make a good couple, but according to spectators they've grown closer ever since I came. I scoff, obviously. Even though we're 'the same', as North Korea calls it, they hate me for being 'the same'. It's probably because I took their boyfriend away.

"Really? I didn't see it that way." I pretend to be shocked.

"I know right?! The two are both cruel to students like me so I never thought they have a heart for love!" Israel exclaims.

I giggle, "but you know who's blind at love? F*cking Pola!"

Israel nods her head, "yeah! It's been years and the ship finally sailed. I can still remember how Germany would desperately try to get her attention."

As Israel continued talking about the ridiculous love life of Germany and Poland, I feel Russia's hand at my waist pulling me closer to him. What the f*ck Russia?! Thankfully Israel and India don't notice. I try not to mind it, but his hand starts trailing along my back. I shiver at his touch. Is he that bored?

Israel leans closer to me and whispers, "I heard China's cheating on you with someone."

I raise my right eyebrow. I thought he said he 'loved' me. Why am I even surprised? It's China we're talking about. Everything he says is a lie. "I don't believe you." I frown.

Israel sighs and lowers her head guiltily. "I'm sorry. It's just that—I think—Ukraine started the rumor or was it Germany? It doesn't matter. I'm just worried for you. Sorry. Forgive me, please." Israel's voice becomes inaudible at the last part.

"Can you tell me more? No one told me." I say, intrigued.

Israel goes on explaining that China was with another girl the other day at the mall. It was said that he kissed her, but there was no proof. Okay, it's definitely Vietnam or some other country.

"I have a few speculations: Philippines, Vietnam and Japan." Israel furrows her eyebrows. He f*cked all those countries. It makes sense they feel emotionally connected to him.

I pretend not to mind, "I'll just ask him."

"He will lie to you."

"I'm going to ask Taiwan then. He surely knows what his brother does all day." I shrug.

Israel sighs, "I don't think China is—well, loves you. I can tell from the way he looks at other girls at school. He likes playing around."

Yeah, he does love me like he says he does. He's only using me for whatever reason and I'm using him for popularity. It's a mutual agreement that we pretend to date so we can get our own wants. Come to think of it, China probably agreed to our deal because I'm Canada's sister. He can have an insight of how Ukraine and Canada's relationship is going. His plan got erased when Russia and I started to talk. Now, I wonder what we are. He already broke the rule to the deal. I should've said something earlier. Now I'm his play thing.

"I think you're right." I mumble. I can't believe I'm so stupid for falling into his trap. I wanted popularity; he gave me it. He wanted fun; I gave him it.

"Китай loves you. I know." I hear Russia clears his throat. Israel and I look at him with clear confusion expressed on our face. He seems to notice, "I'm his best friend. He tells me a lot."

I look at him skeptically. I know the two are the best of friends. They would do anything to help each other. But do I trust Russia? No. I do not. "Whatever you say." I shrug.

Russia seems to get slightly annoyed by my remark. I feel him pinch my side, making me gasp. I glare at him. "Remove your hand." I snare only to get an amused grin in return.

"And if I don't?—"

"Are you even listening to me?" India grumbles angrily.

Israel and I look at each other, holding our breaths. "No." Russia bluntly replies. India opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out. She frowns.

Silence follows. Israel's playing with her zipper, already feeling uncomfortable; I stare at the frozen lake; India is slumped on the bench; Russia is—he's touching my back! Somehow he managed to get his abnormally cold hands up under my thick winter coat. I shiver whenever he places his hand near my scar. I shoot him a glare. He grins and in response pulls me closer to him on the bench. I squeak in surprise.

"Is it just me or are you sliding closer to रूस?" India asks innocently. Russia and I freeze in place.

Israel seems to notice too. "I think you're hallucinating." Israel giggles. India nods and turns her head back to the side, away from us. I sigh in relief, until Israel's face is right in front of me. I yelp in surprise.

"Are you cheating on China with Russia?" She asks in a whisper. An evil grin grows on her face.

I blush in embarrassment. She saw Russia's hand. "What are you talking about?" I say, denying it.

"Russia, you like her don't you?" Israel hums. Russia has a tint of pink on his cheeks, but he shakes his head in denial. "I don't believe you." Israel rolls her eyes.

"Я чертовски люблю ее и хочу ее трахнуть." Russia deadpans. Israel scratches her head in confusion.

"I don't think I understand." Israel whines. "I need to learn more Russian." She hugs me, crying fake tears of sadness.

I chuckled and patted her on the back, "you'll get there one day." Israel smiles and leans her head on my shoulder.

She falls asleep. Literally that fast! I can't blame her. She stays up late at night learning German and Chinese. India gets up. "I'm going. See you guys in school." She walks away without giving us a glance. I watch her leave the park and that's when I finally relax.

"Finally!" I cheer. Russia chuckles and pulls me onto his lap. I feel my cheeks burning up in flames. Sh*t, Israel! I hold her up before she falls.

"Oops."Russia mumbles. He helps me set her upright so she's leaning on the armrest. I wonder how she sleeps in this cold.

I squeal, "she's so adorable!" I feel like a parent, honestly. She's so innocent and trustworthy. I think I can tell her anything! I feel Russia's arms wrap around my waist. I feel my tummy flip. "Ruski?" I mumble.

"Mhmm?" He replies. He rests his chin on my shoulder.

I swallow, "our siblings are here. I don't want them seeing."

"I don't care." Russia grumbles, stuffing his face in the crook of my neck.

"Kiwi is going to tell Aussie who's going to tell my Father." I whine, trying to reason with him. He remains stubborn much to my disbelief.

I hear chatter coming this way and I try to get off of Russia. I know who owns that voice: the infamous New Zealand! "Stop moving." Russia growls, holding me in place. I continue to shift around, trying to get him to let go. Thankfully he does and I sit right next to the sleeping Israeli.

"Amy! How did your date go?" New Zealand smirks. Belarus and her are holding hands. Russia's little sister is blushing like crazy. I wonder if New Zealand knows.

"We weren't on a date." I explain.

New Zealand shrugs. "Bela and I are going on the ice. See ya!"

"Kiwi! It's dangerous. Father wouldn't be happy if you come home soaking wet." I try stopping her from going.

"The ice won't break. It's sturdy enough." Belarus smiles, gliding around on the ice.

I grumble in annoyance. "Fine." New Zealand gives me two big thumbs up and gets on the ice.

"I promise I'll get home alive." New Zealand giggles. I grin and roll my eyes.

I watch the two play tag. It's clear these two friends are living the best of their lives. My lips tug into a smile. I wish life was simple.

Russia puts his arm around me. I lean onto his shoulder. I should tell him. "Ruski, Kiwi likes Kazakhstan."

"What?" Russia looks at me bewildered. I nod my head, confused on why he looks so worried. "Беларусь likes your sister and Казахстан likes your little brother." Russia says.

My eyes widened in shock. "Aussie likes Belarus." I whisper shriek. Russia and I stare at each other, trying to process all this information.

"It's a love square! How cute." Israel exclaims in admiration. I shriek and grab onto Russia, petrified. When did Israel wake up?

"Sorry Ame. I was a little intrusive." Israel muttered.

"It's alright." I relax.

Israel peaks her head over to see the other end of the bench. "Where

did India go?"

"Home probably." Russia shrugs.

Israel nods and gets up. "I should go too. I hate being the third wheel. Bye!" Israel starts skipping away.

What did she say? Third wheel? "Isa, I'm dating China!" I shout after her. I see her put her hand up. She mimics me using her hand as a character. I huff in annoyance. She's so goofy sometimes.

"Fake dating." Russia corrects me.

"She doesn't know that."

"She knows. It's obvious."

"How?" I cross my arms.

Russia places me back on his lap facing him. I try getting off because I can hear the gasps and squeals from Belarus and New Zealand. "She knows Russian. After I answered her question, she started acting weird. Why would she start pretending to sleep? To listen to us speak." Russia elaborates. He looks serious even though the topic at hand makes me want to hide in a bush.

"It's all your fault! What did you even tell her?" I accuse him.

Russia blushes, "Что я люблю тебя?" I give him a confused look.

"English please."

"Нет—"

I pout, "you're so secretive. I wonder how China trusts you." This seems to trigger him. "How can I trust you, Ruski?" I purr softly in his ear. I move my gloved hands in circles on his chest trying to get a reaction out of him. Russia furrows his eyebrows.

"I love you."

"Wait what—"

"I said *I* love you."

I stare at him in shock. I never thought about him liking me, nonetheless, loving me! I bite my bottom lip, trying to come up with words. Is Russia lying? There's no way he's lying. His cold blue eyes become warm and I can see a glint of desire.

"Will you be my girlfriend?"

□□°• ⊹☾369 votes and I'll change the cover🌚🌝☽⊹• °□□

P.S. I always find myself smiling when I read everyone's comments. It makes my day. □

Will America say yes?
What would China say?
Would Canada allow it?

✧6.9k

[image]

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY! (I'm still a single pringle Anyone with me?)
Thank you all for 6.9k read!
Who ever uses light mode, u're weird

☆* ⋆ 24 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Guilt ☆ *°*.

America POV

"I don't know." I mutter.

Russia frowns, getting a little angry. "What's stopping you?"

"I—"

"Китай doesn't have to know, Америка." Russia caresses my cheek with care and affection beaming in his eyes.

I look at him with confusion and nervousness. I do like him, but I feel guilty. "It's all so sudden." I mumble. Russia nods and sighs. We stay in silence as I try reconstructing my thoughts. What would Canada say? What would Father and Mommy say? What would I say?

What *would* I say?

Russia patiently waits for an answer while I debate my thoughts. It wouldn't hurt to be Russia's girlfriend if no one knows about it. China doesn't have feelings for me. We should be relatively at peace.

"Yes. I'll be your girlfriend." I stammer.

Russia smiles in relief and pecks me on the lips multiple times. I giggle, "stop!"

"I thought you were going to say no." Russia hugs me closely, chuckling a little. I blush at his gesture. Does he really like me?

I huff, "I was confused because you asked me all of a sudden."

"Sorry for not planning something extravagant. Индия и Израиль

ruined my plan." Russia rolls his eyes teasingly.

"I don't think you even had a plan." I snort.

"Congratulations Расея!" Belarus beams, jumping up from behind the bench. I shriek and almost fall off of Russia's lap at the sight of her. Thankfully, Russia prevents me from falling.

I hear New Zealand singing, "Russia and Amy sitting in a tree. K. I. S. S. I. N. G." I should've never taught her that childish song. I glare at her angrily. She leans down towards my ear.

"I still hope my wish comes true."

"Kiwi!"

'^'

I rush into my room and flop onto my bed. Best day ever! I smile giddily to myself and hug my eagle plush tightly. Not only did Russia ask me to be his girlfriend, but he also brought me to my favorite fast food restaurant!

I'm so full. I ate two burgers and a pack of fries. Russia laughed at me while I chowed down my food. He doesn't understand the thought out process put into the delights. Literally chefs kiss!

I hear a knock on my door. "Come in." I say, my voice is more excited than it usually would. Canada comes in with a worried look. He knows...

"Amy," he starts, fumbling his fingers. I stare at him. I wanted to tell him myself, but New Zealand beat me to it. "You're dating Russia?"

I sit up on my bed to get a better look at my brother. I swallow hard when I realize he's mad. "What happens if I say yes?" I ask nervously, biting my lip.

Canada frowns, "I told you to stay away from him."

"He's not influencing me in any way. I am me. I have my own beliefs and he has his." I explain, trying to get his Maple brain to

understand.

"He's not good for you. You deserve someone better."

"Yeah, who?" I cross my arms. Canada doesn't reply as he is deep in thought. "See. There is no one. I like him and that's that."

"You don't know what you're getting yourself into." Canada sighs.

I furrow my eyebrows, "I do. I always do. He can't control me. I control me." What is up with him? I have the freedom to love who I want. I don't want him to dictate my decisions.

"I regret inviting him over." He mumbles, looking to the ground.

"Why?"

"Huh—"

"What's so bad about him?"

Canada stares at me creepily, as if he's zoning out. I swallow hard. There's no light in his eyes, just darkness. What happened to that cheerful smile and those bright golden honey brown eyes? "He is a threat to us. I can tell we will have more disputes in the near future. You being with China already caused some. It will pile up more and more until we don't trust each other." Canada looks distant, almost as if I'm a stranger. I have to admit, what he said is true.

Ever since I hung out with Russia and China, secrets kept mounding. I know Canada will figure it out soon, but I continued with the schemes until he broke. I feel guilt when looking at my Canadian brother. All he wanted was to help me and I repaid him by keeping secrets and shattering his heart. Will he ever forgive me?

Will I *ask* for forgiveness?

"Amy, you're my sister. I want the best for you. I don't want to see you with Russia or China. I want you to be safe." Canada comes close to me and places his hand on my shoulder. I can feel his concerned gaze on my skin. The feeling of warmth and love. Except,

it feels like a lie.

"I can't."

"Amy—"

"I can't." I whisper, not wanting to look at him. I don't want to feel guilt because I know his heart aches at my remark. "Maple. I know this will sound weird, but I like them." I mumble.

Silence. Canada stares at me. Eventually he cracks a smile and laughs. I look at him with fear and confusion. He looks at me, tears streaming down his face. I shudder in pain when he squeezes my shoulder. "Maple stop. You're scaring me." I whimper, trying to get his hand off.

"You're scaring me, America." Canada chuckles, not letting go. I frantically try getting away from him. My bones are going to crack and I might lose function in my left arm. I hope he doesn't break any of my nerves.

"Maple, please stop." I plead, tears forming in my eyes as I look at my brother. It hurts. He is hurting me.

"I told you time and time again!" Canada shakes me angrily. I cry, wiping my tears away. It is my fault. Everything is my fault. Why can't I learn?

Canada takes in a deep breath and exhales slowly. He relaxes his tense body while I watch. Nervous sweat trickles down my face as he softens his face. He stares deep into my eyes—my soul. "I don't want to lose you again." He whispers softly and warmly.

I sniff, staring at him with confusion. "You will never lose me."

He seems to be angrier, "that's what you said before. Before you betrayed me."

"I don't know what you're talking about." I mutter. Is he making this up? Is he accusing me of something I never did? I feel anger and hatred burn through me. My own brother who I've trusted my entire life has the audacity to gaslight me. "Get the f*ck away from

me, Maple!" I shout. Canada steps back, clearly stunned. "I know you're worried for me, but I want to feel loved. Okay? I'm done playing." I glare at him.

"I understand, but Russia isn't—"

"I can deal with him myself. I don't need you protecting me all the time. It makes me feel guilty." I snap.

Canada looks at me now becoming confused, "Guilty? What makes you feel guilty?"

I wipe my nose with the back of my arm. "I never protect you. You're the one protecting me."

Canada's eyes soften, "Amy, I'm your brother. I'm supposed to care for my little sister."

"And I should help you. But I never do." I mumble.

Canada frowns, "Amy, you did nothing wrong. I just want to protect you from potentially getting your heart broken." He sits next to me and hugs me. I hug him back, crying onto his shoulder. He rubs my back in circles and sighs, "I want the best for you. Just promise me you won't ever leave me."

"I promise, Maple."

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□ □

Have a nice dayyyy
Read chapter 5.5 if u haven't already (I just added it)

☆* ⋆ 25 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Nickname ☆ *°*.

America POV

Great. This is going to be so f*cking awkward.

"Get into your groups! The teams with the best aim will receive an A for this quarter." The P.E teacher claps.

"アメリカ!" I hear Japan cheer. She hugs me from behind, to which I yelp in surprise at the contact.

"Hi Japan." I fake my enthusiasm. She purrs and I feel her hand sliding down my back. I am grossed out by her. Doesn't she have a boyfriend? What's his name—South Korea?

"Don't touch my girlfriend." China shoves Japan away. She hisses and slaps him on the cheek. Before anything can get worse, as in China beating her up, I act like the caring girlfriend everyone wants to see.

I kiss his cheek and hug him. "She was only hugging me. Nothing serious." China seems amused at my change in personality. I sneak a glare at him.

Russia comes over with Germany. Hopefully that German can keep Japan away from me. Japan always likes to touch me inappropriately for some reason and I don't get why! I know I'm hot, but I like it when others admire me from afar.

"Guten tag." Germany smiles. Russia rolls his eyes like he usually does when he's annoyed. I stop hugging China and turn my attention to the many groups preparing for the accuracy contest.

"Let's beat those f*ckers." I grin, taking a gun out of my pocket and spinning it around on my finger.

China smirks, "I like the way you think."

"Finland is really good at aiming. If we want to beat everyone, we need to beat him." Germany smiles nervously.

"You're ruining the mood." Russia rolls his eyes, picking out a gun from the rack.

"Maple!" I shout, trying to get my brother's attention. He turns towards me with a questioning look. "Want to trade members?"

"What's your offer?" A guy who is shorter than Canada asks in a raspy tone. He has a bandana tied around his neck and his shirt hugs him nicely. It shows all his build.

"I can trade Japan for Finland." I offer. I hear Japan protest behind me. I grin evilly.

The guy in the bandana shakes his head, "he's one of our best assets. But, we will be willing to trade Finland for Russia."

"不能, 俄罗斯 stays. You can take Germany. He's annoying anyways." China suggests.

Germany glares at him, "I am not annoying!"

"So?" Russia asks. The guy in the bandana thinks.

"We'll trade him for Amy." Canada butts in.

"Нет."
"不行."

"You know what? You can have Japan for free." I smile, shoving Japan towards their group. She hisses at me.

"Come on Japan! We'll beat them." A girl in a white floral dress takes Japan away.

Russia scoffs, "I'd like to see you try."

"Don't be too confident. All we know is that Finland's good at

aiming. Nothing else."

"Shut up Germany. You can go with them if you want." China glares. Germany shrugs and walks off.

"China!" I slap him on the back angrily.

"What? It's better if it's only the three of us." China smiles, patting my head. I groan in frustration. "Awe, cheer up." China pouts and squishes my cheeks.

"I f*cking hate you." I huff, putting my bottom lip out.

China pecks me on the lips, "I love you too." I shove him away, embarrassed. F*cking China and his flirtatious actions. Remember, he's dating someone else.

Russia frowns disapprovingly, "you should've traded both Germany and Japan for Finland."

"You don't like him." China states.

"For competition purposes, we need him."

"Ruski, he might misshoot on purpose" I say the obvious.

"Ruski?" China bursts out laughing. Russia kicks him to the floor. "Oh, I'm sorry Ruski." He cooed. Russia's cheeks turn a tint of bright red. I giggle at his appearance. He looks so silly. "You like that, Ruski?" China taunts.

"Заткнись, черт возьми Китай." Russia grumbles.

China licks his lips and winks at Russia, "I might use this as an advantage." Russia starts cursing him in Russian and the two eventually get into a fight. Being the good spectator I am, I started recording them. Soon enough a crowd forms. Thankfully the teacher went to the restroom so there's no force stopping the two males.

"Aren't you going to do something?" Canada asks me, in a worried tone. I turn to him and shake my head. The crowd is cheering and I

don't want the drama to end. Canada takes my phone away. I allow him because my arms are getting tired.

"Sh*t!" I curse when someone pushes me onto the fighting countries. I crash into them causing them to groan in agony. I moan on impact. I never knew Canada had this idea! I sit up and rub my head, to find a blurry slightly surprised Canadian with Japan and the girl in the white floral dress next to him both smirking at me. I try getting up, but fall down on my *ss due to my dizziness. "F*ck you b*tches!" I shout.

"Good luck on winning now that your whole team is bruised." I hear Finland chuckle. I grumble angrily. I am going to beat him!

China chuckles sinisterly, "you know your team's going to lose, 芬兰." Finland comes out of the crowd, looking down at us as if we're some immature adults. "Come and fight me like a real man. You can even add 爱沙尼亚 to the mix if you can't defeat me. I mean, come on. You are nothing compared to me." Finland seems to flinch in embarrassment.

"Китай, leave him alone. You know he's weak." Russia snaps.

"Okay," China rolls his eyes, getting up.

I rub my eyes, trying to get my clear vision back to no avail. I think I bumped my head really hard. "Америка, you're on my lap." I hear Russia whisper.

"Sh*t." I mumble and try getting up, only to fall back because I can't find my f*cking balance! My head is throbbing in pain.

I hear China chuckle. He takes me by the hand and pulls me up. I cling onto his arm, trying to walk. "How many fingers am I holding up?" I hear Japan ask. She holds up, I believe, two fingers.

"Three." I replied.

She giggles, "wrong! I'm holding up 1 finger."

"We'll still win anyways. Not like Finland could carry you all." Russia says, placing his hand on my shoulder. I see Japan shrug and

skip away.

China takes me to the bench so I can relax a little bit. I rest my head on his shoulder and start mumbling some curse words at myself.

I hit my head, in an attempt to stop the fuzzy blur in my eye site. China immediately grabs my hand and stops me. I whine, "it's not fair!"

"Америка, we'll win. Just relax." Russia soothes. I nod my head slightly before hugging China tightly. That's when I started thinking about something. Something I need to know.

"Did you guys figure it out?" I ask in a mumble.

Russia nods and clears his throat, "Да, we found all the information we need.."

I stare at them in fear, excitement, and nervousness. My desire—the one thing I need to know—has been figured out.

Truth

"Right now we're just finishing the broken puzzle," China explains.

I smile giddily, "I can't wait."

"Me too." China smiles.

"Alright! Teams, take your places. We will begin shortly." The teacher calls. Everyone starts moving to their designated targets.

"美国, one last thing. You can't tell your brother everything. It's for your own good." China says, standing up.

"But I trust him. What is he ever going to do to me?" I glare.

China sighs, "trust us. It's for your own safety."

"Then how am I going to explain myself when he confronts me? We live under the same roof! It's hard to keep secrets and I've almost told him ours at one point." I elaborate. That's when it dawns on

me. These two don't tell their siblings anything. When I asked Ukraine where Russia was, she never knew; when I asked Taiwan where China was, he never knew. I don't know how many secrets these two countries have that aren't exposed and I'm afraid to count how many.

"Америка, we want the best for you." Russia leans down to my height with concerned and betrayed eyes. "If you're not going to try —"

"Of course I'm going to try. I am trying." I huff, "you really don't believe me do you? *You* need to trust me."

Russia chuckles, "of course I trust you. And I trust that we will beat the other students in this class." I look at him suspiciously.

"Sure, you trust me."

"I do."

"Then prove it."

"Okay, I'll tell you my deepest darkest secret."

"Yes!"

"You're going to tell me right?" China hums, smirking.

"Нет—"

China pouts, "I thought you trust me Ruski."

"Yeah Ruski." I put my bottom lip out, "you said you trust him."

"That's it! No secret for the both of you." Russia storms off angrily with a bright red hue spread over his cheeks. China and I laugh and follow him to the shooting grounds.

'^'

We won! We won that A+. It was scarily close though. Canada's team was only 27 bullets below us. I kept making mistakes in the

beginning because China kept tickling me and claiming that we would still win even if we had some mistakes. Russia didn't approve so they fought again. But it got settled when China called him by the nickname again. It was hilarious seeing Russia take up a gun and just shooting at the target vigorously with China still teasing him. Unfortunately, China got a slap after Russia's ammunition ran out. I was laughing my *ss off the entire time. Not having other countries in my group is worth it.

"Congratulations Amy." Canada chuckles walking towards me. I shake his hand like the good sport I am.

I grin smugly, "I always win gun competitions."

"But if we included axes."Canada hums slyly.

"In your dreams Maple!" I laugh.

I feel a tap on my shoulder. I turn around to find North Korea sheepishly fumbling his fingers. "Will you like to go to my brother's party?" He asks.

I raise a brow in confusion. "I don't know your brother though."

"Just come." North Korea commands. "Everyone is invited."

"Count me in, eh." Canada smiles, showing a thumbs up.

North Korea scoffs, "tomorrow night, 7pm. Be. There. America. I need to see you there." North Korea glares at me.

I frown, "why so demanding?"

"Just be there." North Korea growls and walks away. It's unlike him to invite me to do anything or demand me to do something. Either way, I'm going to go because I'm tired of boring old school.

"I wonder why he even wants me to come. I thought he hated me." I chuckle, rolling my eyes.

Canada puts on his thinking face. "He definitely has something planned or someone is forcing him to ask you." Canada analyzes.

I shrug, "I wonder who. Anyways, we need to find you a boyfriend!"
I whine, hitting him teasingly on the shoulder.

"For the millionth time. I'm not gay!"

"You look good with Finland—"

"Shut up b*tch!"

□□°• ·⊹·☾ So close to 369 votes◠◠☽·⊹·• °□□
□ □

Make sure to read chapter 5.5 (it's a new chapter I added a few days ago) if you haven't already!

Adios Amigos~ hoped you liked this chapter

ALSO thanks for all the comments. Love reading them ☺□❤□❤□

Bye bye cover

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Bye bye old cover we will miss u

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Here comes new cover

maybe foreshadows something

☆* ⋆ 26 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Uki ☆ *°*.

America POV

Canada and I walk up to the front door of North Korea's house. We can hear the booming of music and can see the flashing disco lights inside. From the slightly open curtain I can see enemies, friends, and strangers dancing with each other forming circles and hyping each other up. A small smile tugs on my face. I can't wait to dance.

I ring the doorbell. Of course, it takes a while before it opens up. Canada and I peer at the party in hopes of joining them soon. I nudge Canada on the shoulder, "Maple, this is your chance to dance with Germany or Finland."

I hear Canada gasp, "Amy! For the millionth time I'm not gay!"

I smile slyly, "don't deny it."

"I like girls. I like breasts and I like p*ssy." Canada glares at me.

I slap my hand over his mouth. "Don't say that out loud. Germany and Finland will be jealous!" I whisper shriek.

Canada rolls his eyes at me. "I hope you get laid tonight. It seems inevitable you'll be limping on the way back home." Canada smirks teasingly.

I blush and ball my fists. "Maple f*cking syrup! Go suck some d*ck!"

"I'm not gay."

The door to the house opens revealing a tired and depressed looking North Korean. He seems to be done with life—no, he's always done with life. His hair is ruffled up, his shirt is messy, and there are bags under his eyes. He grumbles, "glad you can make it." Ironic he would even say that.

"What happened to you?" Canada asks, concerned.

North Korea scoffs, "it's useless if I even tell you. Now get in before I close the door." Canada and I make our way inside. "Drinks are on the countertop. Food is in the kitchen. Bathrooms are downstairs. And leave me alone." North Korea takes out his headphones. He then sits in a corner and stares angrily at the ground.

"He is not happy." Canada mumbles.

"He's always unhappy." I roll my eyes. I link my arm with Canada's and smile, "now let's show these countries how it's done!" I drag him into the crowd and we start dancing to the music.

Dancing is electrifying and contagious. I can't stop moving to the beat! Canada started doing the worm and I do some wacky handstands. Best night of my life! It's been so long since I've been to an actual upbeat party. Whoever the DJ is is amazing at his craft!

The music suddenly dies down a little. "Is everyone having a good time?" Japan asks in the mic. There are cheers of yes and shouts of joy. "Are you ready to spice things up tonight?" Japan asks again. The crowd cheers. "Well, you are in for an exciting event because South Korea prepared all your favorite games! Give it up for the Birthday boy!" The crowd claps and screams South Korea. "We will be beginning the first game in the kitchen. Come on over!" Japan grins slyly.

"Want to go?" I ask Canada. He nods and we follow the countries to the kitchen. There I see Germany and Russia sitting with shots of, I assume, vodka in rows.

I hear Canada chuckle nervously, "this is too good to be true."

"What do you mean?" I ask.

He smirks then winks at me, "you'll see."

"This here is the drinking game. Whoever downs 15 shots first wins and can make someone do a task or a challenge. Russia and Germany will demonstrate." South Korea announced.

Russia smirks at Germany. "Ready?"

"Ready as I'll ever be." Germany chuckles.

"3. 2. 1. Chug!" South Korea blows his whistle and the two countries start taking down the alcohol. The crowd chants as the two countries are making their way to the last cup. Russia takes his last and then slams his empty glass onto the table declaring him winner of the challenge. He wipes his lips and smiles.

Germany frowns. He was close. Only on his last shot. "Make out with Poland." Russia commands.

Germany freezes, "nien!"

"It's an order!" South Korea laughs. Germany gets up and rushes to the blushing polish country. They start making out in the corner. "Who's next?" South Korea asks.

"Maple, go up." I grin. He shakes his head.

"We're not old enough for alcohol. Nonetheless, strong alcohol." Canada argues. I sigh. He's right.

"I'll give it a go." China walks up with a smug grin on his face. "韩国, you and me."

"You're going to lose." South Korea chuckles, sitting down.

"You're on."

"3. 2. 1. Start."

China and South Korea start taking the shots. China is slow and I can tell he isn't used to drinking. South Korea, on the other hand, finishes in a jiffy. The crowd cheers for him while China just smiles. "I went easy on you."

"That's a lie." South Korea smirks. "Now finish the rest of the shots and then make someone drink a shot of vodka."

"Bet." China shrugs, drinking the last of his shots. He then looks into

the crowd to find someone. Sh*t we made eye contact. "美国, come here." China hums.

I hear Canada snicker beside me. "F*ck you China!" I shriek, trying to hide myself in the crowd. Canada grabs onto my arm preventing me from fleeing. I hide behind him when China comes over.

"美国, it isn't that bad. Try it." China holds the shot of vodka out for me. I can smell the strong alcohol and it's making me panic. I don't want to drink it.

"Give it to Ruski." I mumble.

"Amy, you know you can handle it." Canada pushes me onto China. I glare at my brother.

China frowns, "I don't want to force you. I'll find someone else then."

I huff and grab the shot out of his hand and drink it. The liquid goes down my throat sending stings. I place the empty glass in China's hand and stare at my brother angrily. "Happy?" I grumble. Canada nods and laughs his *ss off.

Canada looks so goofy. Everyone around him also look funny. I blink a few times. They are indeed all silly! I giggle to myself and turn to look at China. He's so f*cking hot and adorable! I feel myself smile wider which makes handsome China concerned. "美国, you alright?" China asks.

"Better than ever!" I beam, hugging his arm tightly. My hand roams over his stomach to feel his hard abs.

China shakes his head, "no you're not. You're acting weird."

I huff, "you're acting weird!" China starts walking away from me. "China, don't leave me." I whine, running after him. He sits on the couch and I sit next to him, snuggling up to his side. I feel his hand holding my waist pulling me closer to him. I giggle. Handsome China cares about me!

Russia comes over with a half empty bottle of vodka. "Китай,

want?" He holds it out to China. China nods and starts drinking. Russia then sits next to me and rests his head on my shoulder.

I giggle, "hey Ruski."

Russia yawns and hugs my waist."Привет Америка." He's so f*cking adorable. I start touching his poofy dirty blonde hair in admiration. It's so soft!

I want his hair.

Canada POV

She has always been a clingy type when drunk. I chuckle to myself as I watch her whine when China walks away. It's annoying, but thankfully I'm not the one being annoyed.

China seems out of his mind. He's not his usual charming self. He's probably worried for some reason. That's why he's looking around the crowd and side hugging my sister protectively.

"Mi amigo!" I feel Mexico nudge me in the arm.

"Hola Mexi!" I greet. He pulls me down to his height and points at someone in the crowd. I look to where he's pointing to and see Ukraine standing there alone. I frown. She seems lonely.

"I can't." I sigh in sorrow.

Mexico clicks his tongue in disapproval. "Rusia and China are both drunk and América's distracting them. They won't see you." I look back at the Ukrainian. Should I? Mexico pushes me forward. "Go on." He then disappears into the crowd. I take in a deep breath. I can do this.

I make my way through the crowd towards my beloved. Before I even get there Georgia starts talking to her. "Baise. (f*ck)" I curse. I watch the two start having a conversation while the crowd covers my view. My hands turn into fists. I take in a deep breath and exhale. Ukraine will *never* like him. She loves *me*.

"Everyone, we will begin spin the bottle. If you'd like to play, head

over to the living room." South Korea announces. I see a glimpse of Georgia pulling Ukraine towards the living room. I should go too.

I make my way over. Germany waves his hand and pats the seat next to him. I smile and sit there. "How was your make out session with Poland?" I smirk. Germany blushes red.

"Amazing." He stutters. I chuckle and pat him on the back. He's such a simp. "Anyways, did South Korea invite you here?"

I shake my head, "North Korea did because he asked my sister to come."

Germany nods, "that makes sense. I'll introduce you to him. He's a really nice guy and one of the best DJs in the world."

"That was him?" I exclaim. Germany nods. "He's so good."

"We're going to start. Who wants to spin the bottle first?" Poland grins, taking the empty bottle away from a drunk Russian.

"Maple would like to!" My drunk sister giggles. I grin and raise my hand.

"Go ahead Canada." Japan claps with joy.

"Very brave." Germany comments teasingly. I roll my eyes and spin the bottle. It lands between China and America. I definitely don't want to kiss China.

"You can kiss your sister on the cheek." South Korea suggests. Good idea. America tries hiding behind China. I chuckle at her stupidity and kiss her on the cheek.

America huffs. I chuckle, "sorry Amy."

"I hate you Maple!" America shrieks. I sit back down next to Germany and watch my sister get up to spin the bottle. China then starts getting worried for some reason. He grabs onto America's arm before it reaches the bottle. America looks at China with confusion expressed on her face. "What's wrong?"

China frowns, "I don't want you kissing another country."

America sticks her tongue out, "you're such a party pooper." China furrows his eyebrows angrily at her statement. America just smiles and watches the bottle spin around. It lands on Japan. "Gross." America mumbles quietly and kisses Japan on the lips. The Japanese country shrieks with thrill. What is wrong with her? South Korea even seems to be uncomfortable with Japan's attitude towards my sister.

Germany leans closer and whispers in my ear, "Japan and South Korea are dating, but for some reason Japan is crushing on your sister. I've heard her talk about wanting to—you know—with your sister." I hold my throat feeling the vomit that's going to come out of my mouth.

America wipes her lips and sits back in her spot. China uses the sleeve of his shirt and wipes America's lips with it much to her protest. Then he kisses her—with the tongue. I hear my sister squeal in protest while I try controlling myself from pouncing on the Chinese country. I feel my hands twitch. Control it. It will be over soon. America breaks the kiss, panting heavily. She glares at China before stuffing her face in his chest mumbling something on the lines of "I f*cking hate you" like she always does.

"Over protective." Germany teases.

I roll my eyes, "you would too if your sister started dating."

Germany shakes his head, "she'll be controlling the relationship; I wouldn't need to worry."

The game continues as Japan spins the bottle. From Japan to Finland to Estonia to Mexico to Czech Republic to Georgia. Georgia spins the bottle and it lands on Ukraine. I stare at the country as he shyly smiles at the Ukrainian with a clear blush on his face. He quickly pecks her on the lips and sits down. Ukraine blinks in surprise and giggles nervously. She doesn't like him, does she?

"Relax," Germany frowns. That's when I realize how tense my body is. I take in a deep breath and exhale. What am I thinking? She can't

love anyone else besides me. She will and will *always* be mine.

"Thanks," I smile at the German.

Ukraine hesitantly spins the vodka bottle. I stare at it, afraid that it will land on anyone else other than me. Fortunity, after hours of spinning, it stops. The spout is pointed at me. Only me. The crowd goes silent. Ukraine stands up and walks over to me nervously. She fidgets around and plays with a strand of her hair. I continue to stare, pretending to feel indifferent by her presence.

Ukraine takes a deep breath and holds my hand. I stare at her in confusion with an eyebrow raised. "Nada, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I can't stand not talking to you. I feel lonely. Watching you talk to other girls makes my heart shatter, but I know you wouldn't want me. So I'm asking for forgiveness instead. We can stop talking afterward if that's what you'd like. It's my fault so you determine our future." Ukraine mumbles. She sniffles and wipes the tears sliding down her face.

I pull her close and hug her. "I forgive you and I'm sorry too." I can feel the skin piercing glare from China from across the room. Thankfully Russia is too drunk to even care. He's just leaning on America with drowsy eyes. Ukraine cries softly on my shoulder and I pat her back. I know it isn't her fault. She was innocent back then. How stupid am I? I'm thankful that Australia knocked some sense into me. "Don't cry now. I forgive you. I don't want you to cry." I mumble, wiping the tears from her face.

Ukraine sniffs, "sorry Nada." I lean down and kiss her on the lips, finishing her part of the game.

"We'll talk later, alright?" I whisper in her ear. Ukraine nods and sits down in her original seat. I can't help the small smile that creeps on my face. Ukraine is mine. She will always be mine. I lean down and spin the bottle. It stops at Vietnam. She grins and winks at me. I tense up in disgust. I'm only her friend because America doesn't want her to talk to China. In return, I get nothing. I quickly kissed the Vietnamese country, not wanting to give Ukraine the wrong idea. She has to know that I am hers and only hers.

When I head back to my seat, Germany hands me a wet papertoil. I gratefully take it and wipe my lips with it. My lips belong to Ukraine and no one else. Vietnam kisses South Africa, who kisses Philippines, who kisses Brazil, who kisses Mexico, who kisses India. India spins the bottle and it lands on Russia. America tenses up and she hugs Russia's arm tightly. China seems to get more annoyed and angry. Russia just continues to lay on America not giving a care in the world.

India kisses him and then he wipes his lips with the sleeve of his shirt then drinks some more vodka. Typical Russian. "Russia's usually clumsy when drunk and China is overprotective when drunk." Germany whispers in my ear. I hum in acknowledgement.

"My sister is clingy when drunk. She craves touch." I whisper back. Germany chuckles in amusement.

"Америка, spin the bottle for me." Russia slurs in his deep accent. I can clearly see the blush spread over my sister's cheeks. She nods her head begrudgingly and spins the bottle. It lands on China.

Russia leans over my sister to kiss his best friend but gets interrupted. "Russia, remember that dare?" Germany smirks. He winks at the Russian and I am now curious of what he has in mind.

"Да, what do you want me to do?" Russia asks.

Germany puts on his thinking face and looks up at the ceiling in search of an answer. "French kiss China. Would you?" Germany smiles innocently. The crowd gasps and some make noises of approval. I only stare at Germany, trying to understand him. "I'll tell you later." Germany promises. I nod my head.

Russia groans, "get me more vodka then." Germany gives his ex-stepbrother a thumbs up then pulls out his phone secretly. He presses record.

China grins smugly, "are you sure you want to do this in front of *everyone*?"

Russia turns pink, "just kiss me." China shrugs and the two start

making out. I look around the living room. Most countries are in shock while a minority are squealing with joy. My eyes then land on my sister. Her legs seem to be shaking and there's drool coming out of her mouth. I sigh, she's going to be hooked for life. There's no turning back now. I *need* to turn it back. She is falling into a rabbit hole.

Russia breaks the kiss and turns to Germany, "happy?"

"Very." Germany nods his head, he pauses the recording. The game continues on.

"Why did you make him do that?" I ask Germany in a whisper.

Germany pushes up his glasses, "so I can see how your sister reacts. Russia wants to know."

I turned to him with confusion, "why does he want to know?"

Germany shrugs, "I don't know myself." It doesn't seem possible that he doesn't know. The most analytical country would never say "I don't know". He's hiding something.

'^'

"We should play truth or dare!" Japan suggests.

Israel pops up from behind the couch America's sitting on. "I'll start!" She beams, scaring my sister. "Truth or dare Ame?" Israel smirks.

China hugs my sister protectively. "Say sorry." He glares at the Israeli.

"Sorry." Israel whispers.

"I forgive you." America giggles. "I choose dare!"

China covers America's mouth. "She chose truth." China says. My sister grumbles in annoyance.

"Dare!" She huffs, glaring angrily at her fake boyfriend. China gets

frustrated. He grabs the vodka bottle from Russia and starts chugging it. Russia tiredly chuckles.

Israel watches with confusion before collecting her thoughts back together. "I dare you to stay for the sleepover tonight." Israel smiles. I sigh in relief. I thought she wanted my sister to do something else. Something unpleasant.

"Maple, can I?" America asks me.

I sigh, "I'm not sure."

"Please? China and Ruski are staying." America begs. I can see both Russia and China start turning red at her plea though it's not directed towards them. My sister rarely begs, which may be why some countries are attracted to her begging. From the corner of my eye, I can see Japan looking dreamily at my sister.

I shrug, "I guess so. But don't be too submissive." I smirk. America tilts her head with confusion. She's too drunk to understand what I'm implying.

Germany taps my shoulder, "you should go talk to Ukraine. She's waiting for you and by the looks of it she's very anxious."

I smile softly, "thanks Germany. You're the best." I make my way over to my beloved Uki. I take her hand in mine and drag her out of the living room. I can faintly hear the conversation in the living room when we get to another section of the house. It went something like this:

"Pola, I dare you to sit on Germ's lap!" America laughs.

"But you didn't give me a choice! I wanted to choose truth." Poland stutters.

China snaps, "Listen to 美国!"

I brought Ukraine to one of the spare bedrooms South Korea has. As we walk in I feel her trembling. I sigh and hug her close. She starts mumbling sorry, apologizing for the necklace situation and getting her virginity taken away without waiting for me. I kiss her

forehead, getting her to pause her mumbling. "It's not your fault, Uki. It was a misunderstanding. Also, you were young and naive back then. I can't get mad at your past." I explain.

Ukraine nods and stuffs her face in my chest. "It's just that Russia kept telling me how useless I am, how I cause problems, and how I don't deserve you. It's a shock that you would forgive me."

I frown. It seems like Russia is dictating a lot of her life. She can't hang out with certain countries. She can't join certain school clubs. She can't date certain countries. She has no freedom when Russia's around. I don't believe it's because Russia wants to protect her. Her brother's best friends all bully her. I know Russia knows about this, but he's never really there to protect her. He must have another reason.

But what? It's not like he's gaining anything from this. "Uki, do you trust your brother?" I ask. Ukraine falls silent.

"I trust him to some extent." Ukraine replies. "He is very controlling though. I can't do anything without his approval."

Alright, America told me Russia loves authority. That may be a reason why he's always commanding Ukraine to do what he likes. Will he force America to do anything? I shiver at the thought. One of my worst fears is to lose my sister.

Ukraine looks up at me and frowns despite herself, "is something bothering you, Nada? You can tell me."

Should I tell her? I trust her. She is my everything. I lock the door. I turn to her and stare at her deep in the eyes. "Don't tell anyone." Ukraine nods her head.

"I promise." She holds out her hand and we link pinkies. I make her sit on the bed next to me. She faces me, waiting for me to spill out the secret.

Her innocence is too pure for me—a country full of secrets and deep desires. Ukraine tilts her head, full of curiosity and concern. She's an open page; her thoughts could easily be deciphered. That's why I

need her company. That's why I trust her. That's why I love her.

I hold her hands, "one of my biggest fear is losing my sister again. I already lost her once and it was so hard to get her back." I pause, collecting my thoughts. "She is the most important country to my family and I. I don't want other countries to take her away from me."

Ukraine hugs me. "Is this about my brother and China?" Ukraine asks in a whisper.

I sigh, "yes."

"Nada, I understand your concern. I worry for her too. I can't stand my brother or his best friend controlling another innocent soul. I will do anything in my power to help your sister before she gets brainwashed."

I hug her tightly. "No. I don't want you getting hurt. You're my everything." I mumble.

"You should talk to Germany. He knows more than I do, afterall he's my brother's and China's best friend." Ukraine suggests.

I should talk to Germany. He knows basically everyone's secrets, but I don't want him to get the wrong idea. What happens if he tells China or Russia? Or even worse, my sister? It's too much of a risk without a guaranteed return.

"I hate seeing you like this." Ukraine mumbles, cupping my cheek in her hand softly. I was dozing off, wasn't I? America always gets me worked up—Ukraine kisses me on the lips delicately. She pulls away in fear and embarrassment. After a moment, she looks to the ground. "Sorry."

"Don't be."

I kiss her passionately. It's been so long since I've really kissed her. Her soft lips are irresistible. Ukraine leans in deepening the kiss. My hand roams around her body causing her to gasp and squeal at the touch. I break the kiss and take my hoodie off. Ukraine watches, blushing a deep red. I chuckle at her cuteness. "Nada, you're so

handsome." Ukraine mutters in admiration.

"And you're so beautiful." I smile. I start unbuttoning her clothes revealing her smooth soft skin. Ukraine hugs herself, trying to cover her exposed body. "No need to be shy." I caress her cheek. Ukraine nods hesitantly, biting her nails to suppress the sounds of yearning.

I push her onto the bed and hover above her. "Nada?" Ukraine whispers breathlessly.

"I love you, Uki."

"I love you too—mmm!"

□□°• ⊹☾ SURPRISE!!! CANADA POV☽⊹• °□□
□ □

What do you think will happen next? 👀

❤□*Thanks for the comments, I love reading them* ❤□

Vote!□

☆* ⋆ 27 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Amy ☆ *°*.

America POV

I yawn, wondering what time it is. I feel like I've been sleeping for days. I reach over to my bedside to find my phone, only to feel a warm smooth—muscular arm?! I open my eyes in shock. Russia is sleeping right next to me—shirtless. I swallow hard. What did I do yesterday? The last thing I remember was drinking a shot of vodka. Yep, that was definitely a bad idea. I suddenly feel an arm drape over my waist pulling me closer. It smells like plum blossoms—China?!

I hold my breath. I don't have a shirt on; I'm only in my bra. What was I doing? Nothing too serious right? I need to get out. I try moving China's arm away from me but he starts groaning. I freeze, not wanting him to wake up and see me.

"Good morning Америка." Russia tiredly smiles at me. Sh*t! I woke him up.

"Morning?" I chuckle nervously. He frowns and caresses my cheek.

"What's wrong?" He asks.

I bite my lip nervously. "We didn't have intercourse, right?" I mumble. Russia's eyes go wide and a red hue covers his cheeks.

He shakes his head, "нет, we only kissed." I sigh in relief.

China starts groaning again and it is now concerning. I know he's awake, but he seems to be in pain. Russia sits up. He takes the pill and glass of water from the bedside and holds them. "He has a hangover. He drank more than he could take." Russia says.

I nod. "China, Ruski has a pain killer." I whisper, trying to get his arms off my waist. He grumbles in response and hugs me tighter. I

squeal at the sudden force.

"Китай! Wake up!" Russia shouts.

China begrudgingly gets up and stares at the Russian in anger before having to hold his head. "How much did I drink?" China asks, taking the pill and glass from Russia. He swallows the pill.

Russia shrugs, "half a bottle of vodka and some beer."

China slams the glass on the other side of the bed. "Why didn't you stop me?" He grumbles.

Russia scoffs, "I couldn't even stop myself from drinking. How would I be able to stop you?"

As the two continue their bickering I make my way to the bathroom. My breath disgustingly smells like alcohol. I walk in and open the lights. "F*cking b*tches!" I shriek, looking at my reflection. My body is covered with bite marks. The most I've gotten in a night! Usually I get five, but now I can't even count how many there are. This can't be real. I splash water on my face, hoping to wake up my unalert mind. I look back at my reflection and see the same hickies from before. "Sh*t. Father's going to be mad." I mumble to myself angrily. How am I even going to cover it up now?

I groan slightly when I realize there are some love bites on my hands. Father will definitely find out. There is no doubt about it. I guess I'll have to wear gloves until they fade. I sigh and start brushing my teeth with the provided guest toothbrush and toothpaste. It's going to take so long for the hickeys to heal. Whoever made me drink will face my wrath. I huff and walk out of the bathroom to find Russia patting China's back.

"Did you two do—this?" I snap, pointing at my neck. Russia sheepishly nods his head.

China groans and rests his head on Russia's shoulder, "I don't remember anything, but you do look good though." He smiles smugly.

I flush in embarrassment. "Shut the f*ck up!" I shriek. I try grabbing

my shirt off the bed, but Russia snatches it. "Ruski!" I whine.

He teasingly waves my shirt in the air. I crawl onto the bed. "Come and get it." Russia grins. I huff in annoyance. He's making me work. It's too early in the morning for this!

I grab his and China's shirt instead. "Let's trade." I smile.

Russia rolls his eyes, "I know you like looking at us so I wouldn't even bother." He pulls me onto his lap.

"No I don't!" I glare, blushing in embarrassment. Sh*t, I do like looking at them. Especially their scars. Each cut holds so much history.

"I don't like it when you lie, 美国." China snaps.

I stare at him, "I'm not lying, China." China smiles at me, knowing exactly well I'm lying. I mumble in defeat. Suddenly the door opens and I hear Israel singing. I immediately got off of Russia's lap and put on China's T-shirt.

"Rise and shine love birds." Israel chirps like a little bird. She gasps and runs out the door the moment she sees me. I hear her scream for Poland in a hyper, thrilled voice.

China seems unfazed by her appearance while Russia and I are slightly panicking. We then hear China's stomach gurgling loudly. "Let's go eat. I'm starving!" He complains grumpily. Typical China. He rolls off the bed with a thud.

"Forgot how to use your legs?" Russia teases.

"Don't talk to me." China snaps getting up and dusting himself from the dust.

"Then give me a good morning." Russia pouts sarcastically. China rolls his eyes. Wait a minute, where are my pants? Sh*t! I quickly scurry off the bed. Thankfully they're on the ground. To my luck China opens the door without a care in the world. I see a glimpse of Israel and Poland trying to peer inside. Fortunately Russia immediately slams the door shut.

"搞什么鬼?!" China shouts angrily, slapping Russia on the back of his head. Russia covers his mouth angrily.

"Америка doesn't have her pants on!" He seethes quietly.

China stops struggling and Russia eventually lets him go. "So? I like looking at her ass." China smirks, giving me a wink. I flush red at his statement. Russia facepalms and sighs in defeat. "I know what you're talking about. I'm not that stupid." China chuckles, patting the Russian on the back.

I stand up and zip my pants which gives China the signal to open the door. China stands idly when he's bombarded with questions from Ukraine, Israel, and Poland. Russia curses in his native tongue and tries to leave only for Ukraine to stop him.

"Amy! Does your ass hurt?" Canada asks, laughing.

I burn in anger and kick his leg, "nothing of that sort happened, you maple syrup head!" He continues laughing while I punch the wall in frustration.

"Where's breakfast?" China bluntly asks.

"Kitchen," Canada replies. China leaves without a word.

Israel seems curious, "what happened to him?"

"He's grumpy in the morning so don't talk to him unless you want your head bashed." Russia fake smiles before running off and dragging me with him. Here we go, getting dragged around again. Just great!

Russia and I make it to the kitchen to see chocolate pancakes on the countertop. My favorite! I immediately rush over and get a stack of pancakes for myself by taking China's plate. He glares angrily at me before taking another plate and getting some pancakes. This time Russia takes it away from him casually. China stares at the countertop with anger. It's like he's cutting the stone from the looks of his blazing hazel eyes. Russia and I laugh softly as we watch China take a deep breath and take another plate for himself. Russia immediately snatches it away from him and runs away. China,

taking his slipper, head shots the Russian causing him to drop his plate of pancakes.

"Блять!" Russia curses. I giggle at his misery.

"You think it's funny, 美国?" China smiles sadistically. I turn around to see China right behind me. I nervously chuckle before making a run for it, throwing the pancakes I was holding right at his face.

I run into the living room where Germany, South Korea, and Japan are talking. Trying my luck, I use the couch they're sitting on as a barrier between me and the raging chinese country. "アメリカ?" Japan looked at me with confusion.

"Good morning Japan." I smile warmly before having to flee to another couch.

"美国，说声对不起." China glares. I shake my head, not knowing what he ment but he definitely wants an apology.

"You could've just got more." I shrug, trying to justify my action for taking his plate of pancakes. He stubbornly shakes his head before trying to jump over the couch. I quickly moved away.

"Just say sorry, or else he would want more than an apology." Germany analyzes.

"Never!" I grin. The German sighs. I quickly ran away and back up the stairs. China is on my tail and running here isn't the best decision. F*ck it. I'm just going to hide in the bathroom. I quickly rush into one of the guest rooms and try opening the bathroom door only to realize it's locked and someone's inside. Just my luck!

China grabs my arm and pushes me against the wall. "I want an apology." He says sternly.

I smirk, "what if I said no–?" He places his lips on my and kisses me roughly. This reminds me of when I was at his house annoying him with nerf guns. The only thing that's different is that there are no nerf guns and Israel is staring at us in shock. Her presence makes me uncomfortable, but I can't stop China. I don't want to stop him. "China," I say airily when he moves his hand under my shirt. I hold

in a gasp when he kisses my neck. "China, Israel—"

"I don't care." He replies, unbothered.

Suddenly Ukraine comes out of the bathroom. She smirks when she sees the situation I'm in. I bite my bottom lip and try shoving China away from me. He bites my neck harder in response. I whimper, "Ukraine is here—"

Getting irritated, China picks me up and throws me onto the bed to my shock.

"China!"

'^'

"Maple, can I go to the movies? Ruski and China are going." I plead. Canada looks at me and then the two countries getting ready to leave. He shakes his head. "Maple! Please!" I beg on my knees tugging his pants.

Canada looks at me confused, "why are you so desperate?"

I chuckle nervously, "China's mad at me and he said the only way we can get to good terms again is if I went to the movies with him." Canada looks at me suspiciously.

"Why are you even asking me?" Canada asks.

"Can you get Father to agree?" I sheepishly request. He thinks for a moment before shaking his head.

"We're about to go." Ukraine says from the doorway before heading out.

I snap my fingers in realization. "Father said I could only go if Maple went with me. Is that okay with you?" I look at China, biting the inside of my cheeks nervously.

Russia and him look at each other. They start discussing in their native tongue. Canada leans down towards me, "what are you planning?"

I swat his head away, "just tell Father."

"Блять," Russia punches the wall. "Fine."

"Sure 美国. Your brother can come but on one condition." China says. Don't sit next to Ukraine—"don't sit next to 美国, 俄罗斯, and I." China glares.

"Deal." Canada says. I can tell that he feels giddy inside like his inner golden retriever is about to explode out.

"Also, you're driving." Russia tells Canada. China and him make their way outside South Korea's house towards the car.

Canada blinks, "I must be dreaming."

"Nope, you're not. Now let's go." I smile softly and put on my shoes. Canada does the same and we walk out to the driveway.

As soon as Ukraine sees Canada with me she gasps. She tries to hold back her excitement but I can see Russia already glaring at her from the back seat.

"By the way, Father agreed." Canada says, clearing his throat before taking a seat in the driver's seat. I nod before opening the door to the back and getting pulled in by China.

"China!" I yelp, a little irritated by the sudden pull. I eventually situate myself between him and Russia.

"Can I have the directions?" Canada asks. Ukraine pulls up her phone and they start talking about the place. "Two hours?" Canada gapes.

"Two hours?!" I shriek.

"That's why I made 加拿大 drive," China yawns and rests his head on my shoulder. He snuggles me closer and I can only blush in response.

"Thanks a lot." Canada rolls his eyes before starting the car and we're off.

To pass the time, Russia and I started playing two truths and a lie. The next thing I know I'm asleep.

Canada POV

I can tell why China wanted me to drive, alright. For the whole hour he just slept on America's shoulder. Before long, America also fell asleep. Russia was the only one awake before boredom got the better of him and he too went to sleep. With all of them gone into their dream world, I can turn my attention to Ukraine who's besides me.

"They're finally asleep." Ukraine giggles softly. She takes out her phone and snaps some pictures. Although I don't approve of America's relationship with Russia and China, I'm glad she dragged me on this trip. I can spend my time with Ukraine at the movies.

But I believe the real reason was so Father wouldn't get mad at her. She's using me but giving something I crave back to me.

Ukraine told me that Russia doesn't want me to see her anymore and that China is helping him enforce it. She also, along with Germany, theorizes that America is helping them. Of course America is not dumb enough to only do it for friendship. I wonder what she wants that China or Russia knows.

Right...China *knows*...

But America doesn't know yet. She doesn't have to know. Does she know?

And she is also doing this for me. I told her to be friends with those two because they were popular. America is probably only doing all this to gain their trust. I know she tells me everything. She *has* to tell me everything.

When Russia and America were playing two truths and a lie, I knew every truth but one caught me off guard. It went by the lines of:

"I always wonder when you will give me a piece of information about the truth."

To which Russia goes:

"That's a truth and—" he whispers in America's ear to which she frowns slightly.

What does she mean? "A peice of information about the truth", seems complicated although simple. I know my sister desires trust. I know she desires Russia's love. But what does she mean by desire for *truth*?

Is she...keeping something from me?

"Nada? You're glaring at the road." Ukraine cuts me from my train of thoughts. "Is something on your mind?" She rests her hand on mine.

I sigh, "yeah."

She frowns, "is it Америка?" I reluctantly nod. "If you want to talk about it, I'm all ears." She smiles warmly. I feel butterflies in my stomach just looking at her innocent face. That smile is the sunshine to my day.

"It's just hard for me to know that she changed so much after getting to know your brother and China. I guess I'm still shocked." I mumble.

Ukraine hums in acknowledgement. " I understand. When Росія started hanging out with shady students he became more violent."

"When did that happen?"

"A few years ago." Ukraine sighs softly. "I wish I could've dragged him away from those bad influences."

I look at the sleeping Russian through the rear mirror and frown. How dare he bring Ukraine this much pain and control her for his own wants. "I'm sorry." I mumble.

"Don't be. I just don't want your sister to fall into the same fate. She seems like an awesome country." Ukraine soothes, squeezing my hand tightly: I smile and hold her hand up so I can kiss it.

She immediately retracts her hand and giggles softly, "they might wake up."

I roll my eyes, "no one's going to stop me from kissing my precious girlfriend." Ukraine blushes and I chuckle softly. Having her is like a dream and being with her is like heaven on earth. She is an angel while my sister is *nowhere* close.

"How long are we going to keep us a secret?" She asks, mumbling softly. She looks at her hands sadly.

"Until we accomplish our goal."

□□°• ⊹☾. MAPLE F*CKING SYRUP 😈 .☽⊹• °□□
□ □

What does China know????👀
Stay tuned to find out 😋

Vote!□

☆* ⋆ 28 ⋆ *☆

.*°* ☆ Games ☆ *°*.

America POV

"Class dismissed." The bell rings as soon as my teacher finishes that sentence. I put my notes away and get ready to leave. To my horror Japan grabs me by the hand and runs out the door with me in tow. "No running!" I hear my teacher's voice boom through the crowded hallway.

I grab onto my sunglasses as we weave through the students. I catch a glimpse of Vietnam staring at me angrily when I accidentally bump into her. It's not my fault!

She finally slows down as she approaches her destination. I hunch over and take a gasp of air from all the running. Japan is so fast and I can't keep up with her. We were surely going at around 57 miles per hour. That's about how fast a cheetah is by the way!

She smiles, "I don't think you two got to formally meet each other. アメリカ, this is 韓国." I look up to see South Korea standing there with a soft smile on his lips.

"Nice to see you again 미국," he says, handing me his water bottle. I take it and air sip out of it.

"Thanks. Nice to see you too." I smile back.

South Korea scratches his head, "what did you think about the party? Did you have fun?"

"I had a lot of fun alright. You're the best DJ out there! Thank you for inviting me. I really needed that break from school." I chuckle slightly.

This seems to cause South Korea to tense up. "I'm sorry to ask, but do you happen to be one of my brother's friends?"

I tilt my head in confusion, "I wouldn't say we're friends. Why?"

Japan starts becoming anxious as well. She starts apologizing to South Korea only for him to tell her to calm down. "After the party, 조선 민주주의 인민 공화국 was in a really bad mood and he said for the next week at school if he finds me talking to one of his friends he'll end me." South Korea explains, shaking as he does. I frown slightly

"Sorry, I didn't know." Japan whispers softly while looking at the ground.

"It's not your fault," South Korea caresses her shoulder lovingly. I can hear a faint purr from Japan which weirds me out. There has to be something wrong with her. Maybe she ate a cat.

I clear my throat as soon as I see a glimpse of a dark shadowy figure from another classroom. "North Korea's about to get here. I advise you to run away." I say quickly, before turning and pretending not to know them. The two sprint away.

My assumption is correct when North Korea comes out of the classroom expressionless as ever. "North!" I wave, trying to be friendly.

He rolls his eyes and opens his laptop, "what do you want?"

I scoff, "that's a little rude."

He deadpans, "I'm leaving then"

"Just help me find my brother, again for the millionth time. Ever since the ball he's not at his usual spot anymore. I have to go search around the school building just to find him at a different location every time!" I groan in frustration.

North Korea hums, "that seems like a you problem."

I glare at him, "it's not like you understand sibling hood. You don't worry about your brother's safety."

"I do," he snaps.

"Do you? He's pretty scared of you from what I can tell." I remind him.

"It's a different type of love that's too complicated for your dumb brain to understand."

"Says the one who got a B on his math test." I grin.

"Don't you dare remind me."

I shrug, "I just did."

"I'm going if you're just going to annoy me."

"No, don't go."

"Bye." North Korea leaves and speeds down the hallway leaving me with no one. I groan. Time to start the troubling journey of finding my brother.

Where to start? Usually I'll have Russia and China help me find him, but they're busy. Russia's in the auditorium competing in a chess competition while China's at a badminton competition at another high school. I sigh. Why is Canada making it so hard for me? I never agreed to this hide and seek game!

I start walking down the hall, checking every classroom. I accidentally stumbled upon my teachers making out. Thankfully I came prepared and snapped a picture. Then I dashed away and turned a corner to find myself in the lunchroom, giggling to myself. They better pay up if they want me to delete this.

I will never find Canada within 15 minutes! Without North Korea's help, it's a dead end. I just came to realize that for the past week Canada went out a lot. I don't know why and where he goes but he always says that he's going to the mall, park, or hanging out with a friend. I wonder what happened. Is he avoiding me?

I exit the cafeteria and make my way to the art room. It's where everyone hides. Canada wouldn't be there but I have a gut feeling he is. I open the door and peek in to hear shuffling and whispering. That must be Canada. I enter and quickly push the art stands away

to uncover, "Mexico?"

The Mexican freezes, "hola América."

I then turn to my brother, "why are you always hiding from me? I don't like this hide and seek game you're playing. I didn't get any help today." I huff.

"Sorry Amy, I just really needed to talk to Mexico in private." Canada scratches his neck.

"Everyday?! You guys have the same classes from 5th to 8th period." I glare angrily. I began ranting about his disappearance for the past week and how hard it was to find him.

"We should tell her." Mexico sighs, hooking his arm with my brother's. Canada nods nervously. "You didn't come with anyone, did you?" Mexico asks. I shake my head.

"Amy, the truth is." Canada fumbles with his shirt, "We're dating." I blink in astonishment. Mouth agape.

"You two are dating?"

"Sí."

I take a step back, still baffled by the revelation, "so you're telling me that all those hangouts were just dates with Mexico?" Canada sheepishly nods his head.

"I'm sorry Amy, I should've told you earlier." Canada apologizes again.

"Does anyone else know about this?" I inquire.

Mexico wipes his sweaty palms on his pants, "I may have told Israel." My brother covers his face in embarrassment.

"My brother's gay. I knew it!" I smirk.

"Amy!"

I laugh while taking out my phone, "kiss for the camera!" Canada and Mexico both start blushing tremendously to my enjoyment.

"America!"

I wheeze and take a deep breath. "You should have told me earlier! I support you." I open the chat to text the one and only Israel.

"Don't make our relationship public. I don't want any attention." Canada glares.

I shrug, "fair enough. My lips are sealed." I smirk. "My brother has a boyfriend, my brother has a boyfriend!" I sing. Canada glares at me and starts pulling me out of the classroom. I whine.

"Bye Mexi, sorry for my sister." Canada says shyly before exiting the art room.

"It's alright," Mexico chuckles slightly.

"Awe, you gave him a nickname. How cute?!" I smirk.

"Amy, shut up!"

'^'

Canada and I make our way back home. All the while I'm bombarding him with questions about his relationship. "Mexico seems like a nice country." I say, skipping alongside Canada.

Canada shrugs, "he understands me and I understand him. It's just bound to be."

"Who confessed first?" I ask.

"Me."

"So desperate." I scoff teasingly.

Canada seems to take offense to that, "well I'm not a bottom, unlike you."

I feel anger burning through me, "I am no bottom!"

"Yes you are. Even if you were in a relationship with a female country, you will always be bottom." Canada smirks.

"Prove it!" I shout.

Canada grins, "gladly. You don't like making the first move in a relationship. You're definitely not dominant. I heard that you were defenseless when Third Reich started touching and kissing you—"

"Shut the f*ck up Maple! I get it!" I groan in frustration, covering my face with my hands, "I don't want to be reminded of that traumatic experience."

He pats my back and I shove him away. He chuckles, "you wanted me to prove my claim."

"Shut up!" I shriek. Canada laughs at my outburst as I pout and huff.

"Amy, don't be mad. I'm sorry." Canada side-hugs me.

I hug him back, "apology accepted." I smile. I snap my fingers when a new thought pops into my head, "we should go on a double date."

"Uh—"

"Please? You with Mexico and me with Ruski." I plead.

He chuckles, "are you that desperate to go out after Father banned you from going anywhere." I nod my head. He sighs, "I'll talk with Mexico about it."

"Yes!" I beam. "We should go to Mc Donald's!"

"Amy, no."

"But—"

"I'll choose the place." Canada smiles, "you're not the best at that."

"Whatever," I roll my eyes.

Canada and I walk in silence. He's texting Mexico while I'm texting Russia. Russia apparently won his match and is moving onto the

next round. I smile happily for him. He then asks me if I saw Canada talking to Ukraine today. Once Ukraine's name pops up on my screen a question arises. Is Canada still friends with Ukraine?

"Maple, I've got a question." I say. He hums, not looking up from his phone. "What happened to you and Ukraine?"

He stares at me in shock for a split second before relaxing again. "We're friends, why?"

"Just wondering." I chuckle, and look back at my phone. I can predict how awkward the rest of our walk will be as soon as I press more. "So, you don't have feelings for her?"

He nods, "she moved on and so did I."

"What do you mean?"

"She's dating Peru." He responds, indifferent.

"We should invite them as well!" I exclaim. Canada facepalms.

"Amy, I don't think that's a good idea."

I scoff, "it is! I heard there's a carnival at the park next week. We could go together!"

"I thought you wanted to keep your relationship a secret from China." Canada gives me a knowing look. Sh*t. He's right. I don't want anyone to find out. "Also, just so you know, Russia told Germany about your relationship with him."

"He what?!"

"They're like brothers. It's reasonable." Canada shrugs.

I nod, "I guess so. Maple, you know what. Scrap the date idea. We should just go to the carnival as a group. That way I can drag China along so others won't be suspicious."

"You're thinking straight for once."

"Maple!"

'^'

After a quick shower I take out my phone to call Russia. I pause when I see thirty miss calls from Israel. What does she want to talk about urgently? I Facetime her and before I could even greet her she asked, "Do you want the good news first or bad news?" I pondered for a bit before replying to hear the positive news first. "Finally, you know about your brother's relationship! I've been urging them to tell you for the past month." She exaggerates.

I giggle, "I was honestly surprised. I didn't know that they were meant for each other. I think Maple loves him. I can tell by how many times he went out without me!" I huff, still mad at Canada for ditching me at home most of the time.

"Okay, now for the bad news." Israel takes a deep breath. "Taiwan told me that on the bus ride back from the badminton competition, China and Vietnam were making out at the back of the bus. He said they looked very intimate. Then he sent a video of them kissing." My heart immediately drops when I hear that.

"Send me the video. I want to see it for myself." I say, monotone. Israel nods her head and gulps. She hesitantly sends it to me. I sigh. I shouldn't be thinking too much. I'm not dating him and he doesn't like me. "Do you know anything that happened during the match that led to them kissing?" I ask.

"I can ask Taiwan for you." Israel says.

I nod, "yeah. I'm going to think about this for a while. I'll text you later."

"If you need anything or a person to talk to, I'm available." She smiles softly.

"You're one of the only countries I can trust. Thank you," I sigh, laying on my bed.

"No problem."

I end the call and take a deep breath. The door to my room opens slowly and in comes my siblings. "How much did you guys hear?" I ask.

"Enough." New Zealand mumbles.

Australia jumps onto the bed and lays down next to me, "don't be sad Amy. He doesn't deserve you."

"I'm not sad, Aussie. I only need time to think about what to do next. Countries are going to know he's quote unquote cheating on me. It's not good for my reputation because I'll be deemed as weak and vulnerable." I glare at the ceiling in frustration.

"Wow, that was not what I was expecting to hear mate." Australia stares at me dumbfounded.

"I thought you loved him?" New Zealand inquires, walking over to my side.

"We made a deal. There's no love involved." I explain.

"Amy, we'll come up with something. Don't worry. Right now we need to do our homework." Canada explains, sitting at the end of my bed.

I nod my head, "you're right. I can deal with this tomorrow—"

My phone rings again. It's from Israel. I put her on loud speaker so my sibling can hear the conversation clearer. "Ame! The school's news team recorded a video of the participants for the next chess game and they captured India kissing Russia forcefully!"

"That b*tch!" I growl, sitting up angrily.

"Amy, relax. I'm sure he's loyal." New Zealand caresses my hand.

"I have a suspicion that India and Vietnam were conspiring against you at South Korea's birthday party. They were talking a lot after you went to bed."

I grumble in annoyance, "did Russia do anything?"

"He cursed, wiped his lips, and slapped her. I hope he doesn't get disqualified because of that. It was self defense because India tried touching him." After hearing that, I breathe a sigh of relief. He's loyal and that's why I love him.

"Also, about China." Israel hesitates, "Taiwan said Vietnam and him are apparently taking a shower together because he could hear the water running and unpleasant noises."

I shrug, "reasonable."

"You should break up with him, even if he's only your fake boyfriend." Israel mumbles. I look at Canada for his opinion. He seems pretty angry from what I can tell. Angrier than me for some reason.

He sighs, "don't worry Amy. I'll talk to India and Vietnam for you. Don't do anything stupid though."

I chuckle angrily, "oh, I don't care about Vietnam, but India's going to suffer."

"Can we help?" Australia pleads. New Zealand and him start looking at me with adorable puppy eyes.

"No."

"Pretty please? I'll clean your room for the week." New Zealand begs. Canada shakes his head, but I don't care anymore. Anger got the better of me and I agree.

Australia rubs his hands together with an evil grin.

"Let the games begin."

□□°• ·⊹·☾. *Aussie Rocks* .☽·⊹·• °□□
□ □

Was MexCan expected?

Does Ukraine know?

*Is China a b*tch?!*□

Vote! Means the world to me ❤

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America POV

Australia, New Zealand, and I worked all day and night to plan out the prank. I even asked North Korea to shut down all the school's security cameras so we can set up everything. Surprisingly, North Korea gave us a ton of useful suggestions. He said he can't come, but will be looking through the cameras. Canada helped by telling us India's daily schedule. We will attack after school during India's chess club.

Unfortunately New Zealand and Australia have to go to their middle school and can't watch. Either way, I'll let them watch through the security cameras. I can already imagine them laughing their *sses off when we accomplish our goal.

The bell rings and I zoom out of class to catch up with the chess club's president: Russia. He has no idea what's about to happen. I wait for him to exit his classroom and he smiles when he sees me. "Привет Америка, ready for chess?"

"Yes I am!" I giggle happily. I am so ready.

We walked down the hallway, passing the other students who were leaving. "Do you know how to play?" Russia asks.

I shrug, "my Father taught me when I was really little. I remember some aspects of it, but not all. Maple is a better player than me. He plays it often with Father."

"I'll teach you. Today we're going to go over some basic rules." Russia hums.

"Thank you Ruski. You're the best." I quickly peck his cheek when no one's looking.

He blushes, "Америка!"

"Yeah?" I smile innocently. He curses in his native tongue before kissing me on the lips. Now it's my turn to get embarrassed.

"Ruski! Not here!" I whisper-shout. My cheeks turn hot red when he grabs my hand. He drags me inside the designated classroom and sets me on the table. I stare at him in shock, "Ruski." He kisses me tenderly, but I quickly turn my head away from him.

He frowns, "Америка."

I bite my lips nervously, "North Korea will see from the security cameras and the people from your club will catch us."

Russia moves his thumb along my lips, "North Korea cares less who I'm dating and my club starts in 15 minutes. We have time." I look at him skeptically.

"Are you sure?"

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes—"

Russia kisses me softly. My arms wrap around his neck deepening the kiss. Although I don't feel safe kissing him in school, I trust him. Even if we do get caught, it wouldn't really matter. China's 'cheating' on me with another chick so I will 'cheat' on him with his best friend.

Russia breaks the kiss and looks at me with lustful eyes full of endless desire. "Я тебя люблю."

"Ya t–ze t–ba lyu–byu," I say back with my broken Russian.

He chuckles and caresses my cheek, "it's Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu." He says it slower for me to understand. I try repeating it only for him to laugh at me.

"Hey! I'm still learning." I huff, crossing my arms. Russia rolls his eyes teasingly before pulling on the collar of my shirt to reveal my

many hickies. I glare at him, "I don't want more. Father will get angrier. He already saw the ones on my arm and hands." He frowns slightly.

I pull on his shirt to find no visible hickies. I smirk and kiss his neck. He slightly gasps in surprise, but relaxes. I start nibbling on his collarbone. "Америка," I hear him say airily. I grin to myself and start sucking his sweet spot. He groans softly and grips my thigh. I squeak slightly before placing more love bites on his neck. Hearing him slightly whimper is so f*cking hot. His voice is still very masculine and I'm just in love with it!

His phone's alarm suddenly rings. "Америка, the club members will be here any minute now." I slightly whine when he says that. He fixes his shirt to hide the hickies I gave him and helps me off the table. He opens the light of the classroom and then opens a closet containing chess boards and pieces. I walk over to him and help him set up the classroom. One by one, the club members arrive and some are surprised that I'm here. Eventually, everyone arrives, including the infamous India. I can see her glaring at me before she makes it to her desk. I grin to myself and click a red button in my pocket. The prank has started.

Russia starts his presentation. I could only concentrate on his handsome features and none of the words coming out of his mouth. I'm so lucky to have him as my boyfriend. He's so caring and loving. Most importantly, he is loyal! As the lesson continues, Russia asks a question and when no one raises their hands he calls on me. I freak out because I don't know anything he said. Thankfully, the club members' laughs saved me.

"She's peeing!"

"That's so embarrassing."

"I'm getting it all on video!"

India stands up frantically trying to prove that her seat is the culprit. The club members laugh harder when they see her white pants with red dye. Well, they think it's blood.

"India, get a tampon!"

"That's gross."

I can't help, but sneak a giggle. She immediately looks at me with anger, "you did this!"

I pretend to be innocent by shaking my head, "go to the bathroom to fix yourself up." Russia immediately sees through my lie and grins, amused.

"Ugh!" India groans. She makes her way out the door.

"3...2...1..."

A bucket of green slime drops on her head. She freezes and screams in frustration while everyone laughs at her, including Russia. "अमेरिका, you did this!" India screams angrily, pointing at me accusingly.

"Do you want me to help you clean up? I can get you some tampons." I say softly, standing up from my seat. India glares furiously at me and starts walking towards me. Russia quickly comes to my side.

"Go to the bathroom and clean yourself." Russia says sternly. India is shocked for a second before pushing me to the ground. Thankfully, Russia caught me just in time. This enrages India more and she stomps out the classroom with a trail of green slime.

I snap, "f*cking b*tch. I was trying to help you."

'^'

After the club finished, everyone started putting away the chess boards. India was so embarrassed and angry that she didn't come back. It's a success. Russia seemed to be happier after that incident and I can hear the club members whisper about it. A victory for me!

Russia looks at his phone and frowns slightly. He grabs his bookbag and mine, "something came up. I'll need to go. Norway, you're in charge." He then grabs me and pulls me out of the classroom.

"Ruski, what's wrong?" I ask as he speeds down the hall and towards the exit.

"Nothing's wrong." He replies, "I just need to talk with you—in private." I shrug. He's carrying my backpack so I'm fine with being dragged round.

Once we reach his car he pushes me into the back seat. Before I could even understand the situation, he hovered on top of me with a smirk. I blush, "what?"

"Were you jealous of India?" He hums, poking my cheek.

I cross my arms, "no."

"You're lying."

"No!"

"That's also a lie."

I groan, "yeah, I was mad that she kissed you yesterday."

He chuckles, "don't be. You know I don't like her."

"Yeah, but Israel told me she was trying to touch you inappropriately as well. I can't let that slide. You're mine!" I hug him in a bear hug. Russia smiles and kisses my cheek.

"Я тебя люблю."

"Ya t–zhe te–ya lyubl–u"

"It's—"

"Shut up and kiss me!"

'^'

Russia brought me over to his place. We made sure no one saw us when we went to his room. I immediately jumped on his bed face first. I'm so tired. New Zealand, Australia, and I stayed up the whole night trying to pull this prank off.

Russia lays next to me and relaxes. He hugs me close and I snuggle into his chest. "How long did you take to set up that prank?" Russia asks, slowly stoking my back.

"The entire night. Aussie, Kiwi, and I went to the school to set it up within an hour before Father got suspicious. Maple was the only one that got enough sleep." I mumble. "I was furious."

Russia chuckles, "I'm sure she learned her place after that incident."

"She's too dumb to know." I grumble. I yawn tiredly.

Russia gets up and sighs, "I better start doing homework."

"Don't leave me." I whine tiredly, flipping to my side to look at him.

Russia pulls me onto his lap and I hug him. He gets up and carries me to his desk. Then he sits down and starts doing work. I stuff my face in his neck. He's toned but is still built like a pillow. I can fall asleep on him instantly.

"Ruski," I mumble tiredly.

"Hmm?" He responds.

"Maple is over Ukraine. He's dating Mexico."

"That's great news." Russia says with enthusiasm.

I hum in agreement, "and your sister is dating Peru."

Russia shrugs, "I accept that."

I yawn, "I was thinking, maybe we could go to the carnival with them."

Russia stops writing and sets his pen down. "I'll bring Китай then to ease out suspicion." I tense up at China's name, but eventually calm down. I don't like him. He's nothing to me. "Америка?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll bring Israel to even out the numbers then." I say.

"There's no need."

"You're bringing your best friend, I should bring mine too!"

Russia rolls his eyes and chuckles softly, "alright, you win."

□□°• ⊹☾. Poor poor India □ .☽⊹• °□□
□ □

Do you guys approve of Russia and America's relationship? 😁👍

Why is Ukraine dating Peru?□

How supportive are America's siblings?
😈

Vote!□

☆* ⋆ 30 ⋆ *☆

[image]

·.*°* ☆ Avoidance ☆ *°*.

America POV

"She did it! I swear she did!" India screams angrily, pointing at me.

After that day, India reported me to the principal's office. Thankfully North Korea is on my side as he also found her stupidly silly. Canada is still mad at me, but not as much anymore. What does he think I'm going to do? Sit back and watch India harass my boyfriend?! Obviously not. I took action and I will pay the consequences.

I pretend to be innocent, "you're accusing me of something I never did! I was only trying to help you. You definitely hate me."

"No, it was you!"

"Stop accusing me of something I've never done!"

"Girls, girls." Mr.Gondwana sighs, "we will resolve this matter. I will keep an eye on both of you until we find the culprit. You two may leave."

"Mr. Gondwana! She is clearly bullying me like how she bullies other students, like यूक्रेन." India glares.

"She is my brother's friend and I don't make fun of others." I deadpan.

India opens her mouth to say something else but China comes in. He smiles, "你好! Mrs. T told me to give you some papers." He places the documents on the principal's desk and looks at me in question. I roll my eyes in annoyance. I don't want to see him here.

"Thank you son." The principal smiles warmly before putting the

documents away. China is the favorite of almost every teacher at this school. How is that possible?!

"Mind if I ask what's happening here?" China asks. He leans on my chair and I feel him play with a strand of my hair.

The principal gestures for India to start talking, which she does. She goes on a rant accusing me of setting up the traps, making her classmates think she's gross, and how now everyone laughs at her behind her back. "And it's all her fault!" India glares angrily.

"美国, did you do it? Don't lie to me." China says softly, resting his hand only on my shoulder. I shrug his hand off.

I sigh, "for the millionth time, I didn't do it! You don't even have evidence. You're the one that caused all this and is framing me for your own actions." I huff, glaring angrily at the Indian. She gasps, offended.

China looks at me, clearly seeing through my lie, "美国 is right, you don't have evidence." India huffs in annoyance. "But, I do know one person who you should investigate. I've heard him talking about how he wants to break you and make you suffer." India burns in rage at this. She asks who and China only shrugs. "You may know him as 巴基斯坦."

India gasps and immediately storms out of the office. The principal, buying into China's lie, thanks him. I'm off the hook, but if the truth was revealed I'd be in trouble. I wouldn't want Father finding out about my shenanigans.

"No problem. I'll see you later." China waves, leading me out of the principal's office. We walk down the hallway in silence as we listen to the murmurs of students in the hallways. Some gasped about drama while others talked about tests. China tries holding my hand, but I pretend not to notice. I'm still mad at him for the incident the other day. I'm sure he's happy with his new girlfriend and here I was thinking we had something special. No. We never had anything special. It's a fake relationship.

When we almost reach the lunch room, China grabs my hand and

pulls me toward him forcefully. I see the other students looking at us with curiosity. One wrong move and they would spread rumors. I turn my attention back to China who looks desperate for an answer. "Why are you avoiding me?" He whispers softly. I try pushing him away but he grabs both my wrists.

I sigh, "I'm not avoiding you. You have your own life and I have mine. You're overthinking." China doesn't seem pleased with my answer. He looks into my eyes, trying to find the other reason. I don't make eye contact with him. My eyes scan around the hallway and I eventually see Vietnam. Her presence makes me irritated, but f*ck it. China is her's. She was right from the start.

"Vietnam! China needs to talk to you about something really important." I call her over.

China looks at me with anger. "I thought you hated her," he grits his teeth. I smile, indifferently by his attitude as the Vietnamese approach us. China lets me go and sighs, before turning to the Vietnamese country in disgust. I quickly slip through the cafeteria doors to find Russia.

He's eating with Ukraine, Mexico, Canada, and Peru. It must be awkward being the fifth wheel. He won't be anymore though! I skip over to his side and sit next to him happily. He smiles, "Привет Америка."

"Pr—ivet Rossi—ya!" I giggle.

He nods, "getting better."

"Is it just me, or did Rusia smile?" Mexico gasps, astonished. Russia immediately drops his smile to a glare. Mexico swallows, trembling in fear.

Ukraine laughs slightly, "he only smiles around his family and friends—I mean best friends." Ukraine comes in Russia's defense, not blowing our cover.

Wait a minute, does she know Russia and I are dating? I've never questioned that in my life till now. I know Belarus knows. She may

have told her sister. "Does your sister know about us?" I whisper into Russia's ear. He coughs slightly on his food before nodding his head.

"She wouldn't say anything though. Don't worry." Russia hums, handing me a box of sushi rolls.

I gasp, "for me? You're so sweet." I feel my heart flutter a little when I see his smile back on his face.

He leans towards me, "I stole it from Japan." I snicker. He would never do that. It's either he bought it from her or she gave it to him. I am so lucky to have him as my boyfriend.

Canada clears his throat, breaking my concentration from my Russian boyfriend, "Amy." I look at him and he tilts his head toward the side to get my attention at the doors. Standing there is China. I see a few red lipstick stains on his cheek and the corner of his lips. He looks around the cafeteria in search of something. I pretended not to look at him by looking at my sushi, but curiosity for the better of me and we made eye contact. Sh*t, just great.

"I forgot to finish my project." I get up from my seat, pretending to be worried.

"You can do it here, we can help you with it." Peru suggests. China's walking towards us now and I need to get away fast.

I shake my head, "Israel's waiting for me." My phone dings. "That must be Isa." In reality, I know it's my brother who messaged me.

Russia frowns slightly, "you haven't eaten your food."

I hate it when he's unhappy, but I can't help it this time. And I hate lying to him! "I'll see you later. Bye guys." I hurry away through the double doors just in time. I peek through the door's window as China stares at my empty seat and slowly sit down next to Russia, expressionless. I sigh in relief.

Canada told me that the best way to get over him is by ghosting him. The feeling will eventually fade away. But, my heart is telling me something different from my brain. It hurts to leave him

hanging there. I sigh and start strolling around the hallway with no particular direction. There is no project. Israel's in class.

I walk into the library and find a seat. I rest my head on my arms and groan softly. I'm mad at China even though I am not his girlfriend. F*ck, why am I even mad at him? No, I'm disappointed in him. Yeah. That's right.

I mindlessly play with a strand of my hair. Am I doing the right thing? This is what Canada told me to do and I've done this so many times in my other schools. Why does it affect me now?

I groan in annoyance. I hear other couples in the library talking and teasing each other. I wish Russia and I didn't hide our relationship. We wouldn't be on the constant look out. Either way, Father wouldn't approve of it.

I guess I'll just sleep. I'll figure everything out later. I yawn. I can't f*cking sleep though. The library is too loud. Can't these couples find another place to kiss? I want to sleep!

I feel a tap on my shoulder disturbing me from my thoughts. "What do you want?" I grumble, annoyed.

I hear the country sigh, "Америка, where's Израиль and your project?" He pulls a chair next to me and sits down.

"Hey Ruski," I chuckle nervously, leaning on my arm to look at him. He looks at me with concern. "I forgot that Isa's still in class so I just got ready for bed you see—"

He places his index finger on my lips. "What's going on? You're acting differently." Russia inquires.

"I'm still really jealous that India kissed you, that's all," I giggle, holding his hand.

"Аме—"

"I mean, I saw that b*tch talking to you today and I was pissed!"

"Америка—"

"And then I saw her hug you which infuriated me even more but I couldn't do anything because she'll be suspicious about our relationship—"

Russia covers my mouth with his hand. I huff in annoyance and cross my arms. He groans and rubs his nose bridge, "you're avoiding Китай and I need an explanation."

I pale, "I'm not avoiding him. What are you talking about?"

Russia gives me a 'seriously?' look and I know I'm in deep trouble. "You left the cafeteria when he came. You don't walk to class with him anymore. There are many signs, Америка."

I roll my eyes, mumbling softly to myself "he deserves it after what he's done."

Russia looks stumped, "pardon?"

Sh*t. Think America! Think! "I'm just really tired and don't want to socialize today." I yawn, resting my head in my arms.

"That's no excuse," Russia chuckles, pulling me onto his lap. I feel my cheeks burn red.

"Ruski, let me go!" I whisper-scream, determined to get off his lap.

"Нет, not before you tell me why you're avoiding Китай " he rests his chin on the crook of my neck and I internally scream. I try making him release his hold on me to no avail. I don't want to tell him and possibly lose him. I need to get out of this situation, fast.

Thankfully my phone starts ringing. It's Canada. "Hello?"

"Amy, Russia just left. I have a feeling he's with you right now. If you want to leave, tell him that I called you to the art room because —personal issues. Bye." He hangs up.

"Ruski, I need to go." I say. He lets me off his lap but grabs my hand, preventing me from leaving.

He frowns, "Америка, I don't like it when you keep secrets from

me." Sh*t. He makes me feel guilty.

My phone rings again, "I got to go. See you later." I snatch my hand away from him and rush out of the library in a hurry.

I'm sorry Ruski.

□□°• ⊹☾. What are you doing America?! 🫣 .☽⊹• °□□
□ □

Do you think America's making the right choice? 🫣

Does China deserve this?□

Is Canada a good brother? 🫣

Easter day special

[image]

Happy easter day!

Young (colonies)America POV

"Alright kids, line up behind the white line." My mommy hums, clapping her hands joyfully.

China grabs my hand, "come on, let's go to this end. There aren't that much people and I see a lot of Easter eggs!"

I smile widely, "okay China!"

We skip to the end of the white line. While waiting, I map out the path we should take to maximize our eggs. There's a blue egg right in front of use so one of us should get that. Then there's a purple egg that's a little farther. "China, I'll run to the back to get eggs while you take the front. That way we can win!" I exclaim.

China nods, "okay 美国!" We look at the other children that are starting to fight for a better spot on the line where there are numerous eggs. China holds my hand tightly, "they're stupid."

"I agree." I giggle. I look towards our empty baskets, wondering something. "Why do you call me 美国?"

China stays silent for a while which worries me. I look at him and he seems to be covering his face with his other hand. "Because you're beautiful." He mumbles shyly.

"Thanks," I stutter, looking away from him. My best friend thinks I'm beautiful! I feel so warm inside. "I think you're very handsome," I say, adding to the awkwardness.

"谢谢," he mutters. It doesn't help that we're holding hands because

I know my palms are sweaty, and his is too. But we don't let go. It's as if we want to stay like this.

The tapping of a microphone is heard. An empire, probably R.E., stands on the stage with a wide grin on his face. "On the 'go', you guys can start collecting your eggs. The top three with the most eggs will get a surprise gift!"

"Папа, what kind of surprises?" I see a kid ask. He looks to be around our age. Maybe China's age since he looks older. He's also wearing a weird fluffy hat. It's not even cold, why is he wearing it?

The empire chuckles, "that's for you to find out when you win. Now kids, are you ready?"

"Yeah!" Everyone screams as loudly as they can. China and I look at each other, ready to win this prize. I hope it's something that I like. Or maybe, McDonald's! Daddy hasn't bought me any happy meals since forever!

"Ready,

Set,

Go!"

We take off. I run to the back where the majority of eggs are. All I could think about is to collect eggs. Red, white, blue, green, yellow —collect them all! I try taking a purple egg, but someone else snatches it away from me. It's the same person who asked about the surprises. "Give it back!" I glare.

The guy in the weird hat glares back, "I got it first. Go find another egg."

Being the stubborn person I am, I take the egg out of his basket and make a run for it. "That's not nice!" He shouts, chasing after me.

"You're not nice!" I scream back, collecting a few more eggs on the way. He clearly stole the egg I got so it's only fair I'm taking it back!

I accidentally trip on the bumpy ground, holding my basket tightly

as I do. Unfortunately, he lands on top of me. "Get off!" I shriek, not wanting my dress to get even more dirty or else daddy will get mad.

"Not until you give me the egg you stole from me!" He huffs, turning me onto my back so that I'm facing him.

I try pushing him off of me while screaming, "I touched that egg first! You're the one who stole it." He glares at me, unable to admit that he's in the wrong.

"Well, stealing is wrong. I'll tell your parents." He threatens.

I roll my eyes, "then I will tell yours." We stare at each other, both getting angrier by the second.

"Guys, the whistle was blown. No need to fight anymore." China comes running up to us with his full basket of colorful eggs. The guy in the hat gets off of me and dusts himself off.

"But we need to settle this, give me back my egg!" He glares.

I shake my head, "no, it's mine!"

"What color is the egg?" China asks.

"Blue."
"Red."

We stare at each other, now finding another reason to argue. "It was blue! Where did you get red from?" I shout.

"I remember clearly that the egg was red!" He reasons.

"The egg was purple, you're both wrong." China laughs. The weird hat guy's cheeks flush red in embarrassment. I look away at the ground, not wanting to admit defeat.

"Whatever, you can take the egg." He mumbles.

"No, you take it. I feel bad." I grab the purple egg from my basket and hand it to him.

He refuses to take it, "you can have it. I need to take care of the younger. That's what Папа always said."

"How do you know I'm younger than you?" I huff.

"I'm 9, you?"

I bite my lips, "I'm 7, but I'm turning 8 in about 4 months!"

He smirks, "you're a baby!"

"No I'm not!"

China laughs, "stand up and show us your height."

I blush, "my height doesn't mean anything!" I stand up and dust myself off. The guy with the weird hat measures how tall I am compared to him with his hand.

He giggles, "you're a shortie!" China laughs along with him making me feel betrayed.

"Stop laughing at me!" I whine, hugging China tightly. He rubs my back in circles while his laugh dies down. I stuff my face in his chest, unwilling to face reality.

"Are you two in love?" The guy in the weird hat jokes.

"No! We're only best friends." I stammer.

He smirks, "doesn't seem like it to me. Bye! Have fun!" He takes his basket and skips away towards the crowd of students counting their eggs. I quickly stop hugging China after his comment.

China frowns, "is something wrong?"

"No. Let's go count our eggs!" I take my basket in one hand and use the other to hold China's hand. We run to the crowd, hoping that we won the surprise gift.

...

"How many eggs do you have? I got 25." I say, looking at China's

bundle. It does seem like he has more than me.

After he's done counting he starts opening a yellow egg. "I have 29." He says.

"I'll give you one so you have 30!" I grin, putting a purple egg in his basket.

He smiles, "thanks 美国!"

"The highest egg count is 21 so far. Anyone have higher?" An empire asks. I think that's G.E.

"I have 24 and China has 30!" I beam.

The empire nods. "Does anyone have higher than 30?" He asks, looking around the students. No one said anything, so China won!

"You two, come up." G.E. smiles. I smile giddily as we make our way up to the stage. I'm happy that China got 1 place! He deserves it. The empire then tells another student to come up.

"It's you again," I glare teasingly.

He rolls his eyes, "I bet you two kissed after I left. That is gross."

China rolls his eyes, "we did not. You, on the other hand, probably kissed hundreds of cootie infected girls!"

"Enough of the bickering. Here are your prizes." R.E. chuckles, handing China a small wrapped up box. He gives me a deformed box and the weird hat guy gets an even weirder deformed box. Well, I wouldn't say mine is a box. It's squishy. "You guys can open it." He smiles. With that cue, I start ripping the wrapper away to reveal a bear plushy. I look over at China and he got a one pound gold bar. I look over at the weird hat guy and he got an eagle plushy.

He looks at me, and then my plushy. "Want to trade?" He offers.

I nod my head and we exchange plushies. I hug it tightly. I love eagles. He seems to like bears more. "Smile for the camera!"

Mommy waves her hand so that we can focus on the camera lens.

China holds my hand and we smile. I raise my eagle plushy high in the air while he shows his gold bar with pride. This is the best day ever!

"Want to eat the chocolates from our eggs?" China grins smugly.

I nod my head eagerly, "let do it! You eat the dark chocolates because that's your favorite and I eat the milk chocolate because dark chocolate is too bitter."

"Deal!"

^
Happy Easter everyone!🐣🇺🇸🎉

Haha, this gives a slight insight of China and America's relationship in the past. But, it shows how America got her eagle plushy! 🇺🇸 Rah rah rah. And why China is **obsessed** with gold.

☆* ⋆ 31 ⋆ *☆

[image]

·.*°* ☆ Day 8 ☆ *°*.

America POV

Day 8 of avoiding China. We've become more distant physically and figuratively. Honestly, it's unbearable. I want to talk to him. I want to see him smile again. Unfortunately, that would make me like him more than I do. The only times we do interact is when the school has social gatherings. Although reluctant, I have to stay next to him to show that we are a happy couple. Sometimes, we hold hands, and I do not want to get to how good it feels touching him again.

I'm so grateful I have Canada as my brother. When Russia tries to get answers out of me, he would distract him or drag me away. I know Russia's just caring for his friend and I want to answer him, but I don't have an answer. I don't know why I'm doing this or what good it will bring. I just want to keep my distance and, hopefully, keep my feelings locked away in a jar. I'm mad at him because he possibly f*cked Vietnam. I'm just—I don't know.

"Amy, what do you think?" Canada chuckles, nudging me out of my trance.

"What?" I ask, looking up from the table to see 6 pairs of concerned eyes.

Ukraine frowns, "you've been staring at nothing for 20 minutes straight. Are you okay?"

"No," I groan, covering my face with my hands. "I don't like being the 7th wheel!" This causes the couples to blush. I laugh at Germany's face. He always goes so red whenever someone makes him remember that he's dating Poland. It's funny how he thinks Poland is still unreachable while he's literally dating her.

Germany glares at me, unable to utter a word while Poland kisses his cheek lovingly. "Hey guys!" Israel chirps, sitting next to me with Taiwan following suit.

I slam my head against the table, "now I'm the 9th wheel."

"What?"
"不是!"

I wish Russia would sit with me. He keeps China company at the other table and I always see tons of girls surrounding the two countries. Afterall, they're popular and there are rumors spreading around that China and I broke up. We never broke up because there wasn't an us, but it feels like we broke up because I always have this lingering feeling of pain when I look at him smiling at the other countries he's talking to. He won't smile like that at me any more. I ended it all to save my heart.

To save my soul.

"Amy, you're doing it again." Canada sighs, moving his hand in front of my eyes.

I smile at him, "I'm just thinking about my upcoming physics test. Nothing much." Canada looks at me, concerned for my well being.

"América, what happened to you and China?" He asks. Canada slaps his boyfriend's hand. "Sorry." Mexico quickly says, making up for his mistake. He smiles nervously, rubbing his hand.

I clasp my hands together and smile, "nothing happened. I just like spending time with you guys."

Israel hugs me, "Awe, you're so sweet! I love you."

"I love you too," I giggle, hugging her back. Looking over her shoulder, I can tell Taiwan knows something's up. He raises an eyebrow and shakes his head slowly.

"中國 really wants to know 'why'" Taiwan whispers. My smile goes fake. Am I taking it too far? He isn't even my boyfriend, but it feels like he is. F*ck, what am I talking about? I have Russia.

I pretend to act confused, "what 'why'? I don't understand."

Taiwan shakes his head disapprovingly. "You know what I mean."

'^'

"Amy, you are not okay."

"I'm fine, Maple. Better than ever actually!" I smile widely, trying to cover up the pain I feel inside.

New Zealand shakes her head, "no you're not! Even Father is worried. Don't you think you're taking this a bit too far?" She sits down next to me on the couch. Before I could speak, Canada answered for me.

"No, she's not taking it far. In fact, it's not good enough."

Australia slides off the couch and groans, "what do you mean? She's clearly suffering so we need to stop this! Let them forgive each other."

"Aussie, I'm not saying that word to him. It isn't even my fault!" I glare.

He rolls his eyes, "Well, it's your fault for ghosting him for a little more than a week!" I hate how he's right. I did avoid him and he seemed to get irritated whenever I did.

I roll my eyes, "he deserved it!"

"For doing what?" New Zealand inquires.

"F–for f*cking Vietnam!" I stutter.

She laughs, "sounds like you're jealous! Amy, you're not even dating him."

"Shut up!" I grumble, covering my face with my hands. I don't understand why I'm feeling this f*cking way! I don't want to feel this way.

Canada looks at the calendar on the wall and points to April 12. The day of the carnival. I completely forgot about it! "Amy, you're not going." He says, monotone.

"Why not?! I want to go on the rides. I've been waiting for so long!" I whine, getting angry. "Don't take this last joy away from me." I growl, pointing my finger accusingly at him.

Canada turns around, frowning slightly. "You won't find it enjoyable with China around, Amy. I want the best for you." He mumbles softly.

"Come on! Amy needs a day to relax. She could care less about China." New Zealand comes to my aid.

Australia nods his head in agreement. "Maple, please?" he begs with his puppy eyes. New Zealand starts doing the same much to Canada's annoyance.

"No." He says sternly.

I glare at him, "I'm going. I don't care about China."

"Amy, it's not a good idea. You'll like him again."

"I don't care. I have Ruski and that's that." I state.

Canada groans and slides his hand down his face while my two younger siblings shriek with joy that I'm going to the carnival.

"Amy—"

"Can't wait to go on the zero gravity ride!"

□□°• ⊹☾. CARNIVAL! .☽⊹• °□□
□ □
America is ready to rock the carnival without worries! Are you? 😈 ✧

☆* ⋆ 32 ⋆ *☆

[image]

.*°* ☆ Decisions ☆ *°*.

America POV

New Zealand giggles, "you should wear this!" She pulls out a hanger with nothing on it.

"Kiwi!" I glare. She laughs and puts the hanger back.

"Oh, I know!" She pulls out a white cropped blouse.

"I can't wear that. Do you see this?" I pulled down the collar of my shirt to reveal my fading hickies.

She shrugs. "It shows that you're taken," she smirks. I shake my head in disapproval. "Can I wear it then?" she asks slyly.

"You have your own clothes!"

"But Amy—"

"No."

"Please?"

"No."

"Pretty please?"

"No."

"I'll clean your room for three days." She begs on her knees, with her hands clasped together, looking up at me with those adorable puppy dog eyes.

"Fine. Don't ruin it or else you'll have to pay me." I glare,

succumbing to her pleas.

"Yeah yeah, I know." She rolls her eyes jokingly. "What are you going to wear though?"

"Something not revealing. I don't want Father to see my hickies. Hell go crazy!" I explain the obvious. I reach into my closet to get a simple white shirt with my flag on it. Then I grab a pair of light blue short jeans. A simple and ordinary outfit, nothing too fancy or revealing.

"Your hickies aren't that visible and your outfit is too basic for someone like you!" New Zealand pointed out.

I roll my eyes, "when did you start caring about what I wear?"

"Since my wish for you to get double penetrated."

"You little b*tch!" She runs out of my room and I chase her down the hallway.

"I'm not sorry Amy!"

'^'

"I can't wait!" I squeak when I see the bright lights of the carnival in the distance. Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and I are walking to the park where the carnival is held. I can already hear the screams of joy which gets me even more excited. I want to go on every carnival ride!

New Zealand giggles, "you're acting like a child Amy!"

"Shut up. Let me have this moment." I glare.

"Maple, are you excited to see her?" Australia smirks. I immediately turn my head around to look at the Canadian. Is he keeping something away from me? It sure seems like it.

Canada stares at Australia in confusion, "who's her?"

"Ukraine, duh."

"Aussie, I told you. I'm over her. I have Mexi now." Canada deadpans.

"What?" Australia blinks for a few seconds, stumped by the new found information before receiving a slap from New Zealand. "Hey! What's your problem?" He screams

"You're our problem, spider-head." New Zealand pushes his outback hat so that it covers his eyes. "You need to keep your mouth shut my dear brother."

Australia groans in frustration and apologizes to Canada which the latter accepts. I shrug, Australia is stupid sometimes. He can't keep up with new information and is stuck in the past with his jokes.

We arrive at the parks entrance where all our friends—those include Russia, Germany, Poland, Ukraine, Peru, and Mexico—are chatting. Canada immediately embraces Mexico while my two younger siblings get dragged away by—Japan? "Don't you f*cking dare do anything to my siblings!" I glare at her.

She giggles, "I only want to do things with you, don't worry." She winks and flees, leaving me disgusted. I think I'm going to throw up!

Russia chuckles, "I think she's into you."

"No sh*t!" I grumble in annoyance. "I'd rather kiss Third Reich." I mumble. The group suddenly becomes quiet with only Russia laughing.

Germany pushes his glasses up and grins slyly, "let's test that theory. She's here right now."

I stare at him in anger and fright, "go f*ck yourself! I'm only here to go on the rides." I glare at the Russian who's still laughing. "Ruski! Stop! It's not funny!" I whine, punching him on the back softly.

"You won." Mexico sighs, handing Canada ten bucks.

Canada smiles, taking the money, "I told you, she's a bottom."

"No I'm not! Y-you are!" I shriek.

As Canada and I continue arguing about who's bottom, China and Taiwan show up with the tickets. "Did we miss something?" Taiwan asks, confused.

I glare at Canada, he grins and before anything could escape his mouth I slap him hard on the cheek. "We don't discuss this ever again."

"China, is Amy a bottom?"

"F*ck you syrup brain!"

'^'

I am adamant about keeping my distance from China, like Canada said, so I'm talking to his brother Taiwan for the time being. He's the complete opposite of China: a kind hearted country. I don't think he's ever done any manipulating or shady business in his life! He's so much better than half the countries in this school. Right now, everyone's talking in their respective groups. Basically, Russia and China; Poland and Germany; Ukraine, Peru, Canada, and Mexico; and Taiwan and I. We're all waiting for the guitar ride.

Taiwan and I talked about school and life matters. I've realized during our conversation he keeps looking around which bothers me because I think he's getting bored of me. "Taiwan, I've noticed your eyes wandering around a bit. Is something bothering you?" I ask, concerned.

"No, nothing at all. I just want to know if 以色列 is here." He stutters nervously. By his expression I could tell he has some feelings for her.

I smirk, "don't worry lover boy. Your future girlfriend will be here soon."

"What? I don't like her that way!" Taiwan blushes red, completely proving my statement. I chuckle lightly.

"I can see through your lies." I sigh, still smiling. He covers his face

with his hands and mumbles in defeat. "Just so you know, I think she has some feelings for you too." I grin.

"Really?!"

"台湾, you're so desperate." I hear China chuckle behind me. He rests his arm on my shoulder and I brush it off, much to his dismay. I do not want to be near him.

Russia face palms, "she'll know you like her immediately."

Taiwan grumbles in annoyance, "stop judging me!"

"I'm not." Russia scoffs, "I'm stating the obvious."

"Fix up your own love life before caring about mine!" Taiwan glares, red in the face. He begins to leave for the direction of the stores.

China gasps, pretending to be surprised, "I see 以色列!"

Taiwan rushes back to us, "where? Where?"

"Nowhere." China bursts out laughing. I roll my eyes at his silly joke while Taiwan grows in anger.

"我恨你中國!"

"我也恨你台湾." China grins slyly. Honestly, who knew Taiwan was a sucker for Israel. I certainly didn't. Now that I think about it, something must have happened after the nerf gun fight. Israel's growing up!

'^'

China keeps trying to talk to me at any given opportunity and I continue to ignore him. I love seeing him so confused and desperate. It's so unlike him yet I like it when he does it. After almost going on all the rides and eating tons of cotton candy it was finally time for the last carnival ride: the ferris wheel.

"Can we go on the other rides again? We have enough tickets." I suggest. I can already feel China looking at me. I know Canada will

agree with me, but it seems like the others don't.

"I want to spend some time alone with Niemcy," Poland hums, holding Germany's hand. "I'm sure all the other couples would like to do the same." Ukraine, Peru, and Mexico nod, leaving me no choice but to join them.

China clears his throat, "we need to talk." He whispers softly in my ear. Sh*t. This isn't good. I look at Canada for help but he's giving the tickets to the carnival staff.

"Alright kiddos! Go right ahead—wow!" China drags Russia and I through the gates and into the purple ferris wheel cart. We hear the staff curse at us, but the atmosphere between China and I silences everything. The cart starts moving up and I stare at the night sky, not wanting look at China.

The night sky looks so pretty tonight. I remember my younger self looking at the same night sky, wondering about what the universe has in store for me. I can still remember the laughter from my family members as they joked and talked while I only listened and watched the stars with fascination. It was that same night when a supernova took place. A shattering of a constellation. That was many years ago. Now I'm on this same ride with a different feeling. I do not wonder about the future. I'm scared of the future. I'm older and now more are watching me. Any wrong move will mark my doom.

I take a deep shaky breath before exhaling. I feel Russia's hand caressing mine softly and slowly. At least I have him in my life.

The ferris wheel reaches the top and stops. The three of us continue to stay in silence until China finally sighs, "美国, why have you been avoiding me?"

I continue to look out the Ferris wheel cart, unwilling to answer him. Canada was right, I should've stayed home today. "You have your own life and I have mine," I say finally, turning to him.

He sighs softly, "I know why. Don't hide it." He looks at me and then at Russia. "I know you're cheating on me with my fake girlfriend."

"You're what?!" I shriek, looking at Russia and China back and forth. Did I hear him right? Russia's cheating on me with China?!

"Америка, people will hear us." Russia places his hand over my lips, preventing me from screaming. I continue to look at him and China, baffled. Am I supposed to be angry? Sad? Happy? I'm most definitely confused.

I take a deep breath and take Russia's hand off my lips, "you're telling me that you two were dating before I came." China nods his head slightly still in a frown.

I look at Russia. "How do you live with him f*cking other chicks? He's such a bad boyfriend." I whisper, loud enough for China to hear. I can feel China tensing up, getting more defensive about his sex life. "Even I can't tolerate him." I snap, angrily.

"I assure you, there's no love involved." China puts his hands up in defense.

I roll my eyes, "you're f*cking cheating. That's all that matters you dumb b*tch."

"Америка, calm down. It's not that deep," Russia soothes, trying to hold my hand. I snatch my hand away.

"It's as deep as his d*ck will go." I scoff.

"美国—"

"Shut up. Our deal is over. I got what I want and you got whatever you wanted. It's f*cking over!" I scream. "And as for you, Russia, we're breaking up. I can't be with someone using me to fix his broken relationship with another significant one!" The Ferris wheel comes to a stop and we are back at the first level.

The staff gives us a hesitant look before opening the door, "is everything alright—?"

"Америка!"

I make a run for it. Tears streaming down my face as I run through

the crowd bumping into anyone in my way. I want to run as far as my legs can take me. I want to flee from all my problems and find peace. Russia never loved me. He was cheating on China so they could get back together. It just all made sense now.

I guess this is how heartbreak feels like, huh. My heart shattered into billions--no--trillions of little pieces. I feel physically weak and light headed. What has this night become? I was so happy a few hours ago. Now I'm here, crying. I'm not even sure for whom I'm crying about: Russia or China? Doesn't matter, it hurts so f*cking much.

I trip on a rock and fall on all fours. I can hear all the murmuring from the surrounding crowd. Most of them view me pitifully. I quickly get up and wipe my tears. People can't see me like this. Father will see and say that I'm weak. He will ban me from going anywhere for the whole year. My freedom is at stake.

I keep running. Dodging through people to reach the park's entrance. My escape route. My only way to freedom—

Someone grabs me before I make it out. "Let me go!" I mutter, struggling against his or her strong grasp.

"Hear us out," Russia mumbles softly. I continue to struggle. If I only had my gun on me. "Please, Америка," he whispers, looking at me desperately.

I stop struggling. More tears stream down my face as I turn to look at him with my puffy eyes. "What is there to explain? I know what you're going to say. Let me go. I can't bear this pain." I quiver.

I watch as China comes over. He cups my face and wipes my tears away. I try rebelling, but his touch is something that I crave. "美国, what I really wanted to say was that 我爱你," China looks to the ground.

"You love me?" I stare at him in shock. Did I hear that right? He loves me? He loves me after spending time with multiple countries and humans? After f*cking around? It's just another lie. Another f*cking lie!

He nods his head, "I've liked you since the beginning of our friendship, which was in elementary school. Then I moved away and you forgot me. I've always loved you." My mouth parts slightly as I try taking in all this information. He looks to the side, a red hue spreads over his face, "I can't deny that I love you and 俄罗斯." This can't be true. No, no, no. China, he's only playing! I never knew him in elementary or middle school! He must be talking about New Zealand. He has to be!

"What about Vietnam? I can't trust you." I stutter, not wanting my inner desire to take a hold of me.

"I don't love her. She's only using me," China deadpans.

"*I* dont love you though." I say plainly. China looks at me with pain in his eyes and thats when I realized he was actually telling the truth. It hurts me when I see him like this, but it doesn't matter any more. I am protecting my heart. "I could never love a wh*re like you!" I shout, shaking my hand free of Russias hold.

"Америка, you're not making the right decision. You're angry." Russia mumbles sadly.

I roll my eyes, "look who's talking? I know exactly what I'm doing. I was so blinded by your f*cking love that I didn't realize the prominent red flag!" I take a deep breath as more tears flow down my face. "Maple was right about you all along."

China looks at me, anxiously, "trust us this last time. 加拿大 is not who you think he is!"

I roll my eyes, "why should I listen to a liar over my brother?"

"Your brother is the liar. You need to believe us." Russia says rapidly, grabbing my hand.

I scoff, snatching my hand away from him, "I don't want to see you two *ever* again."

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Did I make the right decision?

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□□°• ⊹☾. Did you anticipate this? .☽⊹• °□□

Is Russia in the wrong?

Should China get a second chance?□

Most importantly, did America make the right decision?

☆* ⋆ 33 ⋆ *☆

[image]

.*°* ☆ Whispers ☆ *°*.

Israel POV

I was finally let out of the orphanage! America has been texting me constantly asking when I'll be there. She even went as far as telling me that Taiwan is dying to see me and he's looking everywhere for me! When I read those texts I blushed. Never have I ever thought my crush would care about me.

It's a five minute walk to the park where the carnival is held and the streets are dark which scared me. Anything could be lurking in the corners. I turn my attention to the sky instead. The stars are appearing now and I'm fascinated by them. I still remember years ago when my father told me about how stars represented ambitions and purity. He showed me the star he made out of straw that has six angles. Little did I know, these stars were the only thing that kept me company through all these years without his presence.

My dad died painfully. After we got captured, he was tortured and then beaten to death. Our enemies spared me because I was only a mere child, incapable of anything. I was angry and wondered why. But even with such pain I journeyed on with the North Star as my guide. It led me here. It gave me a new life. These stars are the maps of the future and I fully believe in it.

I make it to the carnival and look at my text messages to see if America told me her location. She's at the Ferris wheel and she's with China and Russia! That's awful! I hurriedly rushed in to find her location, but it was already too late. She's already in the cart, halfway through the ride.

I can see her dozing off and looking at the sky. That's what I usually do when I'm on a Ferris wheel. It makes me feel closer to my father who's up in heaven watching me. I smile softly.

"You what?!" America shrieks, immediately turning towards, I assume, China. I frown, this doesn't seem good. I can tell the people around me are also confused and concerned. I suddenly see Taiwan in the next cart all by himself. He's also confused as he tries looking at the cart above him.

I take out my phone and try calling her, only for Canada to pick up. "Hello?" He asks. He's a few carts away from America. "If you're wondering, Amy dropped her phone when China dragged her into one of the carts."

I groan in frustration, "I just heard Ame shriek 'you what?' And I'm kind of worried for her. Do you think she'll be alright with China?"

Ukraine giggles, "she'll be fine. You're over thinking."

"I guess so," I sigh.

"Amy told me Taiwan wouldn't stop thinking about you," I can already see the Canadian's smirk. I hung up, embarrassed. Taiwan can't possibly like me. I'm getting the wrong idea!

The cart America's in reaches the ground. I smile, about to greet her, but she runs past me, bumping into me along the way. Wait, is she crying?

"Америка!" Russia screams running after her. China also follows, after getting scolded by the staff members.

I bite my nails nervously as I watch them run and disappear into the crowd. I would go after them, but they need space. They probably talked about something private and I don't want to make their situation even more awkward. I can only hope the best for America.

"You're here," Taiwan appears next to me, smiling giddily.

I smile back, "yeah, finally! My teacher wouldn't let me go until I cleaned all the dishes."

"You must be really tired," Taiwan takes my hand in his and caresses it.

I shrug, "I'm used to it."

"Where's my brother?" Ukraine asks, walking towards us while holding Canada's hand.

"Have you guys also seen Amy?" Canada asks, concerned.

I nod, "I think they need some time alone to discuss some things. I wouldn't go find them if I were you."

"We've finally accomplished our goal," Canada smiles, hugging Ukraine tightly and pecking her head.

Ukraine giggles, "all thanks to my genius boyfriend!"

"Awe, what a wholesome moment." Taiwan scoffs.

"If you dare tell China, Russia, or Amy about this, I'll chop your head off," Canada growls, glaring at the Taiwanese country.

Ukraine squishies Canada's cheeks. She frowns, "don't make that face. You're scaring me."

"Sorry Uki, I didn't mean to," Canada apologizes.

"Apology accepted," Ukraine beams.

"They're gone?" Mexico asks.

"Yeah, the coast is clear," Taiwan says.

Peru pecks Mexico on the lips, "it's been years since I last kissed you!"

"It's only been a month," Mexico chuckles.

"It felt like a year!"

I feel so misplaced with all these couples, but I got Taiwan by my side. We awkwardly watch the two couples hug and kiss. "Let's go on some more rides shall we?" I grin, trying to get their attention back to the task at hand.

"We should go to the swing one again! I feel like I'm on the top of the world." Taiwan suggests with pure joy. His hazel eyes shine brightly in the night sky and I find myself sighing in admiration.

He's perfect.

'^'

Ukraine, Canada, and I are currently sitting at a table waiting for our food to be done. Peru and Mexico left because—you know why. Taiwan is still ordering his food for the longest time. I bet he's still unable to decide between burgers and tacos.

I feel stupid for not tagging along with Taiwan because right now I'm third wheeling the two love birds. They are one of the cutest couples I know!

"Nada!" Ukraine shoves Canada away, whining slightly.

The Canadian laughs, "you're just too cute Uki. I love teasing you." He pecks her nose and smiles.

Stop acting all lovey dovey in front of me! "I get it, I'm single." I huff.

"Sorry," Ukraine tucks a strand of hair behind her ear with a clear blush on her cheeks.

"Taiwan can change that." Canada grins. My cheeks burn up in flames as I think about the possibility of Taiwan and I dating.

I shake my head vigorously, "Nope, not happening!"

"What's not happening?"

Taiwan sits down next to me curiously.

"Go on, tell him." Ukraine grins, wiggling her eyebrows teasingly.

I take a deep breath, "we were debating about whether or not the carnival would burn down."

Taiwan looks at me skeptically, "okay?" Ukraine face palms and I fake smile at her.

Canada receives a notification on his phone, he gets up. "I'll be back, I just need to talk to someone." He kisses Ukraine goodbye and leaves.

Ukraine whines, "now I'm the third wheel."

"No!"

"不是!"

'^'

It's been over fifteen minutes and Canada still isn't back. Ukraine is getting worried because he won't answer her calls.

"You guys stay here, I'll go find him," I say getting up from my seat.

Taiwan gets up as well, "I'll come with you."

I shake my head, "you have to get the food while Uki saves our table."

Taiwan sighs, "alright. Stay safe."

I smile, "thanks." I leave them and disappear in the crowd of countries.

Where would Canada be? He's definitely talking in private so maybe he's somewhere less crowded. Let's do processes of elimination. He's definitely not at the bumper cars, swing, and zero gravity ride. There's too many people there. So he must be either at the slides or the bathrooms?

I wander around the edges of the carnival. Is that, Egypt?! I need to get out of here and fast. I run through the crowd as fast as my little legs could take me. I don't want to get beaten up again. Not today at least! Taiwan's here and I don't want him to see me defenseless.

Wait, where am I? I've ran so far that I got lost. This must be where

they loaded all the materials. I slowly make my way around, marveling at the bags of food and prizes. I then hear whispering from the corner of the camper van. I quietly make my way over there. I know it's an invasion of privacy, but curiosity got the better of me.

I hold my breath and place myself against the camper van to hear them better. Wait, Canada?! I peek over the corner to find him talking with Vietnam and India. I wonder what he's talking about to my friends. Being the person seeking drama, I start recording their conversation. I love gossip when it's not about me!

Canada groans, "you guys failed. I told you, after they start dating we attack. Now look at what Amy has done to you. Even Russia laughed!"

India huffs, "in my defense, I couldn't take it anymore. We've been waiting for so long." Vietnam nods her head in agreement.

Canada rubs his nose bridge, "girls, I know. You need to be patient. I'll help you guys, but it's not the right time yet. We will strike soon."

Vietnam scoffs, "how should we believe you?"

"China is driving me nuts! Amy isn't the way she used to be. She never tells me anything! I want to get rid of China from her life once and for all." Canada slams his hand on the car van. He glares at the ground. "He's manipulating her for his own use and I'm not allowing that to happen."

India hums, "what about Russia?"

Canada chuckles sadistically, "I hate him. He tried breaking up my relationship with Ukraine so I'm going to make him feel heartbreak."

"I mean, that's a little selfish." Vietnam points out, "You're using us."

Canada smiles innocently, "You can only fulfill your desires with my help. Amy would never listen to anyone, but me."

India sighs, "I guess you're right. What's our next plan of action then?"

"We could—"

Canada's phone rings, "hello?"

"Maple, it's over." Is that America? Wait, why is she sobbing?!

"Over what?" Canada asks. I peak from the side of the van, trying to get a closer look.

America sniffles, "I broke up with Russia and I ended it with China." The three smile widely at the news. I frown, Canada was behind it all?!

"Wait, what happened with Russia?" Canada asks, confused.

America starts crying again, "I'm not going to tell you because I know he wants it to be a secret." Poor America. I don't like it when she's sad.

Canada hums in acknowledgement, "Are you able to sleep tonight?" Canada asks worriedly.

"No," America mumbles.

Canada sighs, "I'm coming home. Don't do anything stupid." With that he hangs up the call.

"Told you having s*x was a better idea." Vietnam giggles. India rolls her eyes in annoyance.

Canada smiles, "good job girls. This is the end of our partnership. Have fun with your new boyfriends!"

He was planning this all along. China and Russia aren't the ones in the wrong, to some extent, but it was Canada. Why is he suppressing her? Why is he hurting her? I have so little background information that I can't even come up with a theory. I flee in the direction of the crowd with only one thing on my mind: I need to tell America about this before Canada catches me.

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□ □

How did Canada find out about Russia's plan?

Is Canada right for this?□

Is this karma?

Is Israel a good friend?

Put your thoughts in the comments!
I love reading them ✧

☆* ⋆ 34 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Note from Author: this chapter has been a pain to write 💀. I kept having to rewrite it cause I didn't like how it was going😩.

By the way, I will change the book cover soon😎. It will show an event of future chapter.

Hope you enjoy this chapter☺

.*°* ☆ Blind ☆ *°*.

America POV

I sit on my bed idly as I listen to my alarm ring reminding me of school. Everything has happened so fast. At one point, I was happy. I was happy with my boyfriend. I was happy with him. I was happy with my life. Now I'm not. Everything has fallen apart because of my jealousy; I let my feelings take over my mind.

I will *never* let that happen ever again.

The door to my room opens and in comes Canada with a bunch of paper. He closes the door and looks at me, frowning, "have you just been sitting there for 7 hours? This is the 5th day, Amy."

I don't reply, staring at him with my puffy eyes. I have been crying every night. I already emptied 10 tissue boxes. Canada sighs, setting his backpack down on the ground. That's when I noticed the bruises on his arms. "Who gave you those?" I ask softly.

"These notes? Your teacher gave them to me—"

"Those bruises." I say.

He chuckles nervously, covering his bruises with his long sleeve shirt, "we're learning how to box in gym class and Finland beat me up pretty badly."

I take his arm, he flinches slightly. "You guys had boxing for five days straight?" I mumble, rolling up his sleeves.

"Yeah," he sighs, "but now I know how to fight! Isn't that great, Amy?" He smiles.

I don't reply, grabbing the ointment from my night stand. Why didn't the teachers treat his bruises? If they're teaching class then they should also teach them how to stay safe and fix themselves up. But what can I say? These teachers are stupid. "Did anything else happen today?" I ask, applying the ointment. Canada flinches at the touch, but tries not to take his arm away from me.

"The students are starting to like me more! I guess it's because they saw my fighting skills and were impressed." Canada beams brightly.

I scoff softly, "my brother is *so* strong!"

"Amy! I'm not lying." Canada grins.

Canada is weak. He would never fight. He would never hurt a fly. I find it weird he's telling me all this, but what do I know? I stayed home for the whole week. I cut my contacts with all my friends. Canada is the only way I can get news. "I believe you," I mutter, taking his other arm and finding more bruises. "I just don't like seeing you hurt."

Canada smiles reassuringly, "It's part of training. Don't worry." I continue applying the ointments. There's still this question that I have suppressed for these days. Canada looks at me worriedly, "is something wrong?"

I bite my lips, "how are they?" Canada doesn't reply. I look up at him, trying to find some signs through the look of his face. He stares at the window behind me, not uttering a word. "Please Maple. I want to know," I whisper.

He looks at me with an unpleasant expression on his face. "Do you really want to know? It's going to be the same answer," he asks.

"Yes," I say, my voice cracking. I've tried forgetting about them. I thought staying at home would help me with that. But no. My mind

keeps thinking back to them. They already carved their initials on my heart and I can't get rid of it. I take a deep breath, "yes, I do." And I know what he's going to say. I just hope they changed in a day. I hope they remember me? Oh f*ck. Why do I feel so attached to them?!

Canada holds my hands, "they haven't changed. They are living well without you."

"Bullsh*t!" I shout.

He nods, "yes, I know how you feel. But don't worry, Amy. We will break them to pieces."

I stare at my bed sheets mumbling, "thank you Maple."

He smiles warmly, "of course, my dear Amy."

The door to my room creaks open. "Maple, your friends are waiting for you," New Zealand peers in.

Canada gets off my bed and rolls down his sleeves, "I'll teach you the material tomorrow. It is stupidly easy. See you!" He smiles exiting the room. As soon as Canada leaves, New Zealand rushes onto my bed. She lies down next to me, staring at the ceiling.

"Don't tell Maple this, but Israel's coming over." She whispers softly. I stay silent, waiting for her to elaborate. She grabs my eagle plush and hugs it tightly, mumbling some gibberish. "Her Headmaster finally allowed her to get out of the orphanage."

"What is her purpose?" I ask.

New Zealand shrugs, "something on the lines of 'I miss you' and 'I have to tell her a secret'."

"A secret," I repeat. I am always up for a secret.

"She specifically asked me to get Maple out of the house when she comes. Australia did just that—well I forced him." She says. Israel knows my relationship with my brother is amazing. Why would she want to speak with me privately when she knows I will tell Canada

everything?

Does she trust him?

If not, *why?*

Canada has been with me through the ups and downs of life. He has kept me company, taught me school work, and kept me safe from the world's impurities. And I know Israel. She trusts countries too easily. But, for once, she seems to have concealed a secret. A secret unknown. A secret, probably, Canada never told me about—or he doesn't know.

With my limited knowledge of what's occurring in school, it's hard to come to a conclusion. I can't analyze as much as I used to. I frown, feeling defeated. I can only wait for her arrival before I can think of anything useful.

New Zealand takes out her phone and reads her messages. "Let's get you out of bed. You need to greet your friend!" She smiles cheerfully. I don't reply. My mind is stuck on the possibilities of the secret Israel's going to tell me. New Zealand sighs, "get down when you're ready." She gets off my bed and exits my room.

I get up and stare at myself in the mirror. I look like a mess. I brush my hair with my comb to make it somewhat neat. Now, my eyes. They are awfully puffy and red. I look through my drawer, trying to find some sort of accessory to cover my eyes. After rummaging, I remembered my collection of sunglasses.

I scurried over to my closet and began opening each case of the sunglasses. I remembered when I was in 8th grade, I wanted to have a pair of dark glasses because I found them cool. Father always disapproved of me wearing them, but let me buy them if I didn't wear them that often. But after I got them, I got bored of them. I sigh. I might as well wear these everyday from now on. After making a mess, I finally found them. I put them on, feeling safe from anyone deciphering my emotions.

I will *never* show my vulnerable side.

I make my way out my room and down the stairs to see Israel and New Zealand talking cheerfully. As soon as Israel sees me, she rushes towards me with open arms. "I missed you!"

I smile softly, "I missed you too, Isa." She wipes her tears and that's when I noticed all her bruises. There's no way she got these because of gym class. Or maybe she did. I frown, "what happened?" I lift up her arm to get a better look. These look like the same type of bruises Canada got. They probably fought the same person.

Israel looks away, "can we speak somewhere private?"

I nod, "let's go to my mom's garden." I take her by the hand and lead her outside.

It has been a while since I ventured into the garden. Mom doesn't allow anyone to go in without her permission, especially boys, so I would talk to *them* at the park most of the time. Today is different though. I know Israel won't do anything that would destroy her garden. I also know that mom wants me to talk to my friends. It is a good excuse to bring Israel here. I let my eyes focus on the breathtaking scene.

The tulips sway gently in the breeze, their vibrant hues of red, yellow, and pink creating a mosaic against the backdrop of lush greenery. Bees hum as they fly from one blooming flower to the next. Cherry blossoms are like fragrant clouds overhead, releasing soft, sweet perfume. Mom has designed this garden nicely and I'm glad I have VIP access.

"So beautiful!" Israel gushes, rushing up to our little pond full of koi fish. She kneels down, admiring their beauty.

Mom got those koi fish from the Japanese Empire. It took weeks for her to choose from an array of fish. She had to find the perfect seven that matched the garden colors and theme. After going to J.E's house almost everyday, she finally found the flawless fishes. Gold, white, red, and blue. Better yet, she doesn't have to worry about hiring a professional to take care of these koi. Australia has been here every morning talking to them, cleaning their pond, feeding them food, etc.

I bet these fish can speak English by now because of my loud-mouth little brother.

"Come here. I want to show you Aussie's crocodile!" I smirk evilly.

She shivers in fright, "I'm good!"

"He won't bite."

"He's a crocodile! Of course he will bite!" Israel giggles.

I roll my eyes, smiling, "let's go sit over there. That way you can admire the entire garden." I point at the hill that overlooks the house and the garden. I help her back up from the ground and we walk up the stone steps towards the patio.

"Ame, there are a few things I need to talk to you about and most of them are bad," Israel mumbles as she sits down on the white couch.

I frown slightly, "is it about *them*?" I open the mini fridge and take out a can of coke. "Want?" I ask.

"No thanks. To answer your question, it is about them and your brother," she says. I close the mini fridge and sit down next to her, waiting for her to elaborate. Canada already told me that Russia and China moved on. So I have that part down. But what does she want to tell me about Canada? So far there hasn't been anything wrong. He's still that awfully sweet, goofy, maple syrup loving, Canada.

Israel's hand begins shaking as she stares at the garden, "Ame, things haven't been going too well in school lately. If Canada told you otherwise, it's a lie."

I squint my eyes, "then where did you get those bruises from? Maple told me everyone's learning boxing."

She looks at her lap, shaking her head slowly, "he's lying, Ame. He's lying to you."

I grip my coke tighter and take a sip of the cold beverage, trying to suppress my urge of shouting at her. I don't want to believe her, but

she wouldn't lie about these things. She's innocent and doesn't want to cause me any harm. "Go on," I say.

She hugs her knees, "Russia has been out of his mind lately. He would attack anyone that looks at him in any way. I was somewhat spared because China was there to stop him."

"My brother was *attacked*?" I mutter.

"I can say so. He was protecting the other students from Russia's wrath. I have to thank him for that." She answers. Russia has anger issues and I really helped show his flaws. His reputation is probably in the ditches right now. Sh*t, why do I care?

"I was talking to Taiwan the other day and he told me China hasn't been himself lately: he doesn't talk to anyone but Russia, he rarely comes home, and he would occasionally fight someone. Taiwan told me all the teachers are worried for them and they believe you can help stop all this." Israel squeezes my hand tightly, her eyes full of hope.

I scoff, "me? I can't do sh*t. And I wouldn't help them. It's their fault."

They are nothing to me.

I am nothing to them.

But I don't want to be nothing.

I want to be *something.*

I want to be something to Russia and China.

Israel sighs, "I knew you would say this." She takes out her phone and opens up to the memo app where she clicks on the recording called 'Canada is up to no good'.

"What is this?" I ask, intrigued.

"Just listen," Israel says, clicking play.

Canada groans, "you guys failed. I told you, after they start dating we attack. Now look at what Amy has done to you. Even Russia laughed!"

India huffs, "in my defense, I couldn't take it anymore. We've been waiting for so long."

Canada sighs, "girls, I know. You need to be patient. I'll help you guys, but it's not the right time yet. We will strike soon."

Vietnam scoffs, "how should we believe you?"

"China is driving me nuts! Amy isn't the way she used to be. She never tells me anything! I want to get rid of China from her life once and for all." Canada slams his hand on the car van. He glares at the ground. "He's manipulating her for his own use and I'm not allowing that to happen."

India hums, "what about Russia?"

Canada chuckles sadistically, "I hate him. He tried breaking up my relationship with Ukraine so I'm going to make ***him*** *feel heartbreak."*

"I mean, that's a little selfish." Vietnam points out, "You're using us."

Canada smiles innocently, "You can only fulfill your desires with ***my*** *help. Amy would never listen to anyone, but* ***me*** *."*

India sighs, "I guess you're right. What's our next plan of action then?"

"We could—"

Canada's phone rings, "hello?"

"Maple, it's over."

"Over what?" Canada asks.

America sniffles, "I broke up with Russia and I ended it with China."

"Wait, what happened with Russia?" Canada asks, confused.

America starts crying again, "I'm not going to tell you because I know he wants it to be a secret."

"Are you able to sleep tonight?" Canada asks worriedly.

"No," America mumbles.

Canada sighs, "I'm coming home. Don't do anything stupid." With that he hangs up the call.

*"Told you having s*x was a better idea." Vietnam giggles.*

Canada smiles, "good job girls. This is the end of our partnership. Have fun with your new boyfriends!"

The recording ends. "What the actual f*ck?" I mumble. *Canada* was behind it all? *Canada* wanted me to break their hearts? Does he not care about *my* heart? Does he not care how awful *I* feel? Of course he doesn't. He knows I broke his heart. This is his revenge. That's what he's doing.

How did he know about Russia's plan? We cleaned up all our evidence! It isn't possible that he figured it out by himself. Wait, why does he even care? Ukraine moved on and he has Mexico—sh*t! I set my coke down on the table. He's still dating Ukraine. Mexico and Peru were only an act. F*ck. That means after I left the Carnival they had their own little date and everyone besides us knew! Sh*t. Vietnam probably told Canada about the plan because she wants Canada to help her get back with China and get rid of me from his life. B*tch.

And with that, India also joined in so she can get Russia away from me and back to her. F*cking b*tches! After their part of the plan, to make me jealous, was done, Canada was able to persuade me to stay away from China as much as possible so that our relationship shatters by miscommunication and emotional distance. F*ck! He probably didn't know about Russia and China's relationship, but it worked out for him in the long run! Sh*t. Why am I so blind? The puzzle pieces were right in front of me! America, think!

"Do you like Canada?" I ask, monotone.

Israel swallows, "not anymore—"

"Let me rephrase the question. Do the students in our school *like*

Canada?"

"Yes, they do. They love him very much. I've seen them trail Canada in the hallway because he protects them from Russia." Israel answers.

I knew it. I really provoked him. I called him powerless because he hangs out with the weak students. He has turned the tables in his favor. Although he's weak, he's stronger than most of the other countries at school, therefore he can protect them from Russia who I have triggered to start fighting impulsively.

Now he can rule the school; He has become one with the people.

He has the power to overturn any school decision in his favor.

I'm sure he got the school president (Germany) on his side considering how close they are as friends.

I was so blinded by my love that I never realized Canada was devising against me in the dark. I need to go back to school. I need to make this right. But how? It'll be so f*cking hard. For the whole week, Russia has destroyed his reputation. And with that, everyone will remember. If it was a one day thing, everyone would probably forget. But no. He did it for *multiple* days.

Now I know the reason why Canada lied to me about China and Russia moving on. He knows I will fix this. He knows I will consolidate the power back to Russia and China. He knows I will make him lose his chance of getting popularity. He *lied*. He lied to me for 5 days straight, claiming that school has continued on with no problem. He lied that he was boxing in gym class. He lied to me. He lied to me *multiple* times. I only lied to him *once*.

"Do they still like China?" I ask, in a mumble.

Israel scratches her head, "I'm not too sure, but everyone hates it when he laughs at the students Russia's beating up."

Typical sadistic China. He has no empathy for anyone which sucks for his reputation. At least his reputation isn't much worse—

"But I remember Poland telling me that all her friends hate China more than Russia because they think China's making him do all this." Israel adds, bursting my hope.

"Sh*t," I grumble. I stare at the flowers, my mind racing to every corner trying to think of a plan to end this once and for all. I need to get my revenge. I need to show him he's not in power. I need to make him bow down to *me*. But how? I have no one. I don't trust a single soul and the ones I somewhat trusted have devolved into the oppressors because of me.

"Ame, if you're wondering. Everyone wants you back. Canada's only a temporary fix to this chaos. Many, including Germany, are counting on you to turn the school back to normal." Israel says softly. Of course. Germany *knows* I was dating Russia. Everyone *knows* I was 'dating' China. They all *know* I'm the cause of this fear at school. F*ck. What should I do? I will go back to school and then what? China would know what to do; Russia would know what to do. I wish we were still on good terms. They probably hate me now.

Israel's phone rings. She picks up, "hello Headmaster! Yes. I'm on my way back. See you!" She gets up. "Ame, I need to go."

I smile softly, "thank you, Isa. You're the only one who told me the truth."

"I just wanted to do the right thing." Isa scratches her head nervously, smiling widely at the praise. I begin leading her back to the house where she picks up her things.

"Bye, I'll see you monday." I smile, waving at her as she exits the front door.

"See you," she smiles, turning to walk. "Wait! I almost forgot!" She shrieks, stopping me before I close the door.

"What is it?" I ask.

She hands me a red envelope. "Don't show this to Canada." She warns.

I chuckle, "of course I won't."

She giggles, "see you monday Ame!"

"See you!" I wave and close the door. I begin making my way up the stairs.

New Zealand stops me in my tracks, "how did it go?" I won't tell her. She will find out by herself later by my next plans. But I must warn her. I must warn her about the dangers of this world.

"Never trust *anyone*," I whisper softly. I enter my room, letting her drown in her thoughts. I lock my door and sit down on the ground with the red envelope in hand.

I stare at it, noting the details of the golden highlights that create a dragon. I turn it around and find a sticker of China's flag and another of Russia's flag on the top two corners. I bite my lips, unwilling to open this envelope. I know whatever's written inside will make me cry.

I take a deep breath, knowing I have to end this pain.

I will do it for them.

I will do it for *us.*

...

..

.

F*ck.

I'm crying again.

.

..

...

□□°• ⊹☾. *We love our analytical queen*🕶✧🇺🇸 .☽⊹• °□□
□ □

Israel to the rescue with the delivery of important information that

America desperately needs! 😁

What do you think is in the red envelope?

What do you think America should do about this? 😒

Most importantly, how is Britain allowing her to stay home for five days?! 😱

Bliso out✌

(P.S. I love reading all ur comments 😁)

☆* ⋆ 35 ⋆ *☆

[image]

·.*°* ☆ Traitors ☆ *°*.

America POV

I jump out my room's window and land on the soft grass. I quickly get into the black cab and tell my driver to go. I lean back in my seat fixing my black cap as I watch through the window.

It's around 4 am. The streets are shrouded in darkness. The houses we pass appear as silent sentinels in the quiet of the early morning. There's a sense of stillness, interrupted only by the flicker of a street lamp or the soft flow from a bedroom window. I sigh, looking at the red envelope in my hands. My chest tightens as scenarios race in my head. I shouldn't be scared of the future. I shouldn't care about the future. I must not feel.

The cab reaches the designated human community. I used to live here. I used to go to high school here. I used to go to middle school here. I used to go to elementary school here. I was born here. I watch the familiar neighborhood pass by through the quiet streets. I find myself returning back to my memories of playing in the snow and—f*ck. I wince in pain, holding my head.

My hands shake as I reach for my sunglasses. I quickly put them on, then close my eyes trying to think about something different. My head hadn't had this magnitude of a headache since I left. Thankfully I brought my painkillers with me. I plop them in my mouth and swallow, feeling relief as I relax in my seat.

I'm happy he reminded me to bring these—but why would he know?

The cab stops at an abandoned ancient Chinese home. Vines draped over the crumbling walls as if nature itself was reclaiming this forgotten place. The moon cast ethereal light on the weathered

wooden beams and tied roofs, highlighting the carving and faded paint. The ancient home seemed suspended in time, a haunting relic of a forgotten era. I swallow, unwilling to get out of the safety of the cab. Why do they want me to come here?

"That will be 30 bucks," the driver says in his deep voice.

I nod my head, handing him the two 20s. "Keep the tip," I say.

He smiles gently, "thank you young lady. God bless you."

I smile warmly, masking my fear, and step out of the car. The cab drives away, leaving me alone with the home. How come I never knew about this part of the neighborhood? How do they know about this home? My hands shake as I take the red envelope out again to read the first instructions.

Jump over the rusty gates on the left side

I walk to my left and find the tall golden gates. I swallow, unwilling to climb over it. Thankfully, being slim and fit has its perks. I forcefully squeeze myself through the gap between the metal bars. F*ck, it's tighter than I thought it would be. Eventually, after some struggling, I made it to the other side. I check the envelope again.

Go to the middle of the garden. There you'll see a tall tree.

I frown, looking at the maze-like garden overgrown with weeds and tangled roots. I can see the tree perfectly from here, but the amount of walls surrounding it makes it hard to find a clear path. Wait, is that dried blood? I check the walls closely. F*ck. I might die today. I take a deep breath to calm myself down before finding my way to the tall tree by following the blood on the walls.

Once I do, I look around my surroundings, planning an escape if I have to. There are identical walls on all sides with the same type of door frame with lamps on each side. The door in which I entered had no more blood stains for me to know where to go. So, picking up a rock I found on the ground, I placed it at the entry way I came through. I get up and accidentally bump my head on a lantern.

"F*ck," I grumble, rubbing my head. My sunglasses land on the

uncut grass.

I shriek in fright and hide behind the wall when I hear something metallic collide. I peek to have a closer look and see a rusty golden ladder that leads to the treehouse in the tree. I sit on the ground, leaning my head against the wall waiting for the pain to fade away. After feeling much better, I took a look at the letter again.

Push the lantern up and then climb up the ladder that drops down.

Love
R & C

I swallow, staring up at the tree in fright. It's so high up. I can't even see the treehouse because of how dark the night sky is. I get up, dusting myself off the dirt on my black jeans. I pick up my sunglasses and wipe the dirt off then put it on. I slowly make my way to the ladder. I grab the cold metal bar. My hands shiver. I swallow and begin climbing. My legs tremble when the ladder shakes, swinging ever so slightly. I take a deep breath and continue up.

Don't look down, America. If you want to go to the stars, you shouldn't be scared of heights! Oh f*ck, why did the letter say to go here? Can't they choose a nicer place? Like the park in this neighborhood? I don't understand them sometimes. I bet this was China's idea.

Reaching the platform, I gaze around. I can't help but notice the red blood stains that lead to the door of the treehouse. I take a deep breath. America, you got this! Sh*t, this is just like a horror movie! Maybe this is all a dream. I hope it's a dream. I don't want any of this to be real. As I step forward, the floorboards creak. The air is filled with the scent of damp wood and earth mingled with the distant sounds of nocturnal creatures.

I can't help but wonder what happened here. Why is this place abandoned? Why is there blood? Did someone die here? If so, who? Why do they want me to come here? Is this something about the truth? Or are they only trying to scare me? I open the wooden door of the treehouse.

I stand there, staring into the lightly dim room.

Photographs are scattered all around the room with red strings connecting them together. The walls are stained with blood. Dirty bloody clothes lay in bags on the ground. Empty gallons of water stand in the corner of the room with a rusted down kettle and a broken bowl. The computer screen flickers with different video monitors of a school hallway. And in front of me is Russia and China looking at a picture on the wall.

"You're here," Russia says, monotone, turning around to look at me.

"No sh*t sherlock," I roll my eyes, crossing my arms. Silence fills the room as Russia and I continue to stare at each other while China's pins some pictures on the wall, humming his national anthem without a care that I'm here. I feel a sharp pain in my chest while staring at them.

I swallow, thanking myself for wearing these sunglasses. It hurts to look at him. I continue to keep my straight face while looking at Russia. He looks at me blankly, but I know he's trying to decipher my emotions. The tension is rising between us with each passing second. Suddenly, Russia frowns. He walks closer to me. The closer he is the faster my heart beats. I begin moving back, unable to keep my stance when he's only a few inches away from me. He doesn't stop moving. Eventually I have no room to escape as my back is against the blood stained wall.

He lifts my face up so he has a clearer view of my expressionless face. His blue eyes soften. "Америка, why are you wearing sunglasses?" He asks in a non threatening tone.

"I find it cool," I say bluntly. He continues staring at me, trying to see my eyes behind these heavily tinted black sunglasses. I continue to pretend not to care although my heart pumps blood rapidly. Russia is usually unpredictable and I am afraid of what he might do next. He may act sweet at one moment and then act impulsively at the next.

"Can you take it off?" He asks quietly, almost lovingly.

"Sure," my mouth speaks before I have time to think. My hands begin shaking. I don't want to take my sunglasses off. He'll see right through me in no time! Unfortunately, he begins taking my sunglasses off and cap for me. I look away, avoiding eye contact with him. I don't want him to know that I'm desperate for his attention.

That I'm desperate for his *love.*

He stays silent, analyzing my every movement. I place my trembling hand into my pocket, pretending to seem cool and relaxed. I cross my legs, leaning on the wall with my full body weight. Sh*t. I lose my balance, tipping over the side. Russia catches me and pulls me into his embrace. I freeze, my eyes widening. He can definitely feel my rapid heart beating against his body.

I stay frozen, not sure of his next intention. I want to touch him. I want to hear him speak. I want him to be with me. But I can't. He has China. China is his boyfriend and I shouldn't be selfish. But f*ck. I like China too. I can't have either of them! The one time I actually felt what love feels like came to this. It hurts. It hurts me so much.

"I missed you," Russia says softly with deep affection. You do? I thought you wanted to accuse me of murder by taking me here. He rubs my back, making me shiver. You are definitely lying. You have to be. "We missed you, Америка." Oh f*ck.

That puts me over the edge. My tears roll down my cheeks as I quietly sob into his chest. I missed him so d*mn much. I felt like I was missing a part of me. A part that kept me alive and happy. F*ck, stop crying! Stop crying in front of him! You look weak.

"Shhh, 美国. You're here with us now. It's going to be alright, " China says soothingly as he walks over to us.

I can't be doing this. I'm barging into their relationship. I pull away from the hug although I don't want to. I wipe my tears away with the palm of my hand. My body trembles as I stare at the ground guiltily.

"I'm sorry," I mumble, "you two are a lovely couple." I rub my arm. I should be happy I brought them back together. I should be happy I stopped China from f*cking other humans and countries behind Russia's back. I should be happy for them. Why do I feel so sad? Why does my heart ache?

China chuckles softly, shaking his head sadly, "you still don't get it, do you?"

I stare at him, confused, tilting my head to the side. I don't get it. I don't get a single thing. We should be friends, nothing more. I want to protect my own heart. I want to protect my heart from them and others to come. China nudges Russia, trying to get him to speak.

Russia clears his throat and runs his hand through his hair, his cheeks turning bright red, "I got Китай to accept your fake dating suggestion because I knew he loves you. I asked you to be my girlfriend because I love you. Китай and I are dating because we love each other." I blink, trying to convert these sentences into the bigger picture. F*ck. Was that what he meant that day? Was that why he told me he's dating China?

"Do you get it now?" China hums, leaning on Russia's shoulder.

I bite my lips nervously, looking at them. My cheeks flush red as I try getting the words out my mouth.

"You want me to join your relationship?" I mumble incoherently as I fidget with my hands.

"Да," Russia stutters. We stare at each other, unable to utter another word. China grins, holding Russia's hand. Oh f*ck.

I love them both. They love each other. They love me.

"We're waiting for your decision," China reminds me softly.

Canada wouldn't know. Canada will *never* know.

"I accept," I whisper, letting my mouth speak for itself. Did I really just say that? This feels like a dream. It has to be a dream. But it's not. It's real. And I like it.

"I knew you'd say yes," China cups my cheeks in his hands and kisses me gently.

He was always a great kisser and I miss his kisses. I close my eyes, wrapping my arms around his neck, pulling him closer. The taste of plum blossoms fills my mouth as I struggle to keep up with the pace of his kisses.

I part the kiss, taking in deep breaths of air. Before I knew it, Russia was kissing me. He tastes like chamomiles and his kisses are so good and tender.

I break the kiss, my chest goes up and down to catch my breath. I watch as Russia leans in to kiss China. They smash their lips together, kissing roughly. I watch, unable to turn my head away. It's so mesmerizing. The way they're holding each other. The way their tongue dances. F*ck, I want to join them.

I feel my legs tremble uncontrollably. Sh*t. That feeling is back. F*ck. I'm drooling. I quickly wipe my lips with the back of my hand. Oh sh*t. They know. China pulls me closer to them and kisses me. Russia then also starts kissing us. I grab onto their shoulders tightly as our tongues swirl and dance together. Russia's cold hands move under my shirt, sending unforgivable thoughts to my head. As soon as he pinched my side, I parted away gasping for air as a trail of our saliva connected my lips to theirs.

I bite my lips. I love this feeling. I love looking at them. I love touching them. I love every part of them. "I love you, Chin-chin, Ruski. I f*cking love you two," I whisper.

China smiles, "we love you too."

'^'

"Блять," Russia grumbles after hearing my rant about how Canada used us to make himself more popular at school.

"I think Vietnam told Canada about our plan. She was working with him and—" Russia places his index finger over my lips to prevent me from talking any further. China and I look at each other,

confused.

Russia sighs, "I knew this would happen; I told Германия about my plan."

"他妈的!" China slaps his thigh angrily, "I warned you. He is not to be trusted!"

"Ruski, why did you tell him?" I glare. He stays silent, staring at the ground regretfully. I know they're ex-step brothers and all, but why? Oh sh*t. I know why. Germany is one of the most trustworthy countries. Everyone tells him everything, including my brother.

Not China and I though. We know better.

Russia leans back onto his arms, frowning, "he was teaching me math since I stayed home sick. While he was doing so, he saw the notes I wrote of the plan. Of course he asked. At that time, I trusted him. He promised to keep his mouth shut. But once Канада came to this school, he grew more distant from me. With our parents divorcing, he was now more distant. He would only keep secrets with the ones he's close to, and I wasn't that person any more. Канада is." I stare at him, appalled at the revelation. China gets up from the ground and starts kicking the wall in frustration. The treehouse shakes slightly with each kick. If he keeps doing that we're all going to die!

I drag China back down onto the floor, glaring at him. "Chin-Chin, calm down. We can fix this." I say sternly. He pulls me onto his lap, stuffing his face in the crook of my neck. Russia continues staring at the side regretfully. "Ruski," I mumble, getting his attention, "did you tell Ger-man anything else?" I want to know if this is true. I want to know if Germany is really telling Canada Russia's secrets. I was bothered by this one part from the audio recording Israel let me listen to.

He nods his head, trying not to make eye contact with me, "I wanted to know. I wanted to know if you liked me just as much as Китай. So during Южной Кореи birthday party, I asked Германия to find an opportunity to dare me to kiss Китай. I made him record everything so he could show me when I sobered up—" he chuckles

painfully to himself, "you can say I was desperate for *us*."

I stare at the ground, "no wonder Canada said '*after they start dating we attack*'." I furrow my brows, realizing what we were dealing with. Canada wanted us to date so then he could use me to break their hearts. His plan was cut short, but he succeeded in his goal anyways. F*ck. And better yet, he has found an ally. Even if we fix our reputations, Germany will be able to veto any of our decisions. He has won there—for now.

"Where did you hear that from?" China asks, hugging my waist.

"When Isa visited yesterday, she showed me the audio recording she took on the day of the carnival after we left. Canada was devising in the dark without our knowledge." I grit my teeth.

"I told you not to beat 以色列 up. She's a vital asset." China snaps at Russia.

Russia rolls his eyes, "important or not, I don't care. I'll get information out of her by force if I have to." Typical Russia.

China grumbles some curses before looking at Russia. "Grab my phone and text her for the recording because she will definitely not reply to you after what you'd done," China tells Russia, pointing at his phone which is on the blood stained bed. Russia huffs, but obliged. "You didn't bring your phone like I told you to, right?" China asks me. I nod. He smiles softly, "good."

The reason why is because he doesn't want Canada to use the phone's tracking device to know where we're meeting because, according to China, Canada knows about this place. It's weird because I have never been here. As a matter of fact, when we still lived here, Canada and I would go *everywhere* together so there's no possible way he knows about this place either. But I can't risk it. I can't risk Canada finding out about our meeting. "Done," Russia says, putting the phone on the ground.

"We'll wait for her reply. It's only—" China checks his golden watch, "five thirty AM."

I look around the room, noticing the shattered window and the tally marks on the wall drawn by the blood. I swallow, thankful that Russia, China, and I are now dating; I feel safe around them; I feel protected. "Ruski, Chin-chin, why are we here? Couldn't we meet somewhere more—pleasing to the eye?" I ask, biting my lips.

Russia smile softly, leaning closer and holding my hand. I stare at him, confused. For all I know we may be suspected of murder. "This treehouse is a fragment of your past and you will know about everything by the end of today."

"My past? You—you two finally figured it out?" I blurt, feeling excitement and nervousness running through my veins. I hold Russia's hand tighter, unable to suppress my joy.

China chuckles, "yes. 加拿大 was the missing piece to our puzzle. We will tell you everything from head to toe."

"Thank you! I f*cking love you two so much!" I exclaim, kissing the back of Russia and China's hands repeatedly to show how grateful I am. After months of waiting, I will finally know! Am I prepared? Yes. My past wouldn't be so bad. Canada told me that I was a good girl that pleased Father even after my revolution.

I hope he was right.

"Get ready, because you're in for a *wild* ride."

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□ □

What do you think America, China, and Russia should do? 😏

Did you expect Germany? 🤔

What do you think America's past will look like? 😎

Are you happy America finally realized what Russia and China were trying to do?□

I wonder how Taiwan's doing□

Notes:

I won't be able to post any new chapters the next two weeks because of exams But don't worry, I will be back! This story is not finished yet You still need to see some spicy scenes and the new cover! See you soon!

Bliso out

☆* ⋆ 36 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene I

Young America POV (January 7th)

I watch as my sister plays on the monkey bars. She swings and grabs the next bar, then dangles with one arm. She grins smugly, her pearly teeth shining brightly, boasting about her accomplishment while I sit on the bench, staring at her. "Erica, I bet you can't do this!" She giggled, pulling herself up and sitting on the bars.

"Get down, you'll get hurt," my mom says worriedly. She puts New Zealand down from her lap and walks over to my beaming sister.

I look down at my feet. I can't play with the monkey bars. They're too high, I'm scared for my safety, and I'm not strong enough to hold my own weight. I sigh, wanting to play, but I know she will take the spotlight away from me when I start doing good. That's why it's better not to try.

"你好!" I look up to find a boy with dark brown hair smiling sweetly at me. "Do you want to play tag with my friends and I? You look lonely." He asks, pointing at his group of friends waiting for him.

I look at my sister, dreading her presence. I shouldn't be afraid. I'll make friends one day. Maybe I will make some today before she steals them away with her charms. I smile, looking at the boy, "sure!"

"Great!" He beams, taking my hand and dragging me to his friends. "I'm China!" He says.

"I'm Union, but you can call me America or Erica." I mumble shyly.

He chuckles, "okay America!" We reach his friends who all give me

a nice smile. "Let's start shall we?" He grins.

"Girls have cooties! What are you doing?" A boy with an eyepatch gags in disgust. I retract my hand from China's hold.

"Sorry," I mumble, looking at the ground.

"She doesn't have cooties! You're the one with cooties!" China snaps, holding my hand again. I look at our hands, shocked. Why is he standing up for me? I'm nobody.

Another boy with chocolate brown hair laughs softly. "Does China have a crush?" He teases, making kissing noises.

China glares, "I do not! You are the one who likes her!" He points at the girl in a blue and white floral dress.

She rolls her eyes and smiles at me, "would you like to introduce yourself?"

I nod, feeling my palms sweat with all this attention. "Hi, I'm Union, but you can call me America or Erica. I go to Farrell elementary school and I'm in 3rd grade!" I beam, suppressing myself from running away and hiding.

"Are you the girl who revolted against her father?!" The boy with chocolate brown hair gasps, "I'm Finland by the way."

I nod, "yeah. My sister and I gained our independence. Now we're free from his bondage—sort of."

"I want to meet your sister! She has been so vocal about everything and she seems like a great country! Also, I'm Estonia." Estonia claps her hands.

I flinch, my smile soon becoming fake, "sure! I'll call her over." I turn to look at my sister who's playing with Australia. They run around New Zealand who's playing on the ground with her dolls. "Sissy! Come here! We're going to play tag," I scream as loud as I can.

She rushes over to me and stands between China and I, breaking the

hand holding. She smiles widely, "hi everyone! I'm Confederate, but you can call me Connie." She shines brightly.

"Hi Connie, I'm Cuba. You have to tell us more about your revolution." The boy in the eyepatch says.

Confederate chuckles, waving her hand, "of course. I'll tell you everything from the beginning!" As she begins talking, I slowly back away from the group. I'm only a shadow of my sister that no one notices. It always happens like this: I meet someone, they meet my sister, they forget about me. That's why I sit in the corner, knowing that no matter what I try, I will always be hidden from plain sight.

I was about to make friends. I was about to be known. Maybe it's my problem. Maybe I'm not social enough like my sister. Maybe it's because of my looks. Maybe it's because—

"美国, where are you going?" China grabs my hand.

I chuckle nervously, "I'm just going to tell my mom something."

He shakes his head, "you're lying." I swallow, looking away from him. He frowns, "I'll get her to shut up and then we can talk." He drags me back to the group.

"And then Father said—"

"Are we going to play tag or what?" China snaps, glaring at his friends.

Estonia looks down, "sorry. We can start now! Cuba should be the tagger!"

Cuba grins, rubbing his hands together evilly, "I will give you guys ten seconds to run. One—"

China's friends and my sister flee in all different directions. "Come with me," China says quickly, running towards the trees. Not finding any other place to run to, I followed him. We ran down the dirt path to the other kid's playground. He climbs up the rock walls and disappears behind the tic-tac-toe wall. I look around, wondering if mommy will get mad at me for coming here. There is

some distance between the two playgrounds.

China peeks his head out of the spaceship-like structure of the play set, "coming?"

I nod, climbing up the rock wall and entering. I sit down next to him, my back against the tic-tac-toe game. There's a slide in front of us and a spiral bar on our left. Three ways to escape. "He will never find us here," China smiles.

I smile back. We hear screams from the other playground. We look over and I see Cuba tagging my sister. I giggle when she starts cursing loudly, "Connie's it."

We sit in a comfortable silence, listening to the birds chirping cheerfully as the spring flowers bloom. I find myself observing China. His dark brown hair sways gently with the wind. He's wearing a nice dark red shirt with a golden dragon logo on it. In my opinion, he's really fashionable.

"China," I whisper, gaining his attention. "What grade are you in?"

"I'm in 4th grade!" He beams proudly.

I giggle, "you're old!"

He rolls his eyes, "that's why you're short."

I huff, "I am not!"

"Prove it," he smirks, winking at me. I grumble in defeat, crossing my arms and looking away from him.

He pouts, "I'm sorry 美国. Are you mad?" He hugs me apologetically, putting his bottom lip out.

I blush, realizing a boy is hugging me. "Apology accepted," I smile, unintentionally stuttering.

China giggles and plays with my cheeks, "you're so cute!"

I blush even more. I shove him away from me as he laughs

hysterically. "Thanks," I replied shyly. He wraps his arm around me and pulls me closer to him. I lean on his shoulder, enjoying his presence.

"So tell me, how did you start the revolution? I know she didn't." He asks. I stare at him, shocked. He's the only one who asks about my contribution. Everyone would usually ask my sister because she's the most vocal about it. I would stay on the side, watching. I didn't want to be associated with anyone, afraid I would break my policy of isolation by opening up to someone. But China? Can I trust him?

I told him. I told him about my ideals and my fight against my father. I told him about the Boston tea party. I told him about the beatings I've gotten from my father. I told him about the olive branch petition that my father denied by declaring I was in rebellion. I told him about how I created a new tactic called gorilla warfare that won my sister and I some successes. I told him about my Grandpa joining the war after our victory at the battle of Saratoga. Lastly, I told him about the treaty of Paris where we finally solidified our victory. "It's not a big deal," I say softly.

"Not a big deal?!" He repeats in astonishment, "you defeated the world superpower! 妈妈could never do that."

I blush, rubbing my arm as he showers me with praises of my bravery, intelligence, and persistence. "Thanks," I stutter. He smiles warmly at me and I feel myself drowning in his sparkling hazel eyes.

Have I made a friend?

"Since I told you everything about me, tell me about yourself," I say.

He nods, "I have a younger brother, I play badminton professionally, and I like psychology!"

"Psychology?" I asked.

"Yeah! I learn so much just from someone's actions and facial expression." He grins, leaning closer to me. My cheeks warm up as I turn my head away from him, careful not to make eye contact. He

chuckles, "you're flustered!"

"Shut up," I grumble, covering my face with my hands.

"Sorry 美国. You're really fun to tease," he hums, taking my hands off my face.

I glare at him, my cheeks still red and hot. "You are an idiot."

He frowns, "that's not nice."

"You're not nice!" I snap. He giggles as I fume with anger.

"Best friends forever?" He asks, reaching out his hand for me to grab. I stare at it, feeling my heart pounding out of my chest. Is this really the day I will make a new friend? The day I will finally have a friendship that lasts?

I take his hand, my hand trembling with suppressed joy and skepticism. I swallow while looking at his sincere hazel eyes. I can tell he is or will be loved by everyone around him. The way he's so genuine and his ability to understand me is unbelievable. I feel a slight pain in my chest when I remember that with this trait, the possibility of leaving me in the dust is high. I look towards the side, scared of the future. I hope this works.

"China, can you please promise me that you will never leave my side," I whisper incoherently, looking at him with pleading eyes of desperation to feel belonging.

He intertwined our fingers and smiles sincerely, "I promise, 美国."

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(January 8th)

"美国," China whispers as he sneaks into my classroom. I stare at him in shock. He crawls over to me and sits down on the ground, cautious of making any noises. He smiles innocently at me while I panic.

"How did you find my class?" I ask, whispering as softly as I can

trying not to seem suspicious. I feel my table members turn their heads towards me. Why is it now that they finally noticed my existence?

China shrugs, "I wanted to see you."

"See me?! You'll get in trouble!" I shriek softly.

"Union, pay attention." Mrs. K's voice booms.

I quickly looked away from China and at my teacher in fear, "sorry." She rolls her eyes and continues to talk about photosynthesis.

I feel China hold my shaking hand. He sighs softly, "sorry 美国."

I glare at him, "why did you come now? You already saw me during recess."

"I felt like it," he smirks, wiggling his eyebrows. I giggle at his stupidity. "Besides, your smile is like a magnet. I want to see it," he scratches his neck with his free hand.

"Me? A magnet?" I whisper, not believing him. "I think you are talking about Connie," I chuckle softly.

He looks at me sternly. "I don't feel attracted to her in any sort of way! Besides, she looks ugly." He gags, holding his throat in disgust.

He thinks Confederate is ugly? She is one of the prettiest girls at school with her beautiful blonde hair, her pretty blue eyes, and one of the purest faces in the world. How could he call her ugly?

"She's really pretty," I state the facts.

"Not as pretty as you," he chuckles.

Me? Pretty? Father has called me ugly and undesirable for my whole life! Why would he say I'm pretty? If I was pretty, more people would like to know me. But I'm not. I'm not pretty. No one cares about me or talks to me besides my sister and Philippines. I am the opposite of pretty; I am ugly.

"You're lying. I was and will never be pretty," I glare.

China frowns. He shakes his head in dismay, "don't you see how lovely you are? You have rare green eyes and a face that shines with joy. You're pretty." He smiles softly. I scoff softly, but like how good his lie feels. "You don't believe me?" He raises an eyebrow.

I sigh, "I don't, China. If I was pretty, I would be noticed and respected. I don't feel that here." I look at my lap sadly, wondering why my sister gets all the fame and if China is hiding something else. He likes psychology so he knows how to control people for his gain. I wonder what he's using me for. I wonder if he wants to destroy me like how my father did.

I wonder what his motives are.

"Lies! Those are all lies 美国!" China holds my hand tighter, causing me to look at him. He furrowed his eyebrows, "I don't think you see it, but the reason why everyone avoids you is because—"
"China, get back to your classroom right now!" Mrs. K shouts, pointing at the door. I shiver in fear, but China stares at her plainly. "Don't make me call your mom," my teacher threatens as she opens the door.

Instead of getting up and running away, China stays, sitting on the ground next to my chair while not letting go of his hold on my hand. It seems like he does this often from the grin that starts appearing on his face. "Call her. I dare you," China chuckles. Mrs. K sighs, picking up the phone and pretends to call China's mom. "Call her. Don't fake it," China demands.

Mrs. K laughs softly, "China, go back to your class and everything will be fine." China continues to sit, with that same grin on his face. He shrugs then turns to me and smiles.

"I do this all the time." He winks at me. I swallow, scared for my life. I don't want Mrs. K to fail me for something out of my control.

Mrs. K crosses her arms, she grins slyly as an idea pops into her head. "Well in that case, I will call Union's father. I'm sure he will not tolerate the disruption in class!" She sings, clapping her hands

cheerfully as if my misery was for her enjoyment.

"Please no," I stutter, feeling tears threatening to flow down my face. "Anyone but Father." I whisper.

China gets up and hugs me. "Don't worry, she won't." He soothes. I feel the stares of the other students. They're all full of jealousy or are pleased with the scene in front of them. "Mrs. K, I know what you did last night," China's voice booms through the classroom. He turns to look at Mrs. K with an maniactic grin on his face. "Should I tell your husband you were with another?" China whispers softly, only so Mrs. K could hear.

She pales, realizing the deep trouble she will be in if she forces China to leave. She puts her smile back on and claps her hand. "I was only playing with you sweetheart. Come take a chair and sit down." She pulled a chair over for China so that he could sit next to me. China smiles widely as he sits down in the seat.

He winks, "I told you."

I nod my head slightly. "Thank you," I stutter.

"No problem," he grins.

My table members stare at me weirdly. Probably wondering why I'm friends with a popular fourth grader. I don't know myself! I'm not attractive in any way, shape, or form. Why is he even talking to me and not my sister? Why is he so easy to talk to? Why does everyone like him so much?

My teacher continues speaking to the class about the class agenda. I couldn't pay attention. I'm still wondering why China would be my friend. It seems so crafted. I'm sure he wants to use me to get something. But what? What does he want? "As I was saying, everyone doesn't talk to you because," he leans closer to me, whispering in my ear "you're unattainable."

Unattainable? I'm right here. How am I unattainable? How is that possible? Anyone could talk to me at any time! "I don't understand?" I whisper softly, looking at my lap, "why am I

unattainable?"

He smiles nervously, rubbing his neck, "I don't think you realize this, but everyone admires you for your intelligence and beauty. I'm even lucky to be able to talk to you!"

I shake my head, refusing to let his words sink in. For all my life my classmates have avoided me because of fear and my ugliness. They think I'm creepy! And besides, China's friends didn't even know me. They didn't act like I was unattainable. They couldn't care less about me once my sister was in their view. "You're lying." I say sternly.

He frowns, "I'm not. It's true. Everyone adores you. Even me."

"Okay," I mumble, still not believing him.

He sighs softly, "you have to believe me."

I scoff to myself but smile fakely in front of him, "thank you. I do."

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End of Scene I
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How much do you think America changed?

Do you guys like China?

Do you think America is unattainable?

Thank you all for waiting so long! I finally finished my tests and can get back to writing this masterpiece have a nice day!

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[image] [image]

Scene II

Young America POV (January 9th)

"See you next week 美国!" China waves as he gets picked up by his mom.

I smile, "bye China!" I watch as he leaves. He walks down the street and disappears at the corner. I'm so happy he's my friend. To me, he's very unattainable. But now he's my friend. Wait, I have two friends now! Yes! I smile giddily to myself.

Philippines comes over to me, "hi America! What are you smiling about?" She smirks, trying to tease me.

"I made a new friend. His name is China," I reply enthusiastically.

She gasps, covering her mouth with her hand in shock, "Tsina?! You're friends with him?!"

I nod, "he's my friend, but he says we're best friends."

"Best friends?!" Philippine shrieks.

I nod slowly, "yeah. Why are you so surprised?"

She begins to stutter, "it's because ummâ"I like him." She blushes, covering her face with her hands.

I giggle, "I bet you two will be girlfriend and boyfriend in the future." I laugh as her face becomes as ripe as a tomato. But I felt a slight feeling of pain. I just met China. I don't want to lose him to my friend. What if he doesn't talk to me anymore after I introduce them to each other? What if he ignores me? What if Philippines leaves me? I shudder at the thought. I'm doing the right thing. I am not selfish. And who knows, maybe we can form our own small

group of friends.

"My mom's here to pick me up, bye!" She scurries away to hug her mom. Now where are my siblings?

I turn around to find my devil brother glaring at me. I swallow, "hi Can-can."

"Don't call me that," he snaps. I play with my hands, looking away from him.

"Are you mad at me—?"

"Yes!" He shouts. I step back away from him, trying to feel comfort by distance. Where is my sister? "Uni, why are you friends with him?" He growls deeply.

"Who's him?" I stutter.

"Don't act clueless! I'm talking about Ching Chong!" Canada glares.

I glare back, despite myself, "don't call him that!" He yanks me by my hand. Before he could hurt me in any way, Confederate appeared with a wide grin.

"The carriage is here!" She giggles, dragging me away from Canada's hold and towards the white horse-drawn carriage. I breathe a sigh of relief. Canada isn't able to torture me todayâ"I hope.

I sit next to my sister while Canada sits in front of us. The driver closes the door for us and we are on our way back home. Although it's only a ten minute walk, Father wants us to get home safely. I look out the window, trying not to make eye contact with the devil who's glaring at me with his awful smile. He clears his throat, "why are you friends with Ching Chong, Union?"

"Don't call him that!" Confederate snaps. I hold my breath. Canada looks even more angry now. "He's so nice," she sighs, smiling dreamily.

I would tease her right now, but Canada's growing more angry. "What's on your mind?" I ask, sneaking a grin.

"I thought you'd never ask!" She smiles giddily, "today he sneaked into my classroom just to see me! Isn't that so hot?"

I frown slightly to myself. He didn't come see me today. I kind of missed his company. But I remember he told me that he would sneak into classrooms often. I'm not jealous or anything. I only hope that he'll stay as my friend. I think I can learn a lot from him.

I hope Confederate doesn't take him away from me.

Canada sighs, distraught with the information Confederate is providing him about China. "You shouldn't trust him." He grumbles.

Confederate scoffs, "just because you're not as popular as him, doesn't mean I can't be his friend!"

"You take that back!" Canada screams.

Confederate grins slyly, "and if I don't?"

I swallow, "let's not fight." I can tell that our driver is listening intently to our conversation. He will tell Father and I will be the one in trouble for not stopping them. Why do I even try? Father will always punish me even if I did try to stop their arguing.

Canada grumbles, "he is not to be trusted."

Confederate rolls her eyes, "blah blah blah. He's the devil and you're the angel."

"It's true!" Canada shouts angrily.

Confederate huffs, "well I don't f*ckin' care! You got to stay out of my life!"

Thankfully the carriage stops outside our humble home so that they stop their bickering. We have a shimmering fountain in the front yard where Australia brings his ducks to swim in. Rows of roses, bushes, daisies, and jasmines my mom planted. And our stone mansion with white pillars and white windows. The driver opens the carriage doors for us and I get out after Confederate and Canada.

"I can't wait to see China tomorrow," Confederate skips around, looking at the flowers.

I giggle, "you like him?"

She nods, "I think he likes me too! He complimented my eyes, hair, figure—everything!" She exaggerates.

"When are you going to ask him to marry you?" I smirk.

"Uni! Shut up!" Confederate shrieks, her cheeks flushing a crimson red. I force a laugh as she continues talking about how handsome, cute, and loving China is to her. She proved that China lied to me. He told me she doesn't look pretty, but he told her that she's the prettiest girl at school and no one could compete with her beauty. What a liar? Confederate pulls me aside, her attitude changing drastically. "Union. Don't you even think about stealing China for yourself. He told me that I'm prettier than you and that I have a better personality than you. He likes me more than you." Confederate growls, glaring at me.

I tilt my head, "why would I even want him? He looks ugly."

"Good," Confederate smiles, turning back to her usual self.

Canada rolls his eyes, "Connie, you know he calls any girl pretty, right?"

Confederate sticks her tongue out, "I don't care about your rivalry. China's more popular for a reason! He cares about people and remembers everyone!" She leaves a fuming Canada.

I sigh, "let's go Can-can."

"Don't call me that. I don't want to be associated with you." He gags, walking away.

It wasn't my fault Confederate wanted to attack you. It wasn't my fault for the 1812 war. Why do you blame me when I was opposed to it? Why am I the scapegoat of every situation you find terrible? Why am I the one being punished? Why, Canada? Why?

Why do you hate me?!

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I lie on my sister's big bed as she tells me all about China and how much she likes him. I look around her room, wondering why she has all the good things compared to me. She has a walk-in closet full of gowns, tiaras, heels, and accessories while I only have one red gown, a pair of sneakers, a pair of heels, and a single necklace Father and Mom gifted me when I was 1 years old. She has an allowance of 100 dollars every week while none. She can get most of what she wants only by begging Father while I would have to win a prize or get a good grade. She has a bigger room, a bigger bed, a bigger closet, and a bigger bathroom;My room has everything that's a fraction of what she has. That's why I usually stay in her room. She has everything. Even her bed is more comfortable!

"—and he said that he and I should hang out sometime at the park. Wouldn't it be so romantic?" Confederate sighs, placing her hands on her chest as she lies down next to me.

I nod, "yeah."

"I feel like I could talk about him all day. I'm sorry if I'm bothering you," she speaks rapidly.

"It's fine," I giggle, wanting to stay in her room instead of mine.

She continues, "I saw him helping your friend Philippines off the ground after you went to the restroom. Isn't he so kind? I just hope he doesn't like your friend—does he like your friend? Can you ask him for me?" She pleads, intertwining her fingers.

I stare at her, then smile warmly. "Of course," I say softly. What should I do? My sister likes China and my best friend likes China! If he acts nicely to one of them, the other will get angry and disaster will unfold. I don't want that to happen to either of them!

Now that I think about it, I shouldn't be friends with China. Afterall, I want to stay excluded from all the drama that might happen

because of my love for a boy. As for me, I will only watch. I will stay invisible. No one wants me here. And no one will love me.

I don't even have love from my parents. I don't feel loved by my siblings. My pet chicken doesn't even know I love it.

Why am I always the giver?

Why am I always punished?

Why am I always forgotten?

Why am I always like this?

Why was I born?

"Do you think he'll be my first kiss?" Confederate whispers to me, looking up at her ceiling in hope and wonder.

Of course, I say what she wants to hear or else she will go on a tangent. "Definitely," I reply, my smile faltering a little.

I will never find love. Not even from my own family. That's why I'm unattainable. I'm too scared to love. I even look at my family as allies and enemies.

Why am I like this? Why can't I just open up?

Confederate screeches in delight, rolling around on the bed. "I can't wait for that day! You know? I want to hold his hand, kiss him, have children with him—"

I force a laugh to not ruin her mood, "that's way in the future Connie! We're only 8 years old!"

She rolls her eyes, "we're almost 9! I can have a boyfriend by then!"

"No you won't!" Canada barges into the room while giving New Zealand a piggy back ride.

Confederate glares at him, "I don't care! I will get a boyfriend!" She turns to me and whispers, "I hope China will be my boyfriend."

"I heard that!" Canada shouts.

New Zealand grimaces, "ew, boys."

"I like China. Okay? Keep your opinions to yourself." Confederate crosses her arms.

"He has a lot of girlfriends. I don't want you to be his side piece." Canada sighs, placing New Zealand on the ground.

Confederate scoffs, "you only saying that because you hate him!"

"I'm not!"

"I hate you so much!"

"I hate you too!"

I sit up, getting a better look at my two angry siblings. New Zealand rushes over to me and hugs me. Her little body trembles in fear as she watches our two older siblings argue. I rub her back trying to soothe her. "Stop fighting." I grumble. The two turn their heads towards me. I swallow as New Zealand stuffs her face into my chest.

Canada's eyes soften, "sorry Kiwi. We didn't mean to."

"Well, Can-can did. Not me though." Confederate corrects him, earning a glare.

New Zealand smiles brightly, "apology accepted!"

"Let's go find Aussie. He's still hiding somewhere," Canada smiles, holding out his hand. New Zealand skips over, smiling widely. She holds Canada's hand and pulls him out Confederate's room screaming "I'm coming spider-head!"

I wish Canada would treat me as well as New Zealand.

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End of Scene II

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Confederate likes China?!

Philippines likes China?!

China likes China?!

Why does Canada hate China?

Why does China want to be America's friend?

Thanks for reading this chapter! See you next week

Q&A

If you have any questions about this AU comment them here! 🕳️I will try to answer them as best I can.

1. Countryhumans are more **mature** for their age. From birth they begin exploring new ideals of government and help their parents with political and economic affairs. That's how America started her revolution at age 5.

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Scene III

Young America POV (Jan 12)

China tried to talk to me during the morning when were waiting to go to our classes. I ignored him by talking to my sister. She pulled him away to talk instantly. So far so good. Part one is complete. Now I have to try avoiding him for the rest of the day. The bell rings. I throw my empty plate and put my backpack on.

I usually sit alone in the corner of the cafeteria where no one could bother me or find me. It's not that I want to sit here, it's because I'm not accepted in any of the groups here. I talk to everyone, but they dont seem to bond with me like how they do with others. So I stay aside, feeling as a burden that many have to carry. I like it this way though. I can read, write, and wonder about what's up there. Are there supernatural beings? Are there monsters? Or are there dragons? It's all a mystery that I will soon find out.

I spot China walking with his friends from the other side of the cafeteria. So far he hasn't found where I sit which I'm grateful for. But soon enough I need to switch my spot to be able to avoid him. I scurry past a couple of students and I think that caught his attention. "美国!" I hear his voice through the crowd of people. I didn't hear him. I didn't hear him. Union, it's all in your imagination! Wait, there she is!

"Hi Phil!" I wave at my best friend in the hallway, hoping that talking to her will stop his pursuit of coming towards me. Philippines stops talking to her friends and comes to me, hugging me tightly.

"Uni!" She smiles widely. "I missed you!"

I giggle, "it has only been two days!"

"Well, thats a long time." She rolls her eyes jokingly. She's so silly sometimes.

"So," I smirk, nudging her arm a little. "Have you been thinking of your someone lately?"

Her face immediately morphs into one of nervousness and embarrassment. She looked around before whispering in my ear. "Yes, I've been thinking about him a lot," she stutters. "Too much to be exact!" She adds quickly.

I wiggle my eyebrows, "Phil is in love."

"Keep it a secret," she shushes me, placing a finger over her lips.

"What do you like about him?" I tease.

She blushes, covering her face, "he's so handsome and helpful. If it wasn't for him, I would've been beaten to death by my bullies. Apparently they like him too so if I stay close to him they won't bother me anymore!" She smiles sheepishly.

I nod, "seems reasonable. I heard everyone likes China."

"He likes me more than anyone. He told me I have pretty eyes and people should adore my beauty more often. Couldn't you believe it? He said I'm the prettiest girl in existence!" She shrieks with thrill.

I laugh along. Isn't that the same thing he said about me? About Confederate? And now Philippines? "You are beautiful!" I side hug her.

"Thanks," she smiles warmly. Philippines pauses, her face turning into one of worry. I frown. Did I say something wrong? "Do you like China?" She asks.

"Me? No. I consider him a friend." I say.

She mumbles, "that's what everyone says."

"Phil, I don't like him." I say sternly, staring deeply into her eyes. "You know me." I don't and will not love another.

She shrugs, indifferent to my words, "okay. I'll see you later then!" She runs off to her friends who are playing at the swing set. I set my bookbag down on the ground and make my way to a secluded part of the yard. Why would she think I like China? He is too good for me. And why would he like me? I'm younger. I'm chubby. I'm ugly. He's weird—in a good way.

I always wondered if Philippines was my real friend too. She would talk to me about her problems, but never listen to me talking to my problems. So I shut up and we remained friends. I guess I will always be the giver.

I am never the receiver.

I sit on the ground and lean against the wall to read one of my favorite books: Common Sense by Thomas Paine. It really sparked my interest to form my country without Fathers abusive control over me. I have God given rights to be free and a right to gain more territory. I shouldn't be constrained to a strip of land when there are so many unexplored territories! I sigh, looking at my sister who's playing tag with her friends.

I would join her, but I know her friends wouldn't chase me or care about my presence. I can't run as fast as my sister so they think I'm not worthy of playing with them. It happened last year and the years before.

But I don't consider myself an outcast. I am not those weirdos who would never talk to anyone. I talk. I make really good conversations. Well, I think they're good. It's only that no one sticks around to talk to me. I only listen to them rant about their problems.

"美国?" I hear Chinas voice. I stuff my face back into my book, pretending to not notice him. He sits down next to me, leaning against the wall. I try concentrating on my book. I don't want Confederate to think that I know he's next to me. I want him to leave. He leans closer to me, apparently finding an interest in the book Im reading. "What are you reading?" he asks.

I shudder, not wanting to talk to him. "Common Sense by Thomas

Paine! It's a really great book. I love it very much!" I smile at him. He smiles back which causes me to panic. Why did I talk to him? "I need to go," I mutter, getting up.

He frowns, "go where?" I dont know where to go. There's nowhere to go.

"The bench over there," I say as a last resort.

"I'll come with you then," China beams, holding my hand. I pull my hand away, afraid that Confederate is looking in my direction. She watches China like a hawk trying to catch its prey.

I swallow, "you don't have to."

He rubs his watch, looking away from me guilty, "did I do something wrong? Why have you been avoiding me today?"

It hurts me to see him like this, but its for my own good. Confederate will kill me if we get any closer. "China, it's not your fault. I just don't want to be involved in the drama," I scratch my arm.

"What drama?" He asks, confused. I blink a few times. He surely has to know what he's doing. Canada said he has a lot of girlfriends. Why is he acting surprised?

"Do you like Philippines?" I ask. He shakes his head. "Do you like Connie?" I ask. He shakes his head again. "Lair," I mumble, walking away from him as fast as I can. He runs after me, grabbing my hand.

"I'm no liar. I know who I like and I know who I don't like." China clarifies. I slightly scoff. He is definitely lying. "Why don't you believe me?" He asks.

"Maybe because you're giving all the girls mixed feelings?" I smile fakely. "I don't want to be involved and associated with you;I don't want drama."

He sighs, "can we talk about it? I promised to be by your side. I don't want to break that."

I bite my lips nervously. I don't want him to ruin a promise. He isn't all that bad. He's a really nice country. And maybe he is clueless. Maybe he doesn't know what he's doing. Maybe it's my problem for being too cautious. "Alright. Just not here though. "I mutter. I can already feel Confederate's threatening glare coming my way.

China looks around, clearly sensing something as well. He nods, "I'll go see you at your classroom today." With that, he leaves to go to his groups of friends, leaving me in the middle of the yard with my classmates running around in all sorts of directions. How funny?

I'm *alone* again.

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"Eukaryotes are different—," Ms. K pauses when the door opens. China makes his way inside. Instead of getting angry, she continues with her lesson. China pulls a chair next to me and sits down.

We sit in silence, staring at each other. I don't know how to start this conversation and neither does he. He rubs his watch while I fidget my hands. I take a deep breath before speaking. "I don't think we should be friends," China.

"What? Why not?" China asks, worriedly.

I shrug, "from your interactions with other girls."

He looks at me, stumped. "Are you jealous?" He whispers apologetically, holding my hand in his. I glare at him, snatching my hand away.

"No! That's not what I meant." I grumble.

He frowns, "I don't know what youre talking about."

I cross my arms, "how am I supposed to trust someone who says the exact same thing to other people?"

"美国, I would never lie to you!" He says desperately.

I scoff, "tell that to Connie and Phil."

"I will tell them I lied to them," China says sternly. I eye him suspiciously.

"Prove it," I say.

"I will." He replies. "And I'll do it in a way so they won't hate you."

I stared at him, surprised that he knew what I was thinking. I sigh, "China, what are you using me for?"

He frowns, "I want to be your best friend. Is there something wrong with that?"

"Yeah. You're super popular! Why would you want to be best friends with me? I'm nobody." I mumble softly, my voice cracking.

He cups my cheeks, looking at me with sympathetic and sorrowful eyes. "You are not nobody. You are 美国, my best friend. I promise I will never lie to you. You're too precious for this world."

I stare at him, unable to comprehend him. Why is he being so nice to me? What did I ever do for him? What does he see in me? Why did he notice me? Why does he want me to be his best friend when we never knew each other until now?! It's too early for me to trust him. I'm not who he thinks I am.

He frowns, "I can tell you're still in denial. Please trust me."

"I will," I smile warmly.

His cheeks flush a bright red. He coughs slightly, smiling widely towards the side. I tilt my head, confused by his expression. Did I say something wrong? "I love your smile." He whispers softly.

I feel my cheeks warm up at the compliment. I tuck a strand of hair behind my ear shyly, "thank you." We continue to stare at each other, unable to utter a word.

I lied. I lied when I told Confederate that China was ugly. He's beautiful. I'm not saying this because he's being nice to me. I'm saying this because it's true. I will never tell him that. He might get the wrong idea. And I don't want Confederate or Philippines at my

doorstep with deadly weapons. I hope he understands me.

The bell rings. "Alright kids, go get your things!" Mrs. K claps her hands.

China gets up from his seat. "I'll see you tomorrow 美国." He smiles sweetly.

"Bye," I smile back. He hugs me, before exiting my classroom. I hear some of my classmates sing "oooo", but I ignore them. I don't like him like that. I like him as a friend. And even if I did, I know I would never be good enough for him because we live in opposite worlds.

I live in the dark; he lives in the light.

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End of Scene III

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Do you think China will be a good friend to America?

Do you think Philippines is actually America's true friend?

Why do you think America isn't part of any friend group?

Do you think China's right about America being unattainable?

Vote for this chapter!

☆* ⋆ 39 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene IV

Young America POV (January 14)

I sat down at my usual table to eat lunch. Opening my lunch box I see a bag of chips, two chocolate chip cookies, and a salad with smoked salmon and Avocado ranch dressing. I smile widely. Mom must've been in a really good mood today to pack me chips and cookies! I take out my fork and start eating away. I close my eyes, savoring the taste. It's sour, crispy, and salty, just how I like it.

I put my fork down and take out my book. As I eat, I read. Mom said it's bad because I should let my body focus on digesting food. But the weird thing is, why am I able to talk to other people while eating? I'm not letting my body focus on digesting while I'm talking. Either way, it wouldn't matter. I eat alone so my book is my only company.

"美国, why are you eating alone?" I hear China ask as he sits down next to me with his lunch box. I stare at him, eyes widening.

"Why are you here? Aren't you supposed to eat with your friends?" I ask, a little rapidly.

He stares at me weirdly, "I'm eating with my friend. You are my friend."

"But, your other friends—"

"You don't want to sit with me?" He frowns.

I bite my lips, "yes and no."

He raises an eyebrow, "what do you mean?"

I look around the cafeteria, finding both Philippines and Confederate staring intently at me. I swallow, feeling my mouth dry up. I cover my face with my book, unable to bear their glares. "I want you to sit with me because you're my friend, but at the same time others will hurt me for sitting next to you. I hope you understand," I mumble softly, looking away from him.

He nods, understanding where I'm coming from. "Don't worry. No one will hurt you." He holds my hand, smiling reassuringly. I smile back, happy that he cares for my safety.

"Are you ditching us?!" A boy with dyed blonde hair sarcastically gasps, placing his hand on his heart as if he's heartbroken.

China glares at him, "what are you doing here?"

"I can ask the same for you," the boy grins, sitting down in front of us. He looks around, "why haven't I noticed this table in the back?"

"Because you're blind," China snaps.

I nudged him in the shoulder, "don't say that! That's mean."

"Sorry," China grumbles.

The boy squinted his eyes, "you must be Union." I nod, finding it weird he knows my name. "I'm Italy. Nice to meet you beautiful!" He smiles, shining his perfect teeth.

I blush at the compliment, "nice to meet you too Italy." He reaches for a handshake and I take it. Then, using both his hands, he feels mine.

"Your hands are so soft," he hums.

My cheeks flush a bright red out of embarrassment. "Thank you," I mumble, pulling my hand away. China immediately holds my hand again. I look at him worriedly, "is something wrong?"

He shakes his head, smiling at me, "nothing's wrong." He begins taking his lunch box out. I don't believe him. He doesn't look too happy.

"What do you two have for lunch?" I ask.

China opens his container, "I have dumplings."

"I brought pasta!" Italy cheers. My mouth drools looking at their lunch. Stop Union! You have my own food. If I want those I could go ask mom to buy it for me.

"Those look so good," I blurt out, then quickly cover my mouth with my hand. I blush in embarrassment.

China chuckles, "Do you want one?"

I nod my head eagerly, "I'll trade you a cookie for one of your dumplings."

"Deal." We exchange our food. I immediately shove the dumpling in my mouth.

"So good," I beam with my mouth full.

China giggles, "I'm glad you like it. I made it myself!"

"Really?! You need to teach me how to make these." I plea, looking at him with puppy eyes.

He nods, his cheeks turning bright pink. "Sure thing 美国!"

"I want to join too!" Italy claps his hands cheerfully.

"We should have a playdate and make the dumplings! That would be fun. Right China?" I smile.

"Yeah," China replies, trailing off at the end. He stuffs his mouth with his food. He doesn't seem happy. I guess we won't have a playdate then.

"China!" Confederate pops out of nowhere, sitting between China and I with her tray of food. I move to the side, making room for her.

China smiles warmly, "hello!"

Soon enough, Philippines makes her way over and sits down on the opposite side of China. "Hi Tsina," she giggles. China nods, smiling at her as well. This infuriates my sister. I swallow, how is China going to deal with these two nutheads?

"Sit next to me. There's clearly no room on your side," Italy suggests, patting the space next to him. I nod, moving to the other side of the table.

As Confederate and Philippines both try getting China's attention, I talk with Italy about school. He's a really fun country and I always laugh at his jokes. Better yet, he's in my grade! Maybe he'll be in my class next year.

"Really? I always wanted a dog," I say after he told me about his pet greyhound named Italo.

He nods, "he's amazing. He is always so cheerful whenever he sees me. I love him so much." I giggle as he tells me all the stupid things his dog does. From the corner of my eye, I can see China glaring at us for a split second before getting back to talking with Philippines and Confederate. I wonder how he's able to talk to them without making them both mad. It takes a lot of skill to make them both happy. I wonder if he thinks it's tiring. I wonder if he's annoyed. But man, I want to get a dog! Maybe I can get Australia to ask Father for a dog! Afterall, he gets all sorts of pets from Father.

"That's the bell," Italy says after the bell rings. "Want to play hide and seek with China and I?" I nod my head eagerly. Anything that's different from running. My little legs can't move that fast. He giggles, patting my head, "you're very cute. You know that?"

I blush at the compliment, looking away from him. "Thank you Italy," I mumble quietly.

"Italy, do you like my sister?" Confederate grins teasingly, leaning on the table.

"Connie! A compliment doesn't mean he likes me!" I stutter, glaring at her. She rolls her eyes, a smirk appearing on her lips.

Italy rubs his neck, a little flustered by her statement. "It could be," he says softly.

I stare at him in shock. How could he like me when we only talked for not even 15 minutes?! He's lying!

Philippines laughs, "your face is so red!"

"No it's not!" I grumble, covering my face with my hands. This is so embarrassing! Unlike my sister, no one likes me. I'm sure Italy is just teasing me.

"Let's go," China says, monotone. I peak between my fingers to see him looking at Italy, expressionless. I swallow. He looks really angry.

I begin packing my things, looking at China worriedly. "Is China okay?" I whisper to Italy. Italy puts away his lunch box and turns towards me.

"I'm sure he's fine." He smiles sweetly. I nod slowly.

Italy and I make our way outside to the recess area. China says his farewells to Confederate and Philippines and then turns to Italy angrily. "Can we speak for a moment?" China asks.

Italy shrugs, "sure, why not?" The two leave to the side of the recess yard. I sit down and wait. They're my ticket to play hide and seek with their friends. If I go by myself, it'll look weird.

I watch as China interrogates Italy who seems surprised. This goes on for about a few minutes and eventually Italy starts laughing and saying somethings which makes China even more angry and maybe even slightly embarrassed.

"I knew it!" Italy screams, smiling widely. He runs over to me with China trying to hit him. "Want to go play hide and seek?" He asks me.

"Yes!" I smile. He helps me up then pushes me onto a raging China. "Sorry," I mumble.

China smiles softly, "it's not your fault."

Italy smirks which makes me confused. "Everyone is waiting," Italy says, dragging China and I over to their friend group. "Who's the seeker?" Italy asks.

Estonia points at Cuba, "he wanted to be seeker really bad."

"Count to 40!" China screams. He runs away, dragging me along with him. He runs to a corner of the yard where there are playsets where we can hide. Instead of going there, he goes behind the stairs that leads up to the second and first grade recess yard. He sits down so I sit next to him. There aren't that many students here. It's a very secluded area because of how far it is from the school building. "Do you like 意大利?" China asks, looking at the ground.

I stare at him, confused. Does he mean like him as a friend or do I like like him? "I like him as a friend." I reply. He breathes a sigh of relief. "Is something bothering you?" I ask worriedly, holding his hand.

"No—" He pauses, looking over the staircase. He pulls me closer to him so that I'm leaning against him. "Cuba's here." He whispers.

I hold my breath. We watch him looking around the different structures. He finds Italy hiding in one. Then they walk away. "You found a really good hiding spot China!" I smile.

His cheeks turn pink, "thank you."

"China, do you like my sister or my best friend?" I ask, smirking.

He scoffs, "neither."

I tilt my head, confused. He looked so happy talking to them though. "I thought you guys were getting along well."

He shakes his head, "keep this a secret between you and me, okay?" I nod my head. He sighs, "they're very annoying. I don't want to talk to them ever again."

"But—" I start, "Connie loves you and Phil also loves you."

"I like someone else." He mumbles softly.

I smirk, "who do you like?" He looks at me, his blush becoming more prominent. I giggle, finding his red face funny.

He coughs, "I can't tell you."

"Please," I beg, shaking his arm. "I won't tell anyone. Pinky swear!" I grin, holding my pinky up.

His cheeks turn red as I continue begging him. "美国 stop," he mumbles shyly.

I pout, "you're no fun."

He groans slightly, resting his head on my shoulder. I giggle, rubbing his back. I like making people flustered. It makes them look so funny and I know it makes them feel good too. "I will tell you one day," he whispers.

I smile widely, "I'll tell you mine if I ever have a crush too."

"Maybe I'll be your crush," China grins.

I giggle at his joke, "who knows the future?" Even if he is my crush, I know he's out of my league. I would watch from the side as he started dating. That's what I would do. He is unattainable.

"Boo!"

I scream in fright, grabbing onto China for dear life. Estonia giggles, walking over to us, "found you two." I cover my face, embarrassed by my scream. I want to crawl away into a deep hole.

"You didn't have to scare her," China grumbles, getting up. He pulls me up by the hand and I hide behind him shyly.

"I told you," Italy smirks, nudging Finland.

Finland rolls his eyes, smiling a little, "I guess you were right."

"She's his girlfriend?" Cuba asks, confused. Me? China's girlfriend?!

Where did they get that idea? He's too good for me!

Estonia giggles, "I think so! Look at their cheeks!" I want to get away from them!

"I wonder why I'm friends with you guys," China glares, dragging me away from them. We walk away and towards the seesaw. China turns to me, looking at the ground nervously, "sorry about that. That usually never happens."

I smile softly, "it's alright! I know your friends are only joking."

He smiles, holding my hand. "You're the only one who understands me."

"You're the only one who noticed me. Thank you for that!"

China shakes his head, "many students noticed you. I was the only one who was brave enough to talk to you."

"Well, in that case—thank you for talking to me!" I beam, hugging him.

"I'm so happy we're best friends."

"Me too China. Me too."

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End of Scene IV

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What do you think Italy and China talked about?

Do you think China is jealous of Italy?😏

Do you guys like pasta or dumplings?

I WILL CHANGE THE COVER AND WRITE A SUPER SPICY CHAPTER SOON DON'T WORRY (IN LIKE 5+ CHAPTERS THAT IS)😏

☆* ⋆ 40 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene V

Young America POV (January 14 after school)

"I thought you said you didn't like China!" Confederate barges into my room, breaking my mirror that's behind my door. I jump in fright, holding my book close to me.

I swallow, "I don't Connie. Where are you hearing this from?"

She slams the door close, unable to control her anger. "I saw you two hugging and holding hands today during recess. I was supposed to be in your place!" She storms over and snatches my book away from me. I stare at her, shivering in fright.

"I don't like him," I mumble softly. Before she could rip my book, my mouth said something on its own, "I like Italy."

"Italy?" She asks. I nod my head quickly. My body trembles, hoping she doesn't see through my lie. She laughs softly to herself, "I'm sorry. China holds hands with everyone! I should've known better."

I nod, "please don't tell Italy. This is a secret between us."

She smirks, "I'll tell China so we can set you up!"

I bite my lips, "please don't."

"He won't tell Italy! I'll ensure it," she smiles.

"Okay. I trust you."

"Union, you like Italy?!"

"Shut up Can-can! Get outta here! This is girls talk right now!" Confederate yells back.

What am I going to do?

...(the next day; January 15)...

"China! I need to tell you something!" Confederate beams, rushing over to China. My eyes widen as I bite my lips nervously. Where's Italy? I need to tell him or else he will get the wrong idea!

I look around, finding Italy talking to Finland and Estonia. I swallow, walking over to them. I tap Italy's shoulder. "Can I talk to you for a moment?" I whisper softly.

He nods, smiling brightly, "sure, what's up?" I drag him away from his friends so we have some sort of privacy.

"I'm sorry." I mumble. "I told Connie I liked you because she kept accusing me of liking her crush, which is China."

He looks at me baffled and then a small grin appears on his lips. "Jealous, isn't she?" Italy laughs. I fumble my fingers, not knowing why he's reacting this way. "She's ruining my ship!" He grumbles, looking to the side angrily.

I tilt my head, confused at the sudden topic change. "Ship? Are we threatening your parents' freedom of the seas? I'll tell her to stop—"

"No, not that kind of ship," Italy laughs.

Estonia peaks over Italy's shoulder, "are we talking about ships? I ship Cuba and Canada!" I blink, confused.

"What she means is that she wants Canada and Cuba to start dating," Finland rolls his eyes. "I don't think it will happen though."

Estonia slaps Finland on the arm, "don't say that! Maybe it might happen!"

"Me and Canada? No way!" Cuba screams, gaging slightly. "He's so ugly." He adds in disgust.

Finland smirks, "so you are gay."

"Me? No!" Cuba yells. "You are gay!"

Finland glares at him, "I am not! I like Estonia!" He covers his mouth, realizing what he just said. His cheeks become super red! I giggle softly as Estonia and Finland look at each other dumbfounded and embarrassed.

"You like me?" Estonia asks quietly.

Finland shifts around nervously, "well—I—you see—ummm—I—"

"I like you too!" Estonia beams, hugging him tightly.

I giggle, clapping my hands together, "congratulations!"

"Let's give them some space," Italy suggests. I giggle. What a turn of events? I certainly never knew that Estonia and Finland liked each other and it happened so quickly. I'm sure they're both really confused. I am too!

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China and I sit awkwardly next to each other. We're playing hide and seek again and Italy's the seeker. China told me to hide with him, much to Confederate's annoyance, but his excuse was to teach me how to approach Italy. So far he hasn't said anything to me for the whole day. I hug my knees, wondering if I should start a conversation by telling him that I lied about liking Italy. But, why would he even care if I liked Italy or not? Maybe he thinks Italy should find someone better than me.

China leans against the tree trunk, looking ahead. "So, you like Italy," he says, nonchalantly. I swallow. What should I say? Should I tell him it was a lie because Confederate was threatening me? I hug my knees tighter, unable to come up with anything to say. China looks at me, waiting for my reply.

"I don't like him," I mumble softly. He continues staring at me, his eyes softening. Why does he even care? He knows I'm not good enough for anyone! "Connie was jealous that I played hide and seek with you yesterday and she wouldn't believe me when I said I didn't like you. So the next best thing came to my mind: I told her I liked

Italy." I whisper.

He frowns, sitting closer to me. He wraps his arm around me, side hugging me. "I'm sorry. It's my fault." he sighs. "If I wasn't friends with her then this would've never happened."

"It's not your fault. I told Italy about it and I think he understands—well, I hope he does." I chuckle, scratching my head nervously.

China nods, "do you like anyone then?"

"Nope! I already told you. If I did like someone I would tell you if you told me yours." I smirk, wiggling my eyebrows.

China rolls his eyes teasingly, "alright 美国."

"Found you two!" Italy shouts. I scream in fright, grabbing onto China's arm tightly. Italy laughs, sitting down next to us.

China chuckles, "you're so easily scared."

"Shut up," I grumble.

"Did she tell you about—"

"She did." China replies quickly.

Italy nods, "I suggest you two talk after school at the park. Confetti always glares daggers at you when you talk to China."

China laughs, "Confetti? I'm going to call her that more often!"

Italy grins, happy someone is laughing at his joke. "And Peepee too. Although she seems innocent she will get attention by doing anything."

China laughs louder, "Peepee?! How are you coming up with these nicknames?"

Italy shrugs, smirking slightly, "Peepee often goes to the bathroom because, apparently, she drinks too much water. But she never touched her water bottle for the whole day! Confetti, she just

appears out of nowhere and is everywhere. She tried talking to me today so I fled to the restroom."

China wheezes, holding his belly, "you're so funny! I'm definitely going to call them that from now on!"

"That's not nice." I glare, crossing my arms. "They too have feelings." China ruffles my hair. "Stop that!" I shriek.

He laughs, "you're so cute when you're angry."

I blush, "China! You're stupid!"

"You're hurting my feelings," he frowns.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to." I hug him.

"My ship is sailing!" Italy beams, interrupting us.

"Which ship?" I ask.

Italy smirks, "the ship about dating."

"意大利!" China grumbles, face red with embarrassment. I stuff my face in my hands, trying to hide. If I can't see you, you can't see me!

Italy laughs at us, "this is the first time China blushed whenever I shipped him with someone. You're really special Union."

"What does that even mean?" I stutter, hugging my knees.

"It means that China—"

"他妈的离我们远点!" China curses. Italy skips away, laughing to himself. I lean on the tree trunk, trying to recover. Special in what way? Make him blush? Why do I feel my heart fluttering when I know Italy ships me with China? Maybe it's because I know he's unattainable so it's flattering Italy would even match me up with him. But I know China likes someone else. I wonder who his crush is. If it's not Confederate or Philippines then is it—"Sorry about him. I don't know what's gotten into him today," China mumbles apologetically.

I look at him, smiling reassuringly, "don't say sorry. I know he's only teasing us." He nods slowly, his smile faltering. Did I say something wrong? Is he sad?

"He's right. With all our classmates watching, we won't be able to talk in peace." China starts. "Let's meet after school Fridays at the park where we first met. We can meet up at the rocket play set."

I nod, "okay! So we won't talk during school then."

He sighs, nodding, "unfortunately." We sit in silence, feeling awful about having to keep our friendship a secret. But it's for our own good. If for my good. Philippines and Confederate are always watching. "I want to talk to you everyday but if we go to the park daily then our parents will be suspicious." China grumbles.

I hold his hand, "it's okay, China. Everything will work out just fine." I smile, trying to lighten the mood. He smiles back, his cheeks flushed a light pink. "And I really like talking to you too," I quickly add, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear.

"Thank you," China stutters. Talking to China is amazing. I feel like I can talk to him for hours on end. He is so open and considerate. He is so amazing!

"Also, you still haven't told Connie and Phil that you lied to them," I remind him.

He smirks, "you really want me to tell them that badly? Are you jealous I called them pretty?"

"I'm not jealous! It's that—" I bite my lips, trying not to make eye contact with him. I am a little bit jealous, but that's not the point! "I want you to be honest! I trust people who are honest." I say.

China chuckles, "okay 美国. Be ready when Confetti and Peepee start crying because I know they find comfort in your presence."

"Nothing I can't handle. I've done it multiple times," I grin proudly.

China cups my cheeks, "why are you so adorable?"

I blush. "China," I stutter, feeling flustered by his words. Why does he praise me so often? Why do I love it?

He smiles, "sorry 美国."

"You're sorry but you're still doing it!"

"Sorry," he giggles, squeezing my cheeks.

"China!"

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End of Scene V

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Confetti and PeePee 💀

Who likes Italy?

Do you think America is actually Jealous? 😒

Isn't it crazy that Finland and Estonia are together?! 😱

See you at the next Chapter! Remember to Vote and comment 😊

☆* ⋆ 41 ⋆ *☆ (i forgot to upload this chapter so read it)

[image]

Scene VI

Note: I knew there was something wrong with the chapters and I finally realized that I forgot to include this chapter🤦 Enjoy!

Young America POV (Friday)

"Mom, I'm going to the park!" I say, putting on my black sneakers.

"Alright, stay safe." Mom replies, smiling softly.

"I will," I smile, closing the door behind me as soon as I go out. I walk down the steps and begin skipping to the park.

I wonder what China did over these few days. Italy told me China started talking to more girls which angered Philippines and my sister. Other than that, not much else happened. I wonder what he said to everyone. I wonder if he told them the same lie he told everyone. I hope he's not lying to me.

I get to the park, walking along the path to the little playground. He said to meet at the rocket structure right? I wonder if he forgot. Maybe he will arrive late. If he doesn't show up for an hour then I'm going home. What if he lied to me? That could be possible after all I might have held him back from doing what he does best. Maybe he said that to get rid of me. But it was Italy who suggested it and he wouldn't think—unless China told him to tell us that. We'll see.

I climb up the rocket structure and wait there patiently. I listen to the birds chirp and reminisce about life before the taxations. Father actually treated us nicely. We had the freedom to do what we wanted. Then suddenly, he took that away from us. We had no say in the matter and he ruled with an iron fist. Of course we did the

next best thing: boycotting. And we also dumped his tea into the pool and fountains. It was chaotic but we got it done. Then he wanted to ground us so I stood up against him. Then he slapped me and brutally beat me.

I shivered at the thought of my blood all over the carpet when he did so. That's when I knew I needed my sister's help. She's stronger and can influence others. That's what she did. She got grandpa to help us win the battle and Mr. Spain as well. I don't know how she persuaded them, but I think it was because of their hatred for Father. That's how we won our freedom back. Now Father is more laid back but still disciplines us here and there. But most importantly, he doesn't treat us as countries! He still treats us as a useless piece of crap! Well, he treats me like that. Not so much Confederate. I'm not anyone's favorite!

And then Confederate started to get greedy because she thought we could do anything so she started attacking Canada. It did not go well. It was a draw, but Father punished me. Only me! Confederate was not blamed! Canada also blamed me! I didn't even want to fight. I guess this is why it's hard to have two leaders. But me and my sister got it. We did so much together and nothing will separate us. We are United.

"Sorry I'm late," China pants, climbing up the rock wall and sitting down next to me. He leans on the tic-tac toe board, trying to catch his breath.

I smile, hugging him, "so you didn't forget!"

He chuckles weakly, "how could I? I've been waiting to talk to you since the last time I talked to you!"

"Really?" I blush. He still thinks about me after these days. Not me though. I thought about Common Sense by Thomas Paine! Sorry China.

He nods, "yep. The reason why I was late was because my stupid little brother urged me to teach him how to make dumplings. He's so annoying. I wish he was never born." He glares at the yellow slide in front of us.

I frown, "don't say that! He's only a child."

"A devil of a child," he scoffs.

I stop hugging him, crossing my arms. "You're very mean China. I don't like it." I grumble.

"Sorry 美国. I'm being honest. I thought you liked honesty," he mumbles softly, looking at his lap.

I bite my lips, realizing my ideas conflict. "It's mean, but at least you're honest about it. Thank you for that," I beam.

He smiles, "thank you for being honest to me."

I giggle, "you're too kind!"

He chuckles. "How was your week?" He asks.

I shrug, "I'm almost done reading my book for the thirteenth time. Connie has been telling me all about how handsome and beautiful you are. Phil also has been telling me that you're meant to be with her. Canada hasn't bothered me since I stopped talking to you. Everything's going well!" I put two thumbs up.

He looks at me curiously, "加拿大? Why does he care that you're talking to me?"

I bite my lips, "well, he hates you because you're more popular than him and that's all I know."

China smirks slyly, "he's jealous, isn't he? I never liked him and I can tell why he isn't popular."

I tilt my head, confused, "why? He's my Father's favorite and all my relatives like him because he's very obedient."

China shakes his head, "he's very controlling. My little brother told me that 加拿大 would force little children to do things during recess. I don't know how he sneaked up to the second and first grade recess area, but he did. I don't know what he did because 台湾 wouldn't tell me or else he'd get beaten."

I stare at him, shocked. My brother is that—he's just like Father. He is a control freak! I swallow dryly, "did he hurt you in any way?" I hold his hand, caressing it softly.

"To my little brother? Yes. To me? No. Not yet. But I know he's planning something. I don't know what yet. We'll have to wait and see," China shrugs.

I nod, now feeling unsafe in my own household. H*ll, it was never safe! When there was a thunderstorm my room was literally about to break apart from the rest of the house! Everyone else was sleeping soundly when I was constantly getting buckets to contain the water that was dripping through the ceiling. And guess what? Father punished me for not preventing the storm well enough! Why am I always blamed for something I could never control?

"美国. Are you alright?" China asks, concerned. "You dozed off into space for more than a few seconds."

I chuckle nervously, "everything's alright! Just thought about something."

China caresses my hand, smiling softly, "you can talk to me about it."

I haul, staying frozen. Did he just say I can talk to him about my problems? For my whole life I have been talking to my books about my problems, never others. I swallow. Do I trust him enough? He trusts me. What happens if he's just like Philippines and stops talking to me if I explain my problems? What if he's like Confederate who wouldn't listen to my problems? What happens if he's like Father who blames me for all his and my problems? "I don't feel loved," I mumble quietly. I cover my mouth with my hand, unable to understand why I told him that. Now he's going to leave me. Now he's going to laugh and tell everyone how much of a loser I am.

I get met with a hug. A deep hug that makes me feel warm and understood. "You're loved." China whispers softly. No, he's lying! No one can possibly love me. I'm so useless and unsociable and— "I love you 美国." China adds.

I sniff, feeling my tears streaming down my face. I hug him tightly, crying over his shoulder. I am loved. China loves me. I don't deserve it, but he loves me. "Thank you," I stutter, hiccuping.

He rubs my back in circles, hugging me closer as I weep over his shoulder. "And thank you for trusting me and being my best friend." China says soothingly.

"Please don't ever leave me," I mumble.

He chuckles softly, "I will never leave you. I promise."

I pull away, wiping my tears, "I love you, China. I love how you understand me."

He cups my face, "I love you too 美国. I love how you're so easy to talk to. I love your emerald eyes. I love your dark blonde hair. I love your personality. I love everything about you!"

I smile widely, feeling much better than before knowing that someone loves me.

And knowing that someone is China makes it even better.

I love you, China.

...(a few days later)

"And then he told me I wasn't pretty and that he lied to me!" Philippines cries on my shoulder. I hug her, sympathetically.

"It's alright Phil." I say softly.

She sniffles, "he said I should get surgery because of how ugly I am because he can't tolerate me! He said that I looked ugly when I cried. He said if I looked more—"

"Phil," I say sternly. She stops her murmuring, staring at me with her puffy eyes. China was right about her coming and talking to me. I can tell he's watching us from the other side of the cafeteria and although I can't see him very well, I can tell that he's smiling. Maybe he's smiling at a joke Italy made. "You are beautiful. Don't

let China hurt you like that."

"But Tsinaa—"

"Who cares about what he says—?"

"I do!" She screams. My eyes widen as she gets angrier. "I want him to like me! Not some other girl!" Philippines yells, her voice breaking.

The students sitting on the other tables nearby stare at us, wanting to know what Philippines is yelling at me about. "Phil," I start.

"If you're not going to make me feel any better, don't talk to me!" She storms away. I stare as she exits the cafeteria. Why is she angry at me now?

"No wonder Union's sitting alone. She's a bad friend." I hear a few students chuckle. I sigh, looking at my lunch that's sitting untouched on the table in front of me.

Philippines, you want me to help you but then you don't like how I'm helping you. At least be grateful. That's the least you can do.

...(the next day)

"Uni! I don't know what to do! He called me ugly and it didn't sit right with me. Did he find another pretty girl in school?" Confederate asks me as she sobs into her pillow.

I swallow, "you are not ugly, Connie. I don't understand what he's talking about."

"Me neither! I'm the prettiest girl in school. How could he possibly call me ugly? I have the best genetics. I'm prettier than you, Can-can, Aussie, and Kiwi combined! I was always the pretty one! How could China call me ugly? It doesn't make any f*cking sense!" Connie rants, hitting her pillow angrily.

"China probably has different beauty standards." I say the most reasonable thing ever.

"But he called me pretty the first time we met! He also said that I was getting fat. What should I do?" She whines, lying on her back, letting the tears stream down the sides of her face. I find it weird for China to say I'm pretty. I'm chubby compared to my sister and my classmates. It doesn't make sense for China to like me and to not Confederate. Either way, he might be lying to trigger her.

"Connie, calm down. Don't let him ruin your mood. You are beautiful and everyone knows that. He's only one in a million who called you ugly." I say softly, holding her hand.

She grumble, "I want everyone to think I'm beautiful! You know what, Uni? I'm going to prove him wrong. I am beautiful and I will show him." She states with dignity and ambition.

I chuckle softly, "sure, but remember: his standards might not be everyone's standards."

She nods, "I know. But I only care about him. Everyone else can go f*ck themselves for all I care."

I giggle, "yeah, sure."

She smiles, turning to face me. "So, how's Italy and you? I've seen you two holding hands a few times."

I pretend to be flustered, "I don't think he likes me. He has other girls to talk to."

"Nonsense!" She shrieks, making me jump. "When my friends and I watched you two talk, we can tell how Italy likes you. You two are meant to be with each other!" She smiles, poking my cheeks.

I force myself to blush. China told Italy and I to talk some time alone and do some intimate actions. Of course, Italy and I refused, but somehow China got us to do it. Philippines isn't jealous of me talking to China and Confederate doesn't seem to know anything. I live in relative peace for the time being. "No he doesn't," I whisper.

She rolls her eyes, "you're always in denial."

"Connie," I grumble, "just because he talks to me, doesn't mean he

likes me!"

"Fine Uni, but this may be your shot of getting a boyfriend. After all, you don't talk to anyone and most of the boys like me," Connie boops my nose, smiling giddily.

I sigh, "yeah. Everyone likes you."

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End of Scene VI

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China is big brain????

Is China a good friend?

Is America lonely?

Will promises be kept?

VOTE!!!!!!!!!!

☆* ⋆ 42 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene VII

Ps. GUYS WE ARE AT #2 FOR COUNTRYHUMAN!!!! THANK YOU ALL FOR READING!!!!

Young America POV

A few weeks have gone by and China and I continue our weekly talks on Fridays. Confederate tried to get China to go hangout with her on Fridays, but he always refuses. I love him for that.

We walk near the little pond where all the ducks are with their families. China holds my hand, smiling softly at me. "Did Confetti tell you?" He asks.

I nod, "she said she hates it when you don't follow her plans, but then she likes how predictable you are; she still likes you."

China sighs, kicking a rock, "I thought I gave her signs that I didn't like her."

I scoff, "signs? You hold her hand, say sweet words to her, make her feel special. How are those signs?"

He shrugs, "maybe not then. I'll see what I can do with her in the future."

I stare at him curiously, "what do you have in mind?"

He smirks, "I can play with her. She'll be my puppet!"

I glare, "China! That's a bad idea. Besides, Father can't even control her!"

"I think I learned enough psychology to try." China states.

I giggle, "when did you even start liking psychology? All I talk about is freedom."

"Ever since my little brother started trying to blame everything on me. 妈妈 always listen to him so I was fed up! Now I'm using it against him so he will be the one in trouble," China grins with pride.

"I guess we both have problems with our siblings," I sigh.

He frowns, "did Confetti do something to you?"

"Well, she keeps subtly reminding me that I'm unlovable and that Italy will fall for her if he starts talking to her. So then she said she's doing me a favor by not talking to him. Then Canada, he doesn't even consider me as his sibling! He would ignore me when I ask him for something and get mad at me for no reason. At least Kiwi and Aussie are fine. They keep to themselves." I rant.

China hugs me, "don't listen to her lies. She's only jealous of you because I was friends with you first. Also, you are lovable. I love you. Don't you remember that?"

I smile softly, "thank you China. I love you too." But his love isn't the same one that I want from my family. I want to feel the love that other kids at school feel with their siblings. Yes, they fight over stupid things, but in the end they still care for one another. Canada fights with me and hates me forever. Confederate doesn't care about me unless my problems affect her. Like how she wants me to get away from China. I will never feel that type of love.

"How's it going between you and Italy? I haven't asked you in a while," China says.

I glare at him, "I don't understand how you got us to pretend to like each other, but it worked."

China chuckles, "it worked because Peepee and Confetti are stupid!"

I slap him on the arm angrily, "don't talk about my sister and my friend like that!"

He hugs me apologetically, "sorry 美国. It's the truth."

I cross my arms, "I wonder how people like you."

"Because they don't see the real me. Only you do," he winks. I feel my heart flutter after hearing that. He trusts me.

"How did you even start trusting me?" I ask, fumbling my fingers.

He scratches his head, "well, I just felt an instant connection to you the moment I saw you."

"Really?" I stutter. He nods shyly, his cheeks turning a bright red. "Thank you for trusting me." I mumble.

"Do you trust me?" he asks.

"Yes. I never tell anyone anything about myself. I found myself telling you the real me. I trust you. I trust you 100%." I smile, holding his hand. He blushes, slightly flatters. He opens his mouth to say something, but closes it. I giggle, finding him adorable.

He covers his face with his arm. "Stop laughing," he mumbles, embarrassed.

"You look so cute!" I smirk, leaning closer to him.

"Stop looking at me like that," he stutters.

I laugh, "okay China."

Suddenly, China sees something. His demeanor slightly changes, causing me to look in the direction he's looking at. "I want to show you something," China says, dragging me away from the pond.

"Okay!" I beam.

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Young China POV

Why is she here? I specifically told her not to follow me or find me because I don't want to talk to her. I honestly can't deal with her

anymore. I need to get rid of her somehow. I wish 妈妈 never invited her parents over for dinner last year.

"Where are we going?" America asks, looking around. We are venturing deep inside the park and I can tell she's a little scared by the look of her innocent face. The way she bites her bottom lips always makes my heart flutter. I don't know why. I don't know why I feel this way when I look at her.

I smirk, "my secret hiding spot." Her eyes lighten up, a smile appearing on her soft lips. I look away from her, trying to hide my blush. Why does she look so cute?! Why am I like this? Why am I only nervous around her?

She giggles softly, "your cheeks are red!"

"What are you talking about?" I chuckle nervously. I need to train myself on how to stop blushing!

She pokes my cheek, smiling giddily, "are you thinking about your crush?"

I want to say yes, but she wouldn't know who I'm thinking about. I'm thinking about her. I love her. Why do I love her? I just do. I can't explain it. "No, I'm not," I say.

She tilted her head, confused. "Then why are you blushing?"

I swallow, "because you're really cute."

This makes her blush. Her cheeks flush a light pink as her eyes widen slightly. "Thank you China," she stutters, looking at the rocky path we are walking on. Why does she look so adorable?!

We made it to the entrance of my secret hideout. I hate to admit this but, Taiwan found this part of the park. He was crawling around one day and then he stumbled behind the bushes. "Follow me," I say, crouching down and entering a hole created by the bushes. America looks at me skeptically.

"Are you sure about this?" She mutters, a little hint of fear in her voice.

"Do you trust me?" I ask, holding out my hand from the other side of the bush.

She nods hesitantly, "I do." She takes my hand and I pull her to the other side.

She collided against my chest, holding me tight with her eyes shut. I hug her, rubbing her back as her rapid breathing relaxes. She opens an eye, looking around at her surroundings before looking up at me. Her face turns instantly red in embarrassment. She pushes herself off of me, trying to act brave and strong again. I laugh, side hugging her. "You're scared?"

She glares at me, crossing her arms. "No I'm not," she huffs.

I roll my eyes, "what happened to being honest?"

"China!" She shrieks. She covers her face with her hands, grumbling some gibberish.

"Let's go over there where the bench is," I say, leading her towards the bench.

As I was saying, Taiwan found this place. There is a pond here that's surrounded by many trees. Usually the ducks would make their nests here because of how quiet and undisturbed this place is. Now I'm sharing it with America. Yeah. Me and America. It seems right.

We sit down on the bench, staring at the sparkling pond full of fish. America smiles widely, "we should come here more often!"

I nod, wanting to stay here until the threat of *her* goes away. "We should. I don't want anyone finding out about us after all."

She sighs, "yeah. I hope Connie and Phil won't find out." She shivers, biting her lips nervously. "Who knows what they might do? They are so blinded by their love for you. Sometimes I don't think I know them anymore."

I frown, hugging her tightly. "Nothing will happen to you."

"Thank you China. I can always count on you."

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The doorbell rings. Taiwan groans, setting his book down on the ground, "coming!" He gets up, tripping over my legs and then stumbles to the ground. He grumbles in annoyance before getting back up and going to the front door. "你好, are you looking for my brother?" He smirks, winking at me after he sees who's outside. I glare at him angrily. He knows I don't like her.

"Yes, is he here? I need to tell him something."

I sigh, placing my homework down on the mat. "What do you want 越南(Vietnam)?" I get up and walk over to her. Taiwan moves aside for me.

Vietnam wipes her tears off her face. "Who is that girl you were with at the park?" She demands, glaring at me with her puffy eyes.

"A girl?" Taiwan ask, his smirk becoming more prominent.

I groan, rubbing my nose bridge, "get out of here. You don't need to get into my life."

"I do! We are meant for each other. You can't just ditch me for another girl! What is her name—?" I slam the door in her face, annoyed by her presence. Unfortunately, now Taiwan knows about it. Great.

He giggles, "my brother has a girlfriend!"

"She's not my girlfriend," I grumble. I felt a bit sad when I said that for some reason.

He scoffs, "who is this crush of yours? If you tell me I won't annoy you for a week." He grins smugly, leaning towards me.

I glare at him, "promise?" He nods, making a zipping motion on his lips. I sigh, giving in to trusting him with this one secret of mine that I've been concealing from everyone. "I like 美国," I say softly. I feel a weight being lifted off my chest. It's nice telling someone your secret.

His face morphs into one of fear. He bites his nails, "are you sure you're talking about—."

"Yes, why?" I ask, confused by his sudden change in attitude. As much as I hate my brother, I hate it even more when he's scared by someone else instead of me.

"I can't tell you or else I'll get in trouble," he stutters out. "Just be careful and don't let anyone find out about you two talking." He walks back onto the mat to continue reading his book. I look at him, wondering why he's so weird.

I shrug, "don't worry, I will. You don't need to worry."

"I'm not worried about you. I'm worried about your future girlfriend," he scoffs, rolling his eyes.

I glare at him, "I hate you so much."

"Guess what? I hate you too!"

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End of Scene VII

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First time having China's POV!! 😎💪🐼

Taiwan knew America in the past?! 🌍

Taiwan knows China likes America 😎

Oh no, it's Vietnam 😠 *what are y'all gonna do about that?*

☆* ⋆ 43 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene VIII

P.S. Two Chapters in A DAY?! I'm going on vacation next week so hope y'all enjoy these two chapters love yaaa

Young America POV (3 years later; she's going to sixth grade; China's going to 7th grade)

Confederate and I just graduated yesterday! We are going to join China and Canada in middle school! I can't wait to see China at school again. It feels so lonely without his presence although we don't talk much. We still meet up Friday after school, but it's not the same anymore.

China changed. He changed his style, manner, and attitude. He has been flirting with girls more constantly. Sometimes when we talk, he would get tons of phone calls. I would sit there awkwardly, watching the ducks as he flirts over the phone. It hurts. It hurts hearing him say sweet things to someone when we are hanging out. Of course, I don't blame him. He wants control and he is achieving his goal. That means he has to sacrifice some things like our meetups. So far he hasn't canceled on me, but I know it's not long before he does.

He keeps telling me how he loves talking to me and that all his talk with other girls is fake. I can't see that. I can only see his happiness when he knows that the girls all listen and believe his lies. Maybe this is how it ends. How our friendship ends. I can't stay with someone who will easily leave me. But I want him to stay. I don't want him to leave me. He has been with me through everything. Prevented Canada from finding a reason to kill me. Prevented Confederate from leaving me. Prevented Philippines from murdering me. He has done so much for me and I have done nothing but listen to his rants and complain about his friends.

But I know, he must be talking sh*t about me to his other friends. Everyone is two sided and China is one of them. His words don't seem real anymore although I try hard to believe them. One after one, he shows his true self when I see him talking to Philippines, Confederate, or some other girl.

In a way, I admire him. His ability to make everyone love and respect him is foreign to me (Canada despises him even more now). I want to be like him. I want to learn his ways. I want to step out of my comfort zone. Maybe this year will be different. I will learn from China. Maybe he will teach me! Unless he thinks I'm a burden to him. I bet he finds me awkward. I bet he doesn't want to talk to me anymore. I bet he... I bet he will forget me.

At least Italy's still with me. After all his friends left, we were inseparable. Taiwan told me there were still rumors that we were dating, but I didn't care anymore. Italy's my friend and I don't want him to leave me for someone else. Well, if he has a crush then he should certainly leave me! I don't want his crush to get the wrong signals. I know he wants to find love.

Anyways, maybe all the things I said about China were in my imagination. Maybe I'm overthinking. Maybe... Maybe I'm just—

"Uni! Let's go to the park!" Confederate screams, slamming my door open.

I shriek, curling up into a ball. "Don't do that!"

She giggles, "the last time I saw you, which was 3 hours ago, you were on your bed looking up at the ceiling. You didn't move an inch!"

I groan, getting up, "I just had to work out some problems."

"What problems?" She asks, worried.

I sigh, knowing she's asking about political or economic problems. "Just some personal problems."

"Okay," she whispers, looking around my room, not wanting to talk about it any further. "Want to go to the park?" She beams.

I smile softly, "sure."

"Yay! I'll go tell Mom right now," She squeals, running down the hall happily.

I get out of my bed. Confederate has been going to the park more often this year. I wonder why. Maybe I'll know today. What should I wear? Well, I don't have many options so I'm opting for a black T-shirt and some blue jean shorts and white sneakers. After I change, I go down the hallway where Conderate was waiting. "I'm ready!" I smile brightly.

The moment she looks at me, she frowns. "Can you change to long jeans?"

"Why?" I ask, confused. "It's so hot today."

Confederate chuckles softly, "well, you know. My crush. He'll be here today."

"Oh," I say. I stare at my legs. Why would he look at me?

"Union's right. It's too hot outside." Canada says, coming down the stairs with his portable fan.

Confederate huffs, "fine. Let's go Uni."

I nod, following Confederate out the door. "You still like China after not seeing him for a year?" I ask, surprised.

She skips next to me, humming softly, "we talk around once a week."

"No wonder you have been going to the park more often," I smirk, teasing her.

She blushes, "yeah. Canada has been against it though. I already told him that I don't care about his rivalry. No one likes him for a reason!"

I giggle, "I don't think he understands that yet. He's really slow at things."

"He's so f*cking stupid. I wish he never calls me his sister. It's so yuck!" She cringes, sticking her tongue out.

I fall silent. He doesn't call me his sister. He calls me a stranger. He only uses me as a piece in his chess game against China. At least I have New Zealand and Australia. They don't despise me.

We make it to the park and Confederate immediately rushes up to China, ignoring the fact that he's talking to Italy. "Babe! How are you?" Confederate beams.

"Babe?" I whisper, shocked. Are they...dating? My body grows tense as I watch Confederate hug him lovingly. This is it. This is the day he will leave me.

Italy comes over to me, "they aren't dating. China can still be yours." He winks at me. I blush, finding it unimaginable.

I sigh, "I don't think he likes me as a friend anymore. He's been talking to more girls and—I feel like I'm only his toy."

Italy frowns, side hugging me, "don't say that. My ship will sail and I'll ensure it!"

"Please don't," I mumble, staring at Confederate nervously.

Estonia shoves Confederate off of China, "give him some room."

Confederate glares, "shut up b*tch. He's mine!"

"You want to die?" Finland steps up, protecting Estonia. My sister shivers in fright.

Italy groans, "why did he invite her? He knows she's just trouble."

"Sorry," Confederate mumbles. Looking at China for help.

That's when I realized he was staring at me the whole time. His cheeks are bright red as he looks me up and down. "You look beautiful, 美国." He whispers softly.

I blush, my eyes widening in shock. Confederate's right here!

"Thank you?" I say, more like a question.

He walks closer to me. I could only stare because Italy left my side and is squealing with Estonia. China lifts my chin up and stares into my eyes. "You can't be compared to anyone else." He whispers softly.

I frown, remembering all those other times he called everyone else pretty. What makes me different? They look so much better than me. "I know what you're doing. Don't play with me, China." I glare, walking away from him to Italy. I smile, "let's go to the swings! Race you!"

Italy looks at me worriedly, but follows suit. "I'm going to win!" He screams.

We make it to the swings and away from them. Estonia and Finland are talking while Confederate is trying to make China happy. China looks at the ground, furrowing his eyebrows. I know that he's mad that I didn't follow suit with his plan. I know he wanted to make Confederate jealous. He did it to many other girls before. He could be doing it now.

"Why did you do that?" Italy asks me.

I shrug, "because he's lying."

"He's not!" Italy claims. "All he could talk about is you. He would never talk to me about anyone other than you!"

I look at the ground, scratching my arm. "He wanted to make Confederate jealous."

Italy turns to me quickly, shaking his head rapidly. "No he doesn't! He likes you! Even Finland knows and he usually doesn't care about anyone's love life!"

"Can we not talk about it?" I mumble softly.

Italy sighs, "I'm telling you, he likes you. He's always nervous around you."

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"Let's play three-legged race!" Estonia claps her hands. "I have the strings!"

China turns towards me, "want to be a team?"

I smile fakely. "Italy already asked me," I lie.

"Wait what? I didn't—?!" I shut Italy's mouth so he doesn't say anything.

"May the odds be ever in your favor!" I hum, winking at him.

"It won't," he grumbles, turning to a hyper Confederate.

I smile at Italy only to see that he is worried. "You're breaking his heart."

I scoff, "I don't like him like that. He's only a friend." But the moment I said that, something hurt within me. I ignore it though. I need to win this race.

"Alright," Italy says, taking the string from Estonia. He kneels down and ties my right and his left leg together.

"We have to win this!" I beam, full of energy.

He laughs, "then we need strategy."

"Inside leg goes first." I give him a thumbs up. He nods, smiling at me.

"First team to the tree wins," Finland smirks. He holds Estonia's hand. Estonia blushes madly, covering her face with her other hand.

Italy sings, "Look at those two love birds."

"We're going to beat you!" She screams, frustrated with his teasing.

"Three, two, one, Go!"

"In, out, in, out, in, out," Italy and I repeat. We are going to defeat

the couple! Looking back, I see China getting frustrated with Confederate. They are uncoordinated since I know both hate listening to the other, but eventually she listens to him because he starts getting angry at her.

"Uni, we're here. We won!" Italy cheers. I stop in my tracks, smiling widely.

"At least we're not last," Estonia shrugs, pointing at China and Confederate.

China huffs, "she didn't listen to me."

"You didn't listen to me!" Confederate growls.

China rolls his eyes, "we lost anyways. Good game." He smiles softly.

The guys start talking with Confederate commenting every so often. Estonia pulls me aside, "I need to talk to you." I nod, letting her drag me behind the tree.

"Is something wrong?" I ask, confused.

She smirks, "you like Italy, don't you?"

I shake my head, "I don't like him. He has a crush on this girl called Annie."

She blinks, a little surprised. "Do you like China?"

"No, he's my best friend. We don't like each other like that. He likes my sister, or the other girls he talks to," I smile.

She sighs, "you are clueless." I tilt my head. Am I not getting something here? "He likes you and only you. He thinks and talks about you twenty four seven!"

I swallow, "I'm sorry. I don't like him."

"Then who do you like?" Estonia asks, leaning closer to me.

"No one."

...

"I need to talk to China in private, I'll see you guys later!" Confederate waves, dragging China away from the group.

"I was wrong about her. She's so annoying. No wonder those empires helped her. They wanted her to shut up." Estonia scrunched her nose in disgust.

Finland nods, "didn't like her. Never will."

Italy shrugs, "as long as she doesn't bother me, then I'm fine."

I stare at the ground, "you guys all hate my sister?" They nod in unison.

"I can't stand her. I usually never have this strong of a feeling against anyone, but now I do." Finland crosses his arms.

Estonia nods, "same here. She's so—obsessive. What am I talking about? Everyone's obsessed with China!" She sighs, shaking her head disapprovingly.

"I wonder what they're talking about." I mumble, inaudible because the three started complaining about my sister. I thought everyone loved her. I guess that was only the surface.

...

Confederate pulls me aside from the rest of the group, beaming with pure joy. "He said yes! Can't you believe it?!" She shrieks with thrill.

"Yes to what?" I ask, confused.

Confederate grins, "China and I are officially dating!"

"...oh..."

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End of Scene VIII

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Why was China so flirty all of a sudden?

China and Confetti are dating?!

Did China make the right choice?

How do you think America feels right now?

🥹GUYS🥹

[image] [image]

GUY YESTERDAY WE WERE AT NUMBER TWO AND NOW WE'RE AT NUMBER 1 THIS IS INSANEEEEE🥹🥹🥹 THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READINGNGGGGGGGG❤COULDNT HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT YALLLLLL❤

LIKE FR I CANT BELIEVE IT 🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹

☆* ⋆ 44 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene IX

Young America POV

I wipe my tears, staring at the ceiling of my room. It's not like I care. I'm not jealous. It just hurts. I don't even like him. Why am I feeling this way though? Maybe it's because I know he'll leave me for Confederate. Maybe it's because I'm happy for my sister. After all, she's been dreaming about this day since forever!

Maybe it's my problem. I'm not good enough for China; he's too good for me. This is how our friendship ends, I guess. Will we still meet each other at the park on Fridays? Probably not. Confederate definitely won't be jealous of me anymore. That's good.

I wonder what the future has in store for us.

...

It's another Friday and I'm debating if I should go see China. I don't want to see him, but then I want to see him. I sigh, getting out of bed. I wouldn't want to be a bad friend and make him wait for me. I wear a white t-shirt and some shorts.

I make my way down the hallway and out the front door. I stay there, on the front porch, wondering again if I should go. "America, just go. You can ask him about it," I grumble to myself. I take a deep breath and start walking to the park.

I wonder if all those things that Italy and Estonia told me were true. I wonder if China actually likes me. Of course not! He has so many options and he's now dating Confederate! I don't know why but I want to cry. I want to cry my heart out whenever I remind myself of them dating. I kick the rock on the ground in frustration. Why am I feeling like this? There's no way I'm jealous!

I enter the park and quickly rush to our secret meet up place. There's no way it's even a secret place anymore. I'm sure China invited many girls here. He talks to girls everyday so how is it that he talks about me twenty-four seven? Impossible.

I crawl under the bush and get up, dusting the dirt off my knees. I look over to the golden bench and see China feeding the ducks apple slices. I swallow. I don't want to talk to him. I don't want to see him.

He turns to me and I freeze. "Hello 美国," he smiles softly.

"Hi," I mumble, walking over to him. I sit next to him on the bench, but try keeping my distance. He tries to hold my hand, but I snatch my hand away.

He frowns, "I did something wrong, didn't I?"

"No. Your hands are sticky. That's all." I reply.

He slides closer to me on the bench. "Then why are you acting like this?" He mumbles, sorrowfully.

"Why?" I scoff quietly. "Maybe because our friendship is breaking."

"Is this about Confederate?" He asks, holding my arm.

I flinch, "not only her, but all the girls you talk to."

"Are you jealous?" He asks, apologetically.

I sigh, "well, no. When we meet up, you usually talk to another girl on the phone. You clearly have better friends to talk to so why even bother meeting me on Fridays."

"I didn't know that. I'm sorry," he mumbles softly.

We sit in silence, looking at the ducks that are all fighting for the last pieces of apple on the ground. I swallow, "maybe it's better off if we stop hanging out—."

"No." China grabs my hand tightly. "Please, don't go." He whispers,

desperately.

I bite my lip, "You already have Connie. You don't need me anymore."

"I don't care about her. I care about you." China stutters. I stare at him, confused. He sighs, "I don't like her."

"But you're dating her?" I say, more like a question.

"This is a secret between you and me only." He mumbles. "I'm dating four other girls."

My eyes widen, "what the f*ck?!"

"Quiet, please," he places his finger on my lips. I nod, waiting for an explanation. "I only told you about this. Don't tell anyone else." No wonder he has been calling other girls so often. China! I didn't know you changed this much! He leans towards me, "I don't like any of them. I'm only with them..." he pauses, looking around nervously. "For control." He stutters, finishing his sentence.

I lean away from him, trying to figure out if this is the China I used to know. I knew the past China would lie to girls, but the present him is another level. What's he going to do next? Have s*x with everyone?! But I understand him. I understand that in life you have to give up something to gain something. I gave up my relationship with Father for freedom. He gave up his truthful-self for control.

"China," I start. He looks at me, frightened for the next words that come out my mouth. I've never seen him this vulnerable in my life. He knows how to mask his feelings well, but it's suddenly breaking right in front of me. Maybe he does care about me. And I *do* care about him. "I understand. I would do anything for something I desire." I mumble, holding his hand.

He hugs me, making me squeak in surprise. "I love you, 美国. You don't understand how much I do," China whispers softly in my ear. I feel my heart get warmer as I hug him back, until it occurred to me. His love for me isn't one of those kinds between lovers. We are more like siblings. But what can I expect? I'm unlovable in this

society. I keep to myself and only observe.

"I love you too China!" I grin, holding back my tears. He smiles at me, cupping my face in his hands. "So, have you made a move on your crush?" I smirk. Though it hurts to ask, I really want to know.

China blushes, but then sighs in frustration, "I keep telling her how much I love her, but she still doesn't get it. Worst of all, she might not like me back."

"It's okay, China. She'll come to love you. You are a great person and I'm sure she knows it!" I smile, trying to mask the pain. "When are you going to tell me who she is?" I ask, teasing him.

He smirks, "when you tell me your crush. Do you have a crush?" He leans closer to me, winking.

I blush, realizing I do have a crush. I have a crush on him. "I do." I mumble. His smirk grows, waiting for me to say something else. "I have no chance with him though. He likes someone else." I shrug.

He chuckles softly, "we're both suckers."

"Yeah, we are," I giggle.

I am a sucker for you. And I know that as soon as you know it, you will be disgusted by me. So I promise myself from this day forward, I will try killing my feelings for you. You deserve the entire world without me in it. You deserve everything I can't offer. Thank you for being my friend, China. Thank you for being my best friend.

...

"You're dating him?!" Canada screams at Confederate.

"Yes! I asked him and he said yes." Confederate grins.

Canada grumbles, "you asked him?"

She nods, "I was being the bigger person. After he said yes he told me that he was scared that I didn't like him back. I thought I gave him a lot of signs."

"Why would China wait for *you* to ask him? He clearly doesn't love you. Boys should be the first to ask." Canada comments.

She rolls her eyes, "so what? Stop giving each gender roles to play."

He groans, sliding his hand down his face. "Connie. What I'm saying is: he doesn't love you."

"He said he does!" Confederate glares.

"'Like' doesn't mean love Connie. He doesn't love you. He only loves the idea of owning you!" Canada yells.

"You f*cking liar!" Confederate screams, kicking her bed sheets. I cover my ears, feeling them ring. "China loves me. You only want to destroy our relationship!"

Canada rolls his eyes, "then why else would he want to keep your relationship a secret? He is clearly seeing someone else."

"Get the f*ck out of my room!" Confederate yells, pointing at her door.

"You don't f*cking tell me what to do!" Canada snaps, glaring at her angrily.

Confederate begins to scream. The pitch of her voice could cause me to go deaf for a moment. Canada starts screaming as well, trying to outdo her. I rush out the door, unable to bear it anymore. I hope it doesn't escalate into something severe.

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End of Scene IX

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Do you think America is jealous or she doesn't want China talking to others?

Jeez Canada and Confederate are the best of siblings!

They are both soooo oblivious

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[image]

Scene X

Young America POV

It's the second week of 6th grade. Confederate quickly rose to popularity along with a few others like Annie, Italy's crush. I'm still stuck as the least known person. I started to realize how everyone would call me Confederate's sister opposed to my real name. Why? Because they know I know where Confederate is most of the time. At least China's still with me. But it's the same as elementary school. We wouldn't really talk during school, afraid that Canada or Confederate would find out.

I sigh, making my way to my homeroom which is on the third floor of this five floor building. I'm so sad because I don't share any classes with Italy. Additionally, all his classes are on the first floor! I can only see him during lunch.

"Boo!"

I scream, putting my hands in front of my face to protect myself from any fists. I get none but a very distinguishable laugh. I blush, embarrassed. "China! I told you not to do that," I grumble, glaring at him.

"Sorry 美国," he grins, giving me an apologetic hug.

I scoff, "you already said sorry five times."

He rolls his eyes, "it's not my fault you're so fun to scare."

"China!" I huff, crossing my arms. He giggles, holding my hand.

"You're so cute when you're angry." He blurts out. He pauses, realizing what he said. His face turned red as he covered his face, "I said that out loud, didn't I?"

I blush, biting my bottom lip nervously. "Thank you?" I mumble, inaudible.

"Let's go to your class," he stutters, smiling to mask his nervousness. I nod my head, still flustered.

We walk down the hallway, hand in hand. It's so nice being with China. I love him so much. It's crazy how we understand each other. I could've never imagined him being friends with me, a person with no friends. I want to be like him so bad.

"What the f*ck?! That's my sister!" Confederate yells, slamming me against the lockers. I wince in pain, holding my arm. She turns to me angrily. "That's what you get b*tch," she snaps. I slide to the ground, tears begin forming in my eyes. My left arm and back throb, burning up like flames. Confederate scoffs rolling her eyes, "such a cry baby, right China?"

China slaps her, making her fall to the ground. A red mark of China's hand appears on her cheek as she stares at her boyfriend in horror. "Confetti," his voice booms with authority, causing my sister to shiver. "Say sorry, now."

My sister gets up, dusting herself off from the dust. "No," she smirks, but I can tell she's pretending to be brave.

China starts chuckling sadistically, scaring the sh*t out of her. I'm even surprised by how China's acting. I had never seen him like this before! "You're so heartless, Confederate." He starts, smirking slightly. "Why should I stay as your boyfriend when you treat your family like trash?" He whispers softly so other people won't hear.

Confederate swallows. Her hands shake uncontrollably. She kneels down in front of China, begging for forgiveness. I watch them, amazed at how China's able to control her. She would never beg me for anything. She would never show this vulnerable side of her, but she's doing it in front of China. How I wish I could make her beg and listen to me for one day.

China grimaces, "don't say sorry to me. Say sorry to your sister."

Confederate nods obediently, "sorry Uni."

"It's alright," I smile, getting up from the ground using the wall as support. China rushes over to me, helping me up.

"I'll take you to the nurses office. There's a bruise on your arm," he says worriedly. I flinch when he holds my injured arm. "Sorry," he mumbles.

"It's alright. I know you're only worried," I smile.

He smiles back, "let's leave your annoying sister to rot."

"Don't say that," I glare. We start walking to the nurses office that's a few classrooms away.

"Really? After she hurt you like that? No way," he grumbles, holding my hand tightly.

I sigh, "thanks China. I could never defend myself against Connie. It hurts me when I see her bruised and beaten up."

"She clearly doesn't think the same way when the roles change." China grumbles.

I look at the ground sadly. "I hope she doesn't," I whisper to myself.

We reach the nurses office and China immediately makes the nurse give me ointments before all the other students waiting to be checked up. His excuse was "they're all faking their sicknesses" and apparently he was right. None of the students were actually sick. They just wanted to go home with an excuse.

We missed half our first period class because China demanded that I get the best care from the nurses. I tried telling him that it was only some bruises but he refused. I felt my heart flutter whenever he looked at me. I feel protected whenever he's around. He is my light to the darkness in my life. I love him so much.

"All done," the nurse says, annoyed by China. Before I could get up from my seat, China inspected the bandage, making sure it's wrapped nicely around my arm.

"Are you sure? It's falling off—."

"China," I mumble.

He sighs, "alright." He turns to the nurse, "thank you for helping my friend."

"Yes, now get to class. Here are your excuse tickets." The nurse hands him two slips of paper. With that, we exit the nurses office.

"Are you feeling better?" China asks, holding my hand.

I nod, "yep! My arm feels better than ever."

He smiles, "I'll make Confetti pay. Just you wait."

"Please don't," I mumble worriedly. "She already learned her lesson. I'm sure she won't do the same thing next time."

"That stupid brain of her's will never understand," China grumbles.

"China," I glare.

He chuckles nervously, "sorry 美国. I just hate it when someone hurts you."

I blush, hugging him. "Thank you China. I love you."

"I love you too."

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"Hi Phil!" I wave.

"Hi Uni!" She giggles, sitting down next to me.

"How are you?" I ask.

She blushes a deep red, "well, I'm dating someone now."

I gasp, "really? Who?"

She covers her face with her hands, "it's a secret."

I roll my eyes, "you know my mouth is zipped. Now tell me!"

"It's—it's Tsina," she mumbles inaudibly. "I asked him yesterday and he said yes. He said he was afraid that I didn't have the same feeling for him so he was scared to ask." Wasn't that the same thing he said to Confederate? Well, I don't care. I wonder when he will confess his feelings for his crush... I need to get over him fast, but how?

I smirk, "that's so cute! You're not a hopeless romantic anymore!"

"Shut up!" She grumbles. "Don't tell anyone, okay? I didn't tell any of my other friends."

I nod, "your secret is safe with me Phil."

"Thanks. Now, do you like anyone? How about Italy?" She smirks, poking my cheeks.

"Italy? He likes someone else. We're only friends," I giggle.

She rolls her eyes, "admit that you like Italy."

"I don't like him!" I huff angrily.

She giggles, turning towards the door. She gasps when she sees China looking into our classroom. China told me that he's still scouting the classrooms to know which classes he can't go to because two or more of his girlfriends are there. I guess my classroom is safe for him. Well, I don't know any of his other girlfriends because he didn't tell me yet. He told me they weren't important though. It's only Confederate we have to worry about.

China waves, smiling sweetly. Philippines leans on her arm, waving back at him in awe and admiration. I roll my eyes, finding most of the girls who talk to China are brainwashed by this superficial version of him. In reality, he is nothing close to what they believe.

He is nice to them in the beginning to gain their trust. Once they show their vulnerable side, he takes advantage of them. In this way, they believe that he is their savior in this cruel world where they are always beaten and hurt. With this amount of loyalty comes usefulness for China. He will ditch them when he reaches his goal.

I sometimes wonder what he uses me for, but he reassured me that he doesn't use me for anything. He only wants my friendship. He told me he would be the one begging me to stay with him. He told me he would burn the world for me. He told me that he would do anything crazy in order for me to stay by his side. I know he was exaggerating, but for him to say all this really meant something. And that's why I trust him.

China winks which causes Philippines to squeal in delight. I scoff slightly, finding it weird how she's so obsessed with his looks. I know, he looks really handsome. I just like his personality better. He's considerate, open, and ambitious. He will get anywhere in life with these traits.

I want to be like him.

China doesn't seem satisfied. He walks over to us. Philippines gets ready to embrace him by tidying up her clothes. Here we go again. I look at the clock, wondering when the teacher is going to be here. It's already been 4 minutes!

China lifts my chin up to look at him. "What were those faces you made?" He asks, an eyebrow raised.

I smile, "nothing. Now go to class. The bell's about to ring."

He smirks, "I have lunch." Before I can say anything else, he pulls a chair next to me and sits down. I can already feel Philippines glare down my back.

"Tsina," Philippine whispers, glaring at him.

"What?" China asks, pretending to be confused.

She sighs, "nevermind."

He smiles, turning his attention back towards me. "I'm hosting my birthday party next week. Want to help me brainstorm some game ideas?"

I nod my head eagerly, "I would love too!" He chuckles, holding my hands. "Are you also inviting your girlfriends?" I ask, in a whisper.

He thinks about it, "I have to invite Confetti and Pee Pee because they would be suspicious of you. But don't worry. They won't interrupt our time together. I'll ensure it."

"Alrighty!" I beam. "Who's coming?"

"The usual gang," he shrugs. The bell rings, indicating the start of class. China gets up, "see you later 美国"

"Bye China," I smile.

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End of Scene X

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What do you think will happen during China's party?

Will Confederate and Philippines find out that China's cheating on them?

Is China a good ~~boy~~ friend to America?☺

☆* ⋆ 46 ⋆ *☆

[image] [image]

Scene XI

Young America POV

Confederate and I are in the car with Mom driving us to China's birthday party. She has been talking non-stop about China and I feel like Mom is even irritated by her. Thankfully, we made it to his house where it is nicely decorated with golden and red balloons. Confederate rushes to the door, ringing it constantly. I grumble, having to take the presents she got for him out of the back trunk. Confederate got tons of things for China while I could only afford one. She went to the mall yesterday with Mom and spent all the money Father gave her this week on China's presents. She bought a crazy amount of things that I can't even count.

Father only gave me 50 to spend. So, using half of my own savings, I bought something for China. I had to make sure it was perfect for him. The price didn't matter. The only thing that matters is how much he likes it.

I stack the boxes on top of each other. The biggest at the at the bottom and the smallest on the top. I put the present I got for him in my pocket before I slipped both my arms with the bags of accessories Confederate bought. I take a deep breath before lifting the boxes up. "By mom!" I say, my voice muffled behind all these boxes.

"Au revoir Amérique," Mom sings sweetly, pressing the button to close the trunk. I slowly make my way towards China's house by looking at a gap between the boxes. I can clearly see China scolding Confederate before coming towards me and taking a few of the boxes of presents from my hands.

"Happy birthday China," I smile.

He smiles back, "thank you 美国." He leads me into his house and tells me to give the presents to the palace servants. Italy, Estonia, Finland, and Philippines are chatting while Confederate angrily glares at me. I frown. She must be jealous of me. I didn't even do anything! "Come this way to my treehouse." China says, leading the way down a long hall.

I stay at the end of the group, marveling at the art painted on the walls. There are dragons, mythical creatures, and a really long wall. There are also drawings of women dressed in traditional Chinese clothing in all sorts of colors. Most importantly, as I ventured down the hall I realized how these colors soon turn blood red with sparkles of gold and golden dragons running along the walls. This must be China's side of the palace. I know how much he likes golden dragons and the color red. We make it outside where there's a very big tree with a treehouse. China hits the lamp on one of the many open doors and a ladder comes down.

"Follow me!" China hums, getting up the ladder. We follow him up the wooden steps. The garden is beautiful from up here. I can see all the beautiful flowers and garden walls. It's magnificent!

"It's you again," I hear someone say.

I turn to look at him. "Hi Taiwan!" I smile.

He smirks, "are you officially dating my brother now?"

I blush, "we aren't dating."

He shrugs, "I can tell you two like each other. It's so obvious." He wiggles his eyebrows at me, causing my cheeks to flush a deep red.

I groan, "he doesn't like me. He likes someone else."

"Then why isn't she here?" He asks, squinting his eyes and rubbing his chin.

"Maybe an emergency came up," I shrug. That's why Cuba isn't here. I hope he's okay.

He rolls his eyes, "you're just as clueless as him. Literally everyone

knows!"

"Know what?"

"Nevermind," he grumbles.

China leads us into the treehouse. There are tables full of food, rows of the games I suggested, and a mat on the ground for us to sit. "Any games you'll like to play first?" China asks.

"How about truth or dare?" Confederate shrieks.

"No. We're saving that for last." Estonia glares.

Philippines crosses her arms, smirking, "two against one."

"Four against two," Finland smiles, side hugging Estonia. Taiwan and Italy nod their head in approval. China and I look at each other, both stumped by the sudden divide.

"When did I ever invite you here?" China asks, looking at Taiwan.

Taiwan grumbles, "I need some time to relax too! And maybe help you-"

"Okay, shut up!" China snaps, his cheeks getting red out of embarrassment.

"I say we play Uno, then Mario kart, then eat, then make China open presents, and, last but not least, play truth or dare!" Taiwan beams.

"I like that idea," Italy smirks, nudging me.

I give him a confused look, "I agree?"

Estonia grabs the uno cards and sits down on the mat. "What are you guys waiting for?"

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"Uno," I mumble, setting my +2 card down. Thankfully I had one or else I would've gotten 6 more cards. To my shock, Taiwan places

a +2. Then China does as well. Now it's up to Finland. He whispers something to Estonia and she shakes her head sadly. He then begins grabbing the twelve cards from the deck.

"That's cheating!" Italy screams, pointing at Finland accusingly.

Estonia sticks her tongue out at him and places a wild card. "Red." She smiles.

I stare at my card. I don't have red. I have a yellow 7. Philippines places down a red 5. I bite my lips, realizing that the odds were against me when Confederate places a +4. "Yellow," she smirked evilly, winking at me. I swallow, hoping Italy doesn't sabotage me with another +4.

He grumbles in annoyance, drawing 4 cards from the deck. This is my chance. "Uno out!" I scream, slamming my card down on the deck.

Confederate glares at Italy, "you cheater! You helped her!"

"No I didn't!" Italy defends himself by showing his cards, none of which are +4s, "you should be complaining about Finland!"

"Me?! I did you guys all a favor!" Finland grumbles, throwing his cards back into the pile.

China face palms, "it's only a game."

"Yeah, and they cheated!" Confederate points at Italy and Finland.

Philippines huffs, "listen to him. It's his birthday after all." Confederate obliges, still irritated by the matter.

"Time to choose partners for Mario kart!" Taiwan declares, placing a bucket in the middle.

"China will be my partner," Philippines and Confederate say in unison. I giggle softly as they stare at each other in shock and jealousy.

Taiwan stares at them weirdly. "We're drawing from a bucket.

Anyways, I'll go first!" He sticks his hand in the bucket and pulls out a slip of paper. He unfolds it and smiles, "Confederate, you're with me!"

"Yay," she beams, annoyed. Philippines smirk slightly, liking the fact that she has a better chance of being partnered up with China. Itay goes next, drawing a piece of paper.

"Philippines, you're my partner," Italy says. Philippines slouches slightly.

China shrugs, reaching in the bucket. He takes out the piece of paper and turns to me. "美国." He mumbles. I smile widely, but the fact that two people are glaring at me disturbs me.

Estonia hugs her boyfriend, "I guess we're partners then!"

Finland chuckles, getting up and carrying her bridal style to the coach where the controllers are. "Let's go!" Taiwan cheers, dragging Confederate away. Italy and Philippines also join the others on the couch.

China helps me up from the ground. "Any ideas on how to beat them?" He asks.

I smirk, rubbing my hands together. I have been training for this moment. "Oh, I am ready."

He chuckles, side hugging me, "I can't wait to see what you're going to do."

We sit down next to each other on the couch. He hands me the controller. "You should go first. You're the birthday boy!" I giggle, handing it back to him.

He smiles, taking it. "What map?" Italy asks.

"This one this one!" Taiwan screams, pointing at the screen. It's the map that I want. Perfect.

After we set up our characters, I lean back and enjoy as I watch our Kart zoom through the race. China is pretty good at this game, but

not as good as Confederate and Taiwan. He kept driving over banana peels.

When he finally passed the finish line, he handed the controller over to me. A smirk creeps on my lips as I reverse the kart. I can tell China's concerned about losing. "Do you trust me?" I ask.

"Yes," he replies. I click the buttons, making the kart jump up on the mountain. Then I make the kart get back on the track and across the finish line. We're now first place. "Go go go!" I shriek, handing China the controller again. He does as told, doing better at dodging the things other teams dropped on the road.

We won the race much to everyone's surprise. "I swore you guys were third place before." Taiwan glares.

I shrug, "you guys didn't see us speeding through I guess."

"Next round!" Philippines grins. The others starts choosing the map while I start teaching China how to do my trick.

"So you have to click this button, and then spin. That's how you do the looping hoop!" I grin.

China looks at me, amazed. "How did you know about this?" He asks.

I giggle, "trial and error. I was a nerd at this game back then."

"Ready, set Go!" Taiwan screams at the top of his lungs.

I watch as China attempts the trick. He's doing all the steps right, but the timing is off. He tries again, but fails. "Let's try this again." I say, placing my hands on top of his, "there's a rhythm to this. Listen."

I begin clicking and moving the controller for him. After we finished the first lap, I did it for him again. Then I remove my hands so he can finish the final lap by himself. He concentrates on the screen, moving his fingers to the rhythm. He did it! He drives our kart to first place and hugs me.

"Thank you for teaching me," he smiles.

"No problem China!" I giggle, hugging him back. "Now I have to learn a new tactic when I play with you again."

He giggles, "I'll be waiting."

"We eat and China opens his presents!" Taiwan cheers. The palace servants hands out bowls of chicken soup with wontons, plates of fried fish, and some fried rice. It smells delicious!

"Open up my presents first!" Philippines beams, handing China three bags.

China opens them, taking out a hoodie, a pair of sneakers, and some headphones. He smiles, "thank you!"

Philippines giggles shyly, "no problem."

"Open mine!" Taiwan urges China.

China glares at him before opening it. "You stole my gold bar?!" He shouts.

"Surprise!" Taiwan smirks, "I found it for you!"

"The gold bar from the Easter eggs hunt two years back?" I ask. China nods, giving it to me for me to protect.

"Here's your actual present," Taiwan smiles, giving him a small box.

China reluctantly opens it. Instead of finding something nasty, he finds a small red notebook. "Thanks," he says softly.

"Open mines next!"

Italy got him a dragon alarm clock. Estonia and Finland got two matching hoodies so he could wear it with his significant other. Obviously, Philippines and Confederate thought that it was themselves. China was surprised with all the things Confederate got him. Notebooks, a laptop, makeup, plushies, clothing, shoes, and accessories.

"Thanks Confederate," he smiles happily.

Confederate blushes, "you don't need to say thanks. You deserve it!"

Now all those gifts really make my gift look small. Well, my gift is small. I take a deep breath, "I got you this." I take the box out of my pocket and place it in his hand.

I bite my lips nervously as he opens it. Please say it's not broken. Please say you like it. "I love it," China gasps, taking it out of the case.

"I got it custom designed for you," I stutter, pointing at the patterns of golden dragons and his name and my name on the back of the golden watch.

He takes his watch off and puts mine on. "Thank you 美国," he smiles, holding my hand. "You know me so well," he whispers softly so the others won't hear.

I giggle, feeling my cheeks flush and my belly flip. What is this feeling?

...

"Truth or dare?" Finland asks Italy.

"Dare," Italy says proudly.

Finland smirks, "kiss the person next to you on the cheek." He looks at China, then at Philippines. He kisses China's cheek then wipes his mouth.

I can tell Philippines is offended by the way she stares at Italy in disgust. Italy spins the wheel and it lands on Confederate. "I choose dare!" She beams.

"I dare you to do the chicken dance," Italy giggles. Confederate obliges, then sits back on the ground.

It goes like this for a while. I would only choose truth because I don't want to take risks unless it's more than a fifty percent return.

Also, Confederate and Philippines kept choosing dare for some reason. Do they really want to do stupid things? I wouldn't!

Now it's Taiwan's turn, he spins the wheel and it lands on Estonia. "Dare!" She giggles.

"Sit on your boyfriend's lap!" He grins evilly at the couple. Estonia and Finland look at each other, both flustered by the dare. I giggle at them when Estonia sits on his lap. They look so embarrassed! It's honestly so funny!

Estonia spins the wheel, trying to ignore the smirks and teases. The spinner lands on me. "Truth or dare?" Estonia asks.

"Choose dare," Italy whispers. "I promise it won't be bad."

I stare at him curiously. Promise? He doesn't know what she's thinking. "Dare," I say, going out of my comfort zone.

"I dare you to sleep (not as in sex!) with China tonight in his room." Estonia smiles innocently.

"What?" I stutter in surprise. China and I look at each other in shock. Confederate and Philippines both glare at Estonia who shrugs.

Taiwan yawns, "we should sleep now. I'm getting tired."

"You didn't ask if China was fine with it!" Confederate glares, pointing at China who seems to be lost in his own thoughts.

"China, dare or dare?" Italy asks.

China looks at Italy, confused, "the first dare?"

"I dare you to sleep with Union tonight in your room!" Italy smirks, nudging me.

China nods, unable to find the voice to protest from all this embarrassment. "The maids will lead you guys to a bedroom." China mumbles. He gets up and I reluctantly take his hand.

I stare at the ground guiltily as we walk out the treehouse and back into his house. "I'm sorry. I didn't know. Italy told me to choose dare and I-"

"I'm not mad." He replies. I nod, still feeling uneasy.

He opens the door to his room and lets me in. He doesn't turn on the light so I try to look around his big blood red room. I see a piano, a punching bag, a shelf of awards, and his queen sized green bed that stands out from the color scheme. "Your room is nice," I hum.

"Thanks, 美国," he says softly, turning on the night light near his bed. Why is he staying so quiet? Is it because he finds me disgusting? Probably.

I stand there idly, wondering if I should just sleep on the floor. "China, why is your bed green? It's a little odd, no offense." I say, fidgeting my hands.

"None taken." He pauses, looking at the ground. "It reminds me of your eyes," he mumbles.

I blush, unable to find any other words to say. Silence falls between us as we stare at each other, waiting for the other to do something. I've never felt this awkward with China since forever. I blame Italy and Estonia for this.

I look at the white mat that is illuminated by the night light. "I will sleep on the ground since you don't look comfortable-."

"No!" He cuts me off. I stare at him and he stares back at me embarrassed. "I mean, no." He says softer.

He takes a deep breath and brings me to his bed. He makes me sit down at the edge without saying a word. He only stares at me, holding my hands. "China, are you alright?" I ask.

He nods his head. "I don't know how to start." He mumbles.

I tilt my head confused, "start what?"

The next thing that came out of his mouth shook my world. I look at him, wanting to know that he's lying. That I'm not his. That I'm only his other play thing. It can't be. He's so much more than me. I am not who he thinks he is. I know nothing about his world and he knows nothing about mine. He shouldn't be asking this. He shouldn't be asking me!

"Me? But-there are much better options out there like Confederate. I'm not pretty. I'm not sociable. I don't have a good relationship with my family members. I'm not what you expect out of a partner. What I'm saying is, you're out of my league, China. I want the best for you. You should ask your real crush and stop playing games," I rambled trying to deny his motives. I bite my lips when he pushes me onto the bed, hovering above me. I stare into his soft hazel eyes, wondering what got him to say this. He must've been dared by Italy when I wasn't looking.

"美国. Don't listen to those lies. You are perfect. You are everything that I could ask for. You are beautiful. I love your emerald eyes and your soft hair. You are very sociable and everyone loves talking to you whenever they can. Who cares about your family? They can die for all I care. I will be your family. I don't care if you don't have any experience, I will teach you. Why am I saying this? Because you're my crush, 美国. I have liked you since the first time I saw you. I saw you defeat your Father during your revolution. I saw how successful you were. Your sister is out of the picture. She did nothing but an unintelligent rant. You are the real deal. You are out of my league." China finishes, staring at me with heartfelt eyes.

I feel my heart beating faster as I continue staring at him. "I love you," I mumble quietly, pulling him onto me and into a hug. "I have a crush on you too." I admit shyly.

He chuckles, rolling onto his back. I hold onto him as he does so and now I'm on top of him. He then sits up, leaning on his arms. I release him from my hug, looking at him. I admire him. I admire his beauty, his intelligence, his personality, his everything! I'm so lucky to be with him. "May I kiss you?" he asks, scratching his neck, blushing.

I bite my lips, looking at him. I nod my head, not wanting myself to

stutter. He nervously leans closer to me. I stare at his lips as it delicately comes in contact with mine. I freeze, not knowing what to do next. His hand trails my back making me gasp and pull away. He caressed my cheek, looking at me with soft worried eyes. "Sorry," I stutter.

"No, don't say sorry. I will teach you," China smiles warmly.

I nod, slightly embarrassed by myself for not knowing these things. But I do want to kiss him. It honestly felt kind of good. China connects our lips again and this time I relax, kissing him back. I whimper when he bites my bottom lip. Before I could pull away, he held me close then slipped his tongue in my mouth. My eyes widened in shock. I would bite him right then and there, but I don't. I don't want to hurt him. So instead, I try to get my tongue into his mouth. It didn't exactly work because he quickly took control.

I broke the kiss, panting heavily while looking at him nervously. He smiles, kissing my cheek. "You did amazing," he whispers.

"Thanks?" I mumble. He chuckles then starts kissing down to my neck. I bite my lips, grabbing onto his shoulders because I didn't want to slap him. "China," I say airily when his tongue swirls around a spot on my neck. He then begins abusing it by sucking, nibbling, and kissing it. I grab onto his shoulders tightly, letting small whimpers escape my mouth. It feels good and I don't know how to describe it.

Sh*t. Why are my legs shaking? China stops, looking at me concerned. "Did I do something wrong?" He asks, his hands caressing my legs. It causes my whole body to shiver.

"I don't know. I don't know myself. Please help me," I mumble, looking at him pleadingly. I want to get rid of this feeling. The feeling of longing.

He blushes, nodding without saying a word. He grabs his phone from the nightstand and searches up something. I continue to cling onto him, helplessly shaking and shivering. I want something, but I don't know what. I see China's eyes widening. Then he throws his phone to the other side of the room where it hits the punching bag.

He covers his face, turning away from me. "I know how to help you," he says softly.

I smile, "thank you China!"

He nods, "do as I say. Move-umm-move yourself up and down my lap."

I tilt my head, confused. "Like this?" I ask, doing as he says. He nods slowly, placing his right hand on my hips while the other one still supported him. I look down, concentrating on the movement. Why does it feel-good? What is this?

"It'll be better if you move faster," he mumbles, face red. So I moved faster. I bite my lips, feeling the pleasure kick in. I look at China who seems to be enjoying it as much as me.

He smiles, pulling me down for a kiss. I sloppily kiss back, not able to focus on two things at once. But what I heard next made me stop. "Sorry," I say, embarrassed at my moaning.

"It's normal. Don't be shy about it," China kisses my cheek. I swallow, having a new urge now. What if I kissed his neck? I lean closer to him cautiously, peering down at his neck. "美国?" He asks nervously. He trails his hand down my back and sets it on my waist. I kiss his neck, feeling him flinch under me. I immediately pull away.

"Sorry. I don't know what got into me," I mumble, looking away from him.

His cheeks turn red as he looks at me, "I-it's not your fault. Please don't stop." He pulls the collar of his shirt down so I can have easier access.

I kiss his neck again, feeling him flinch under me. I nibbled his neck and sucked it like how he did it to me. I swirl my tongue around his sweet spot making him tense up and gasp. He groans softly as I continue. I trail my hands up his chest, feeling the rise and fall of his breathing. When I think I'm done, I move away, looking at the artwork I made on him. A small bruise. Now where's the pen for my

signature?

"That felt-good," China mumbles, blushing nervously.

I frown, "but you weren't comfortable with it. Why did you let me continue?"

He pauses, looking away from me. "because I don't care if anyone found out about us."

My face pales. Sh*t. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry China. Is there a way we can cover it up? My sister and my friend and your other girlfriends-"

He smashes his lips against mine, making me pause my ranting. He hugs me close and spins me around so that I'm laying underneath him. He breaks the kiss while I look up at him nervously clinging onto his shirt. "I don't care about them. I only care about you. I wouldn't let any of them mark me as their own." China whispers softly, moving a strand of my hair off my face.

"China but-" I gasp when he begins rubbing his crotch against mine. I grab onto his shirt, helplessly. My body shivers as he continues grinding.

He groans softly, kissing my cheeks a couple of times. I furrow my eyebrows, closing my eyes as moans escape my mouth. "You don't have to worry. I will set them under control. They will never find out about us." China says airily, breathing heavily. I nod and hum in agreement.

China kisses me sloppily and I moan into his mouth, unable to control myself. My bottom feels amazing. A feeling of enjoyment that I never felt before. The better part is I'm doing it with China. And I know that he loves me as a lover and not a friend. "China," I whimper, feeling my whole body go weak. He stops as well, falling on top of me, panting heavily.

I hug him tiredly, happy that my legs aren't shaking anymore. "Thank you, China. I love you Chi." I yawn, snuggling up to him.

"I love you too, Erica. I love you too." He kisses my forehead before picking me up. The rest was all a blur. I just know I dreamed of

pink fluffy unicorns dancing on rainbows with China riding on one of them.

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End of Scene XI

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VERY LONG CHAPTER✧

Are y'all happy?

Who loves Taiwan?

Why does Father like Confetti so much?

Why doesn't France do anything when she sees favoritism?

Do you guys trust China?

What do you think will happen if Confetti or PeePee found out?

Also, America and China are still virgins!

P.S: read chapter 41 if you haven't already
AND NEW COVER!

REMEMBER TO VOTE AND COMMENT!

☆* ⋆ 47 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene XII

Young America POV

Cling

"是時候醒來了!" Someone screamed. The metallic sound is heard again, making my ears hurt.

I feel myself getting pulled closer to something warm. "走开," someone grumbles. Wait. That's China. That other person must be Taiwan.

Taiwan continues banging the pots and pans together, causing China's anger to grow. Before I let anything get out of hand, I sit up and stare angrily at Taiwan. "We get it. Go away." I grumble.

Taiwan smirks, "等到媽媽聽到這個訊息."

This causes China to jump up, ready to pounce on Taiwan. "回到這裡!" He yells, but Taiwan already left and slammed the door. China grumbles in annoyance.

I pat his back, hoping it will calm him down, "China, it's okay."

He rests his head on my shoulder and then pushes me a on the bed again, snuggling up to me. "Is it alright if we sleep a little more?" China asks.

I smile, "sure. Taiwan interrupted my beauty rest."

China chuckles, kissing my cheek. "I love you."

"I love you too—"

The door slams open again and in comes China's mom. She gasps in

surprise when she sees us. I grab the covers and pull it over our heads, embarrassed she saw us like this. China hugs me protectively, mumbling, what I believe to be, Chinese curses.

The covers fly off, exposing us to the cold air. "你在干什么?" China snaps, glaring at his mom.

She slaps his rear, causing him to hiss in pain. "My son is cheating on you with someone else." China's mom explains as she pulls China off the bed and onto the ground. "I don't want him to manipulate you. You're such a young country. You need independence." She sighs, looking at me worriedly.

I sit up, nodding my head slowly. "I know and he won't manipulate me." She stares at me hopelessly, thinking that I've already been brainwashed by China.

China gets up from the ground, "I have liked her since the first time I saw her. It is a miracle she liked me back." China mumbles, looking at the ground sheepishly. "He knows," China points at Taiwan who's eating popcorn.

"是么?" China's mom asks Taiwan. He nods his head as he stuffs his face with more popcorn. China's mom sighs, "if you break her heart, I know you're lying." With that, China's mom leaves with Taiwan trailing her.

China grumbles, sitting down on the bed next to me. "I'm sorry about them."

"It's alright! Your mom cares about you," I smile.

China smiles softly, hugging me, "I love you. I don't want you to ever leave me."

"I love you too."

...(3 days later; after school)...

I'm late. I'm late. I'm late. I'm late to my astrology club! I rush up the stairs, carrying my poster that's tucked under my arm. My club is on the fifth floor and I'm only on the second so far. How did I

forget about this club? I love space so much! Stupid me.

If Canada knew about this he would lecture me for a whole hour for how I'm so unorganized. Then he would find something in my room and complain about it. Then he would complain to me when I ask him how his day was because he thinks that I want to get into his personal life. Lastly, he will tell me that we're strangers and not siblings before he exits my room. He's just like Father. A literal clone of him to be exact. Always complaining that I did something wrong and they are in the right. When did it become that I was their scapegoat? Why not Confederate? Canada respects her so much!

I finally make it to the top of the stairs, breathing heavily. Why isn't there anyone here? I look around the empty hallways. Maybe I'm early. Usually all the club members sit in the hallway to work on their project. I shrug, walking towards the classroom where we usually meet.

I can hear some really loud debating as I approach the classroom. Probably Daniela and Kyle again. They usually do it for fun until our teacher tells them to stop. I open the door and walk in. I drop my things on the ground, shocked at the scene in front of me.

Confederate and Philippines are wrestling on the ground pulling each other's hair as China smirks, taking a video of them and urging them on. I swallow, completely frozen. What did he do this time?

China laughs when Confederate gets punched in the gut. I can see how proud Philippines is by the small grin that appears on her lips. Then Confederate punches her face which earns an amused sadistic laugh from China. This is so cruel to watch.

I look over at China who seems to be enjoying it all. I know he likes violence. Also, this might be the first time he's actually manipulated two girls to fight for him. China and I make eye contact. He smiles widely, "Hi 美国!"

I wave back nervously, afraid that Philippines and Confederate's anger will be directed towards me for talking to China. After one last punch, Confederate and Philippines get up from the ground and

dust their clothes off, smiling sweetly at me. I sigh. China brainwashed them real good. I guess learning Psychology has its uses. "What's happening here?" I ask in a whisper.

Confederate immediately speaks up first, "your friend is stealing China away from me."

Philippines gasps, offended by her statement. "Your sister is stealing China away from me!"

I look at China who gets off the desk he was sitting on. He shoves his phone in his pocket as he walks towards me. He shrugs, "I told them they could share me but they insisted not to." Of course they wouldn't. They hate each other. He continues, "so I told them to settle things themselves. As you can see, it's not going anywhere." He winks at me.

"We can't share you. We don't like each other." Philippines grumbles, crossing her arms.

China stares at her, annoyed, "then like each other! It's that simple."

"But—" Confederate starts.

"I'm leaving. You two are too annoying," China snaps, leaning down to pick up my project. He then takes my hand and drags me out of the classroom with him. As soon as we leave, the two girls erupt in an argument. Confederate, wait till Canada hears about this! He will lecture you for sure.

China takes me down a flight of stairs. He doesn't talk to me, but makes subtle looks to see how I'm feeling. I'm most definitely confused and angered by how he used Confederate and Philippines for his desire to make others fight for him. But how could I blame him?

I would do the same.

He takes me to one of the classrooms on the fourth floor and locks the door. He then closes the lights before walking towards me. He holds my hands, looking at me, smiling giddily. I swallow, "I could tell how much you enjoyed hurting their feelings."

He laughs slightly, not denying it. "I love how desperate they look. It makes me feel powerful," China smiles.

I smile softly, hugging him. "I'm so happy you're my boyfriend."

He chuckles softly, "I'm even happier that you liked me back." He kisses the top of my head, making my heart flutter.

I look up at him, his eyes beaming with pride. Everything is going well for him. He has me as his girlfriend. He is torturing the hearts of his other girlfriends. He is unstoppable. He is amazing. He is lovable. He is my boyfriend.

"Be honest. You were nervous when the two saw each other." I smirk.

He blushed, embarrassed. I giggle softly, playing with his cheeks. "I wasn't confident that they liked me to no end. I thought they were going to turn against me." He mumbles sheepishly.

"Why would you ever think that? Everyone is obsessed with you." I smile, fixing his hair.

He looks away from me, mumbling something in Chinese, "我很爱你."

I tilt my head, confused "what does that mean?"

"It means 'I love you'," China smiles, hugging me tightly.

I stuff my face in his chest, "I love you too."

...

"Connie, what did I tell you? He's a f*cking cheater and you fell into his trap!" Canada yells at a crying Confederate. She hugs me, crying onto my shoulder as I rub her back softly.

I frown, "Canada, calm down. You're making her cry."

My Canadian brother stares at me. His eyes widen as sudden realization hits him. "It's because of you," he starts, pointing at me

accusingly. "It's because of you!" He screams. I tilt my head, confused. What did I do?

"Can-can, she did nothing wrong. She's helping me," Confederate sniffles, hugging me tightly.

Canada shakes his head, "she's not helping you. She's helping China. I should've known."

"What? They don't even talk during school. Are you okay?" Confederate glares. She wipes her tears with a tissue I handed her earlier.

"Stop speaking for her!" Canada growls, glaring angrily at Confederate. She rolls her eyes, giving in. Canada walks over to me, grabbing the collar of my shirt harshly. I wince in pain, grabbing onto my shirt. "What were you doing with China after school on the fourth floor in one of the classrooms?" He glares deeply, full of anger.

I swallow, "I told China I needed to talk to him about the astrology project and I wanted to ask him why he's cheating."

"What did he say?" Canada presses, "you guys were in there for a long time."

"He didn't tell me much besides that he wants to see who loves him more. And, as I said, we were working on the astrology project." I say, answering his questions. He looks at me, wondering if I'm lying to him. He sighs, unable to see through my innocence.

Confederate shoves Canada away from me. "She has nothing to do with it. Besides, China reassured me that he doesn't like her. And she likes Italy! They talk basically everyday." Confederate explains, protecting me from Canada's wrath.

"I still don't trust you," Canada says, glaring at me. I look down to my lap, pretending to feel awful.

Confederate hugs her pillow tightly, "Can-can, I think I should share China with Philippines."

"Share?!" Canada shouts in shock. "My little sister will not be someone else's side piece!" He declares.

Confederate groans, "then what should I do? I know Philippines wants him for herself."

"China is stupid. You don't need him to live a good life," Canada glares.

"But Philippines will have him if I don't!" Confederate whines.

I frown, "there are more fish in the sea."

Confederate kicks her bed, "I want China! China is mine!"

"No! No one will get China!" Canada yells angrily.

Confederate get up from her bed, getting frustrated, "if you're not going to help, leave."

Canada face palms, "Vous avez subi un lavage de cerveau! Vous ne comprenez pas?! (You have been brainwashed! Don't you understand?!)" He then turns to me, causing me to freeze in fear. "Isn't that right Union?"

I shrug, "I don't think so. I think she's just deeply in love." Canada squints his eyes, looking at me intently. I swallow. Did I say something wrong?

"She understands! Now get out you stupid boy!" Confederate shoves him away. Canada starts laughing crazily, staring at me with hatred.

"Little b*tch! I will find out your secret!"

Confederate pushes him out her room and locks the door. "He doesn't understand me like you do." She smiles. The corners of her lips crack as she stares at me with her puffy red eyes.

I frown, hugging her tightly, "Connie, it's okay." She sobs on my shoulder. "It's okay Connie. It's okay." I whisper softly.

As I look at her. I feel guilty. I'm not who she thinks she is. I'm not her loving, caring sister. Once she finds out, our relationship will shatter into unmanageable pieces. I wonder what will happen when she finds out about China and I.

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End of Scene XII

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China's mom knows America?

Will Confederate and Philippines agree to share China?

Will Canada find out about America and China's relationship?

Do you think Taiwan is a good brother?☺

☆* ⋆ 48 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene XIII

Young America POV

"Welcome to my party!" Confederate cheers, hugging her guests. Today is a special occasion because Confederate placed first in our archery competition. Even though I got third place, I don't get any recognition for my achievement. But, I'm happy that I at least got something other than nothing. Father would've been very mad at me if I got last place.

After leading the guests to the backyard, Confederate comes over to me. I frown, "still thinking about him?"

She nods slowly, "yeah. I'm scared he—"

I hug her, rubbing her back, "he'll come. Don't worry."

She hugs me tightly. "I don't know why Can-can hates him. He's so loving and handsome. He's everything Can-can can't be."

"I know. I know." I whisper softly. We sit on the stairs, awaiting more guests. It's only China and his friends who haven't arrived yet.

Confederate's really pretty today. She's wearing a pink sundress, white heels, silver necklaces, and a tiara. Father's little princess. I'm wearing the only dress I have: a blue floral dress.

The doorbell rings, which gets Confederate excited. She delicately dashes to the door to open it. "Hi China!" She exclaims, hugging him. China smiles at her, hugging her back. Estonia coughs, gaining Confederate's attention. She smiles nervously, "didn't see you there. Welcome!"

I sigh, getting down the stairs. Seems like she needs help with the guests. She only invited China's friends because they're China's

friends, nothing more; she wants China to like her. "Hello, I'll lead you guys to the backyard!" I smile sweetly.

"Hi 美国!" China smiles at me. I wave back shyly. Why does he look so handsome in that emerald button down dress shirt? Italy smirks, patting China on the back before looking at me.

"He was talking about you the whole way here." Italy whispers in my ear. I blush, looking at China. His cheeks flushes red once he realizes he has been exposed. Italy smiles at Confederate so she doesn't see our nervousness, "congratulations! You're a really good archer!"

Confederate smiles widely at the praise, "thank you so much Italy! We made your favorite pasta. I hope you like it."

Italy rubs his hands together, "can't wait to rate it!"

I giggle softly, "follow me!" With that, we leave China and Confederate alone to talk. She told me she wanted to ask China to ditch Philippines and be with her because she's afraid he won't stay loyal. Of course China's going to guilt trip her into doing what he wants.

"I heard you got third place. Congrats," Cuba smiles.

"Yeah! China showed us this one shot you did and it literally cut through your other arrow. You should've gotten first place for that trick," Estonia grins. I blush, flattered by their praises. I didn't know China watched my competition.

"Thank you," I stutter. I've never received so many praises from multiple people. All I got was two high fives from Australia and New Zealand when I got my medal. Nothing more. Father didn't even look at me. He was busy reading his newspaper.

Australia runs over to us, then hugs me. "You have friends?" He teases, smirking slightly.

"Of course she has friends. She's a great person," Estonia giggles.

"This is my little brother Aussie, but you can call him spiderhead." I

smile. Australia glares at me.

"Hi spiderhead," Finland smirks.

Australia whines, "I don't like your friends!"

...

I drag China away from the crowd and into the garden that's created like a maze. I turn a few corners, making sure we are in a secluded area before slowing down. "What did you tell her? I saw her rushing into her room in tears." I ask.

China scratches his neck nervously, "well, I told her it's better if we broke up if she doesn't want to share me with PeePee. She refused so I called PeePee on the phone so they could negotiate. Then, after ten minutes, both settled on sharing me. After I said some reassuring words to her, I left her to be with my friends."

I sigh, "I thought you broke up with her."

"I could have," China starts. "Do you want me to?" He holds my hands, rubbing them with his thumb softly.

"Well—I want you to because I don't want her kissing you and I don't want you to because I want to keep her under control." I mumble, hugging him.

He hugs me back, "I will never like her, 美国. I will only love you."

I smile, "thank you. I love you too."

He pecks my head, "did I tell you how pretty you are today?" I blush, looking up at him sheepishly.

"Thank you. You look really handsome today as well," I mutter.

He chuckles softly, "you're so cute!" He squishes my cheeks causing me to squeal.

"China!" I stutter, trying to shove him away. He laughs as I cross my arms.

"I am not cute!" I huff.

He smirks, hugging me from behind. "You are my cute girlfriend."

"Uni! Is that your boyfriend?!" I jump, getting out of China's hug. I watch as New Zealand runs towards us with a big grin on her face.

I shake my head, "he's my best friend." New Zealand looks at me as if I've given her a cue.

"Hi handsome, what's your name?" New Zealand hums, attempting to flirt. I facepalm while China chuckles softly, patting her head.

"My name is China. You must be Kiwi, 美国's little sister." China smiles, side hugging her.

She blushes, "yeah, how did you know?"

"Because I told him how you wanted a boyfriend so bad that you tried flirting with everyone but failed." I grin evilly. New Zealand's face burns red in embarrassment and anger.

China laughs, "I'm sure 美国 can teach you some tricks." He winks at me and I stare at him confused. I don't know why and how I got him to like me. I never flirted with him or did anything that showed I liked him. I can't teach her!

"She's too young." I giggle.

New Zealand grumbles, "fine." She then turns to China, "I want you to meet my brother." She grabs his hand and starts dragging him through the flowers. China waves goodbye and I smile. He seems good with kids even though he hates his little brother. I'm so lucky that he likes me.

I make my way out the flower maze and to the dining area where everyone's eating. Canada is comforting Confederate by wiping the mascara away from her eyes. I sit by her, frowning. I immediately get a glare from Canada, but that doesn't matter. I care about my sister.

"Connie, what happened? Did he break up with you?" I ask,

pretending to be concerned.

She shakes her head. "I'm sharing him with Philippines," she sniffs. She wipes her nose with a tissue.

Canada sighs, "don't cry now. All your guests are here." He wipes the tears off her face. The maid places a makeup remover on the table and squats down to fix Confederate's mascara that runs down her face.

I look away, seeing that China, Australia, and New Zealand are talking together at Australia's fish pond. I smile softly when I see how happy my siblings are. China is so good at making anyone happy. Canada scoffs, "he doesn't even care about you." He points in the direction of China as he plays with our siblings.

Confederate glares at him, "he does. He said he does!" Canada groans, then looks at me.

"Union, leave and go talk to your boyfriend." Canada growls, glaring at me.

"Boyfriend? I don't have one," I mutter, confused.

Canada rolls his eyes, "don't hide it. I know." Confederate looks at me. Even the maid looks at me!

I sigh, "I have no boyfriend. No one likes me. Please, you already know this."

Canada squints his eyes, "I still don't believe you."

...

I make my way to the front where the stage and screens are. My Father gets up there with his golden cane. He makes it to the podium and shuffles his papers together. The digital screen behind him turns to a picture of Confederate holding up her gold medal smiling widely and me standing next to her, smiling softly. Father clears his throat.

"Today we are gathered to celebrate my daughter's achievement."

Father begins. "Everyday she trains in the backyard for many hours and is always motivated to improve—." As Father continues, most of what he said are lies. He forces Confederate to practice while I train by myself. For thirty minutes she would whine about training. Even though Father gets her the best trainer she would complain. She only started practicing a lot when the competition was near. It isn't fair. I practiced everyday for this and she didn't. How is she first place?! Even second place seemed better than her. But whatever. She deserves it I guess. I should be happy for my sister.

Everyone claps as Confederate goes to the stage. I feel someone holding my hand. I turn to look and see China next to me. He smiles and I smile back. Looks like he finally escaped my siblings. "Thank you all for coming! I'm so excited to celebrate this all with you. I'm most grateful for Father and Canada because they have helped me so much! I couldn't have never gotten first place if—"

"You cheated!" Someone screams causing the crowd to go into conversation. She cheated? Confederate would never cheat. She is really honest from what I know. Yes, she may be a liar sometimes, but there's no way she would cheat during a competition.

Confederate glares at the crowd, "nothing of that sort ever happened! I won fair and square!" The crowd quiets down as her voice booms through the speaker. I feel China squeeze my hand, making me look up at him. He seems unfazed with all this. I wonder if he believes Confederate. Confederate looks at Father, who looks very stern. She swallows before looking back at the crowd. "As I was saying—"

Father hates when things don't go according to plan. He loves order and control. He wants everything to go smoothly. It was very weird when I learned he had an orgy with all the other empires though. I wonder how that happened to my Father who loves authority and hates intimacy. Apparently he said the words "I love you" when he did it. He never says that! He only says sweet words to mom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Confederate. He never expresses his love to any of us. Maybe to mom, but never me and my siblings. At least he praises my siblings. Ever since the revolution and the War of 1812, he never talked to me softly since. He never cares for me. He's an authoritarian parent.

"—Union has been holding me back from getting this award by telling me that I'm not good enough. But now I've proved her wrong! I won the competition!" Confederate giggles, looking at me in the crowd. I feel eyes stare at me in disgust. I never said anything to her. I only encouraged her to continue practicing. It was herself who demolished her mentally. Why is she blaming me? Why is she lying to all these people?

I look to the ground as I can feel Father's stare of anger. China hugs me. "美国, it's alright. No one will believe her. She's stupid for lying in front of a whole crowd." He whispers softly in my ear.

I sniffled, "thanks China. I think she just needed to make her journey more special. I understand." I smile softly.

China frowns, hugging me close. "Don't worry, she'll feel regret and embarrassment for what she has said about you."

How? She already won. I will be despised by everyone. Either way, I trust him. I trust what he says. "Okay."

Suddenly the screen behind Confederate turns black causing Father to be really angry at whoever's controlling the screen. Suddenly a video appears. It begins playing. Although the audio is terrible there are captions on the top so that everyone can see. I see China smirking slightly and that's when I realized he planned this.

The video shows Confederate handing several thousands of dollars to a judge before the match. The captions say:

"Confederate: Eliminate my opponents, especially Union. I don't want her to get first place. Maybe make her third or second place because she actually worked hard for this spot. No make her third.

Judge 1: Sure thing my dear. Now how much are you giving me?

Confederate: Is ten thousand fine with you?

Judge 1: Make it fifteen thousand and I'll give you first place.

Confederate: Deal!

Judge 1: But only if you don't screw up and miss your shots.

Confederate: Oh please, I can do that!"

The video ends, with the crowd gasping in shock. "New it! She's a cheater!" Cuba laughs loudly.

Father immediately drags Confederate off the stage to lecture her. I can see her start breaking into tears when she realizes how much she messed up. I turn to look at the person manning the lights and broadcasting screen.

"Taiwan?" I whisper, surprised. He high-fives one of our workers and walks down into the crowd. When did he get here?

China hums, "I'll tell you later."

Suddenly, two of the three judges from the archery competition (not the one who got bribed) come on the stage holding medals. The woman in a green silk dress speaks into the microphone. "We are very disturbed that one of our own members would take such a bribe and we would like to right our wrongs."

"We will announce the actual winners of the archery competition." The man in the blue suit smiles. Everyone claps and some give me apologetic looks.

"Coming in third place is Mexico!"

I see a guy with a green attire make his way up the stage to receive his medal. He seems so happy getting it. Thinking about it, I probably never even got top three because Confederate rigged it. I smile sadly at my fate. Maybe it's for the better.

"In second is Sweden!"

It's the same guy that got second place. I guess he thought he would get first because he doesn't look too happy. I sigh, leaning my head on China's shoulder. "When did you sneak your brother here?" I ask.

China smirks, "when I was talking to Aussie and Kiwi. They were very fond of him."

I giggle, "that's how you escaped my siblings."

"Last but not least, in first place we have America!"

I freeze. Me? First? I'm not good enough to be first. Why am I first? Yes I trained but I think Sweden should be first place. He is clearly better than me. I did a trickshot because of luck, not because of skill. Why me? It can't be me. They must've gotten it wrong. Maybe she meant Armenia! Yes. Probably.

China nudges me, "earth to 美国. Everyone's waiting for you."

I swallow, nodding my head slowly. I feel embarrassed as I walk through the crowd. Everyone's smiling at me and giving me compliments. This is the most I've gotten so far. I hear China, Italy, Estonia, and Cuba cheering for me as I walk onto the stage to receive my medal. I'm first place. Me. America. Union. I won first place in this competition.

I stare at my medal, realizing that anything's possible if I work hard on it. I can do it. I believe I can. I will do it. And I will reach the stars. I will get to the moon. I can do anything!

Father walks on stage again, shaking the judges hands. He takes the microphone, "my guests, I am deeply sorry for what happened during the competition. The British family will never ever do such horrid things. Let us forget about this incident and congratulate the winners of the competition!" Everyone applauded for us and I can see my Father soften his face when he looks at me. It's been a while since he looked at me without hostility. I smile brightly, cherishing the moment while it lasts. "Let's all enjoy dinner together."

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China sits down next to me with his plate of food. He smiles, "congratulations!"

I stare at him knowingly, "this was all you wasn't it?"

"Me? You won fair and square," he grins, using his fork and placing some mashed potato on my nose.

I glare at him, "you created the video. You got Cuba to scream that she cheated. You made Taiwan show the video on the big screen. You invited the two judges. It was all you."

He shrugs, not denying it, "perhaps, but I did what was right."

I sigh, "and I love you for that. Thank you."

He chuckles, quickly pecking me on the cheeks. "I love you too 美国." I blush, wondering why he's being so affectionate in public. My siblings can see us in plain sight. China holds my hand under the table. He then wipes the mashed potato off my nose.

"That was amazing!" Taiwan cheers, sitting down next to China. "I'm so happy you thought of this!"

China glares at his little brother, "even though I hate you, I have to say thank you."

Taiwan rolls his eyes, "I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for your girlfriend." He smirks at me, wiggling his eyebrows teasingly. I blush, hiding behind China nervously. Right, he knows we're dating.

"People can hear you," China seethes, his cheeks red.

Taiwan scoffs, "says the one who openly kissed her on the cheeks."

"Taiwan, please stop," I stutter, already feeling embarrassed and exposed.

Taiwan giggles, "okay love birds." He makes some kissing noises before digging into his food (and falling into it).

China and I stare at each other, embarrassed from our interaction with Taiwan. I hope Confederate doesn't see this. "Congratulations Union," I hear Canada sigh. I immediately retract my hand from China's.

I smile, "thank you Canada!"

He stares at me and then at China. "Why are you two sitting together?"

"I saw an empty seat next to her so I decided to sit here. After all, she's the first place winner and I would be honored to sit by her," China explains, grinning slightly.

Canada nods. "Can I talk to you for a second, China? In private?"

China looks at him skeptically, but agrees. The two leave my side and enter the garden to talk. Oh no. I'm left with Taiwan! He got mashed potato all over his face!

Taiwan turns to me, an evil grin appearing on his face, "美國, let's start a FOOD FIGHT!"

"No!"

Young China POV

Canada takes me into the garden. I look around, noticing how far we're going away from the people. America's mom planted a literal maze and I thought my house was confusing! Canada stops when we reach a secluded area in the back of the garden. The noises from the party are only whispers from this point. Canada turns to me, looking at the ground. "We need to stop."

"Stop what?" I ask, confused.

Canada looks at me dead in the eyes, "our rivalry." I can tell he means it, but I don't trust him fully. He is like me, someone who's full of secrets. I'm only a step above him because of learning psychology and how to talk to different types of people.

I scoff, "you want an alliance?"

"No." He grumbles. "I want to stop. I hope we can be strangers."

I grin at the idea. Canada my stranger. Of course I'll check on him every few days, but that is a great idea. "I'm dating Confederate though. You wouldn't mind it, right?"

He flinches, his hands turning into fists, but he nods. "I won't do anything as long as you do nothing to hurt me." This is too good to be true.

"What's the catch?" I ask, crossing my arms.

Canada chuckles softly, blushing in embarrassment, "I want you to follow me on my countrygram account."

That simple? Of course he'll be able to get more followers, but coming from him? It wouldn't hurt though. I don't really care. "Sure," I shrug.

"Thanks," he mumbles quietly, still embarrassed by his request.

"Instead of being strangers, let's be friends." I suggest.

Canada stares at me shocked, "don't you hate me?"

I shake my head, "you were questionable, but I never hated you." That's a lie and I know he doesn't know it because of how grateful he is.

He smiles widely, reaching his hand out. "It's a deal then."

I smile, "Deal."

From that day on we became inseparable friends. We would talk about girls, boys, anything that came to our minds. He never said anything about my relationship with Confederate or Union. He stopped.

I succeeded in protecting America and I can continue manipulating all the other girls I'm dating. This is perfect. I am perfect. I did this. I protected America. I stopped the threats. Everyone loves me. Everyone wants to be me. This is my life.

I am unstoppable.

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End of Scene XIII

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Young China POV again!

Anyone wondering where Russia will appear in this story?

Do you think Canada and China are really inseparable friends?

Confetti and PeePee are DOOMED

☆* ⋆ 49 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene XIV

Young America POV (Three months later)

I stroll around the hallway looking for the attendance office. In math class we have a substitute teacher and he asked if anyone would bring the attendance down. I volunteered, of course, so I can leave my chaotic class and find some peace.

Life has been great. Canada has been treating me right. He and China are friends now apparently. They look happy talking to each other. I'm happy for China and him. Father has been treating me nicely and he often scolds Confederate. Confederate, well, she's still sour about the incident. But it's alright. She doesn't blame me for it —I hope.

China and I, we've gotten closer. A lot closer. Physically and figuratively. I would go to his house sometimes to watch movies with him and his brother. It usually ended with a sleepover with Italy covering for me. China, his kisses are so addicting that I don't ever want him to stop sometimes. He's amazing and I'm so happy he's my boyfriend. I love him. I love him a lot. I love him a hell lot!

As I made it to the office, the door opened. I freak out and hide behind some lockers. The door slams shut and I hear some mumbles. I peak over the corner and see China, glaring at a paper he's holding. Then he crumples it up and throws it to the ground. I swallow, scratching my arm nervously. What is that paper about?

China picks up the note again and throws it at the ground. He then steps on it a few times, cursing in his native tongue. I stay silent, watching him. What made him this angry? I've never seen him acting like this at school. If he was ever mad he would go home and punch his punching bag.

Okay Union. Now pretend you didn't see him do all that. You need to hand this attendance paper in. You got this. I step out from my hiding place, pretending to look at my attendance paper. I can tell China noticed me because he quickly picked up the paper.

I look up and smile at him, "hi China! What are you doing here?"

"Hi 美国! The principal just needed to talk to me," he says cheerfully, but I can tell that he's pretending to be happy. I then turn my attention to the paper he's holding which he quickly shoves in his pocket when he notices me looking.

"What's that?" I ask.

China smiles at me nervously. "It's nothing. What are you doing?" He asks, trying to stray away from my interest to another topic.

"I'm going to hand in the attendance paper," I show him the paper. He nods, holding my hand.

"I will come with you, after all this is my lunch period." He grins.

I nod. As we walk, I can't help but ask if he's okay. He doesn't look okay and he certainly doesn't act okay. He would look around the hallway and then check the watch I gave him a couple times. It's as if he's checking if anyone's stalking us. I hand in the attendance sheet then pull China into the janitor's closet. "China, something's going on." I say, staring intently into his perfect hazel eyes.

"Nothing's going on. Nothing is." China smiles. I hate it when he lies to me but he doesn't hide the fact he's lying.

"China," I mumble sadly. "I want the best for you. I hate it when you're like this." I look at the ground, holding his hands tightly. I hate it when he lies to me.

He sighs softly, "the truth is...I'm expelled."

I stare at him, shocked, appalled, frightened, and dismayed by the news. No no no no no no no, he has to be lying. There's no way he's not. He must be testing my love for him. "China, what did you do? You're the perfect student. The perfect role model. There has to be

some sort of mistake. You can't leave me!" I say, not taking a breath between my sentences. I stare at him, as tears flow down my cheeks. "Please tell me you're lying..." I whisper, hopefully, but his eyes say something different.

He cups my cheeks, wiping the tears away from my face. "I—I have been framed by someone and the principal wouldn't give me a chance to defend myself from his accusation." China explains.

"F*ck him! I'm going to his office and murder him—!"

China kisses me, pausing my rant. He then breaks it, looking at me with his loving and sorrowful eyes. "美国, promise me you'll never forget me. I will come back for you." China whispers.

I nod, trying to control my tears. "I don't want you to leave." I mumble.

China smiles softly, "smile for me, 美国. I'll find you. We will reunite. This is only a test for our love." He uses his thumb to pull the corner of my lips up.

I smile, although it immediately falls to a half smile. "I will remember you. I promise China. And I promise that I will always love you."

China kisses me on the cheek, whispering, "I promise that I will love you always." This is just so much for me. My boyfriend, my best friend, my first true friend, is leaving me because someone framed him. I don't think I can live without him.

"When are you leaving?" I ask quietly, hoping not to hear a reply so that I know he's not leaving and this is all a lie.

"In two days, but I won't come to school tomorrow." China mumbles. I hug him tightly, not wanting to let him go. He is my everything and now he's leaving. This is painful. This sucks! "Meet me at the park tomorrow after school. I want to say my farewells to you." China says softly, patting my back.

I nod, stuffing my face in his chest making his red t-shirt wet. "I don't want you to say goodbye," I whisper.

He sighs, "I don't want to either. But I will come back for you. I will get you out of your family. I'll save you." He reassured me.

"Thank you China. I love you." I say.

He smiles softly, kissing me on the head. "I love you too 美国.

I always will."

... (Next day)

"You have been dating him for how long? You b*tch, you knew I liked him! Don't steal other people's boyfriends!" Confederate yells, slapping me on the cheek. I wince in pain, falling onto the ground. I stare at Canada to find him glaring at me with sadness and anger. He wouldn't be the one who told Confederate the news. So how did she know?! Was she the one that threatened China? There's no way because she loves him. It can't be Canada because he just learned about this now! It has to be Father. Confederate kicks me to the ground, "explain yourself."

"He doesn't love you—" Confederate kicks in the stomach. I gasp, falling onto my back.

"I know now! You don't have to f*cking repeat it!" Confederate screams. She sits on top of me so I won't escape. She grabs my neck, growling, "Canada was right all along. You were dating China. You are dating China. You are the reason I'm suffering so long. I thought I was in love, but I was brainwashed. You never f*cking told me. You little b*tch! I trusted you. I trusted you sister!" She screams curse words at me as she punches me all over my body.

I wince, crying at the pain. I need to see China today even if I am bruised. Today's the last day I can see him. My boyfriend. "Dinner's ready—Amérique!" Mom rushes through the door and pulls Confederate off of me.

Confederate scoffs, "why does he even like you? You don't even want slaves and he does!"

I sat up from the ground with Mom's help. "Don't you dare bring politics into this. This is completely different from our country." I

glare.

Confederate rolls her eyes, "how should I trust someone who lied to me? Who used me? How could I trust you with policies?"

"We are a team. Our social life has nothing to do with this," I stammer.

"We're better off being separate. Afterall you hate slavery and I love slavery. It won't work." Confederate shrugs.

"I never said I hate slavery!" I growl, "it's just that they're taking jobs that were supposed to be for my people!"

"Exactly. You don't want my people to make money," she snaps. "You know what, we're over."

I stare at her, frightened. "Over?"

"Yes, Union. I am Confederate. You are Union. We are separate. Now don't be encroaching on my people you little b*tch. I want to live in peace." Confederate fixes her dress and hair as she stares at me in disgust.

"You can't leave. We promised we were a team. I never said I hated slaves. Connie—"

"Don't Connie me! I am Confederate." She growls.

I swallowed. This is terrible. Our team. We need to be together. We're America. We had a whole revolution together. We attacked Canada together. We attacked the Mexican Empire together. We solved all our slavery problems together. We can't separate now. Not after everything we've done for each other. "No. We will stick together." I shout.

She laughs, "you're useless, America. I don't need you in my life. You'll only bring trouble. I hope you die a horrible death." I bite my tongue as she leaves with Canada trailing her. I need to do something. I need to change her. She can't be controlled, but I need to.

I want my territory back.

Mom looks at me with her soft loving eyes. "Amérique, let's head down stairs. The food is ready." She smiles warmly. She doesn't say anything about Confederate's and my complications because she wouldn't help me. She loves me as her daughter, but never goes into my politics. Our relationship and politics are separate.

"Can you save some food for me and put it in the fridge? I need to go somewhere," I say, getting up from the ground. I don't care if anyone found out about China and my time together on fridays. He's going tomorrow and I will never see him again.

She nods, "come home safe."

I rush down the hallway and out the door without saying a word. I'm already late and I'm afraid China will leave soon. I rush down the path and into the park. I crouch down and crawl under the bushes to see China on the bench, looking at the silent pond.

"China!" I smile, rushing towards him for a hug.

"美国—美国?!" China gasps in horror. He hugs me and then looks at my arms, face, and neck. "Who did this to you?" he growls angrily.

I swallow, "Confederate...she found out."

China grumbles in annoyance, "she's worse than Peepee." He leads me to the bench and pulls me onto his lap. He kisses my bruises softly. I flinch slightly at the touch. "I'm sorry. I don't know how she found out. We kept it hidden very well. Maybe it was 台湾 who—"

"China, it doesn't matter anymore." I sigh, looking down. "Confederate has taken the southern part of my country. We worked so hard on keeping the country together, but it fell apart just because of our relationship." I feel tears sting my eyes. I was stupid for falling in love. I was stupid for saying yes. But I love him and he means the world to me.

China frowns, "I'm sorry. I wish I could stay. I wish I could stay to protect you." He cups my cheeks and wipes my tears away. He sighs, "do you know the treehouse we went to during my birthday

party?" I nod my head. "If anything happens, jump over the golden fence and hit the lamp to get there. I will put supplies for you in case anything happens."

I smile, "thank you China. I can't express how much I love you." I hug him tightly, stuffing my face into the crook of his neck.

"I love you too 美国, and I promise to come back for you." China says, stroking my back in circles.

I don't want him to leave. I feel like everything's breaking apart. My boyfriend will go to another place. I don't even have a phone so we can't even keep in contact. My sister hates me and my Canadian brother despises me again. When will I be able to control my life? When can I have control? China is my joy and now he's leaving. I'm going to be alone.

China's phone rings. I cling onto him tighter, "please don't go. I hope this is all a dream."

China sighs, getting up and putting me on the ground. "Smile for me 美国." He smiles. "This is a trial in life you must overcome. And don't worry, I will come back for you. I will always love you. I will only love you. I will always think of you. I will get you out of your horrible family."

I smile, though my face cracks, "I love you too China. Travel safely."

China grabs my hand and pulls me into a passionate kiss. I grab onto his shirt, pulling him closer to me. His phone rings again, causing us to stop. He stares into my eyes, "美国, promise me that you'll remember me."

"Always."

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I walk home slowly, looking at the sidewalk. China's gone. China left me. All because of that stupid Principal. Confederate found out about our relationship, all because of a stupid slip up. As I walk into the house, I see my family chatting and laughing together. I am not a part of their household. I'm an outsider looking into a perfect

family. I walk up the stairs and back into my room. I better start my homework so I have more time to think about the situation between Confederate and I.

Maybe I should negotiate with her. Maybe I should tell her that she can do what she wants but not introduce slaves to the north. Maybe I can tell her—

I stare at my bookbag that has been open. My notes have been ripped up and scattered all over my room. On my wall there's a wet red painted phrase that says "I want you dead." My hands turn into fists as I don't feel sadness anymore. Anger has taken control and I will get my revenge.

"Confederate...This is war..."

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End of Scene XIV

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[image]

Scene XV

Young America POV

For a week, Confederate and I have been sneak attacking on each other. I would destroy her room and makeup while she would try lighting my books on fire. Father only watched with amusement and I'm thankful he didn't join it yet.

I can tell he's on Confederate's side from the start. Even though she did cheat during our archery competition, she admitted her wrongs and promised not to do such things again. He believed her.

Mom also likes Confederate, but she realized that she has no benefit in protecting her. I'm happy, even though she won't help me.

My siblings are staying out of the conflict and only watching. Sometimes they would try stopping our fights while other times they would let us be. I really hate the interference because it always makes Confederate the victor.

Confederate is always winning. It's understandable because she's fit and stronger than me. But I can't let that happen. I need to defeat her somehow. How, though? It's impossible to beat her in a fist fight!

I rush into the park, knowing that Confederate is trailing me. I hide behind a tree and start climbing up using the branches. I watch as she enters the park, looking around for me with her smug grin. She knows she's winning and she will end me soon. I just need a victory. A victory to turn everything around. But how?

"Union, stop hiding and come out," Confederate chirps. "Your big sister wants to see you."

I swallow hard as she looks behind the bushes near me. I take a deep breath before letting go of the branches and lunge on her.

Thud

I pin her to the ground as she grunts in pain, trying to get out of my grasp. I hit her back causing her to curse and groan. I feel awful hitting her, but I need to be victorious. This is the first time I'm able to hit her ten—now twelve times!

Confederate struggles, growling angrily as she flips me over. I hastily get up, not wanting to get pinned to the ground by her. I kick her in the stomach which makes her cry in pain. "You little b*tch," she hisses, holding her stomach as she gets up.

She lunges at me and I fight back. I glare, "you will not win this fight. Promises can not be broken."

She scoffs, glaring at me with her flaming amber eyes. "I hate you! I will never love a sister like you!" She shouts, wrestling me to the ground. We roll around in the dirt, trying to best each other.

I wince when my back hits a sharp rock on the ground, so I make her roll over on her back. "China's right, you are heartless," I grumble in annoyance.

Oh no...

"What did you say?!" She kicks me in the stomach with all her might that I fly a few feet away from her. I slide on the ground, the dirt getting on my entire body. I feel my body ache as I try standing up, but failing to do so.

Confederate laughs wildly like Canada before walking towards me with a smile on her face. "Little Union. I am the winner. Never you!" She pounces on me, pinning onto my back. I struggle to get up, but she pushes my head down and sits on my back.

She giggles softly, playing with a strand of my dirty hair, twirling it around like how she'd used to when we were little. "You're a little brat, you know that?" She hums. I feel her start lifting up my shirt and I panic. I use all my strength to get up from the ground but

she's too heavy.

I freeze when I feel something cold on my bare back. "Let me give you an artwork that you'll remember," she whispers softly.

The pain. It's unbearable. I bit my tongue as she began carving a knife into my flesh, digging it deep. Everything becomes more alert as my heart races, trying to pump more blood through my body. I feel trickles of blood dripping down my sides and the tears that pour out my eyes. I need to get away. I need to find safety.

I need to go to China's treehouse.

"Confederate—" I cough up blood. I need her to stop. I need her to let me go. "Get off of me," I finished my sentence. My hands turn into fist as I try pushing myself off the ground again.

She chuckles, "I don't want you dead yet, don't worry my dear sister. Now let me start with the other side." She sets her bloody knife down on the ground and takes a new one out. The cut she made reached from my left shoulder to my right waist.

I need to get her other knife somehow without her noticing. I need to distract her. I try getting up and turning around so it seems like I'm trying to find a better angle to escape. She holds me down, growling. "I'm not done carving my symbol on you yet. Hold still!" She demands.

I continue to move around, wiggling my way to the back trying to grab onto the knife. I can reach the tip of it but it's still far from me. I bit my lip as she pushed the knife deeper into my flesh. The pain. It hurts so much. My own sister is hurting me. I am on the brink of death!

"F*ck," I curse when I accidentally move the knife away from me.

Confederate giggles, "never thought you'd curse. I want to hear more!" I shudder in pain as she drags the knife down even more. I can not let her feel pleasure from this.

I continue straining myself to get the knife. And finally I reached it. Thankfully she doesn't notice because she's too busy giggling at the

artwork she created on my back. So I quickly stabbed her leg with the knife and felt her blood gushing out her wound.

She screams loudly, letting go of her knife. I pushed her off of me, pulling out the knife I used on her and began running away down the path with my fresh blood making a trail behind me.

From then on everything was a blur. I kept running as far as my little legs could take me until I finally reached China's house. I squeeze through the yellow gates and make it to the middle of the garden after getting lost in the maze.

I hit the lamp and the golden ladder falls down. Without missing a beat, I climb it, reaching the top as fast as I can although my body is shaking and trembling. I reach the door and fall onto the ground.

I can't pass out now. I need to get a bandage to stop the running blood. I open all the drawers, throwing the clothes everywhere. My blood drips on the ground making it stained with red. My hands are covered with my sister's blood as I continue opening drawer after drawer before eventually I find the med kit. I open it, taking out a needle and thread.

I swallow, "this will do."

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I wake up, realizing I spent my night on the floor. My back hurts so much and my shirt is really bloody. I feel my stomach growl. I can't go back home now. Confederate will murder me and attack me at my weakest. I need to find food for myself.

That's when I realized the stacks of instant ramen, a kettle, a bowl, and five large jugs of water in front of me. Looks like I'll be eating today.

I quickly pour some water into the kettle and put it on the fire. As I wait for the water to boil I explore the treehouse. There's a room with a bed, a little portable toilet, the drawer that I saw yesterday, and the food that I found.

I stare at the mess I made yesterday when I tried finding the

bandages. I'm not cleaning that up. I sigh, pouring some water onto my hands to clean myself of my sister's blood. Before I clean it all, I put my fingerprints and handprints on the walls. Then, using a random piece of feather I found on the floor, I create a bloody line so I can keep track of the days out here.

I sit down on the ground. I take my bowl and a pack of instant noodles and begin preparing it. I pour the now boiling hot water and wait for it to soak. I never knew instant ramen would smell so good. My mouth waters as I wait for it to cool.

What should I do now that Confederate is using knives to fight?

Should I come to good terms with her?

Should I go back home?

Should I stay in China's treehouse?

So many options and all of them lead to bad outcomes. I sigh, blowing on my noodles before taking a fork. I slurp up the noodles fast. I need to get better before Confederate's next attack.

As I ate, I noticed a little black box waiting for me to open. I set the bowl of ramen down and make my way over to it.

I unlock it and find a note inside.

Dear 美国, my adorable girlfriend,

Although we are in different places, remember that I will come back for you. I will get you out of your family and will protect you with my life. I will always love you and think of you. You are the sunshine in my life. I promise I'll be back. I promise I'll be back for you.

Love China

P.S. use it wisely

I bite my lips, feeling tears slide down my dirty and bruised cheeks. I want him back. I want him to be here with me. I want him to support and stand in the fight with me.

"China...I miss you..."

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End of Scene XV

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What do u guys think is in the black box?☎

Now we all know why America has scars

Wonder what Britain and France are doing

TWO CHAPTERS IN A WEEK?! SURPRISE☺

☆* ⋆ 51 ⋆ *☆

[image] [image]

I am feeling EXTRA generous this week. Enjoy!☺

Scene XVI

Young America POV

From then on, my new agenda is to outlaw slavery. I announced the emancipation proclamation which angered Confederate, making her more aggressive. But now, I know her tactics and am able to take her on. Although my back still hurts and I will get repeated beatings and slashes from her knife, I'm winning more battles, but I need to make it end.

I stare at the black box in the corner of the treehouse. China said to use it wisely and I'm tired of fighting. It's been three months already and I'm running out of food. Maybe I can get some meat with it!

No, stupid idea! China says to use it wisely and that means stopping the war. I take a deep breath and walk over to the black box. I'm going to use it. But not use it at the same time.

I gulp, taking it out of its case.

I hope this works.

...

I make it through the metal detectors of our school. I weakly make it up the stairs. Confederate cut my leg the other day and it still hurts like hell. I grab onto the railing to support myself although my arms hurt as well.

Some of my wounds are healing, like the ones on my arms and legs, but the X on my back and a long slash on my leg aren't healing as fast. I have been rationing my food so I can survive for a few more months. I don't think I can wait anymore so here I am, trying to end

it all peacefully.

I could go out and hunt a rabbit—no Union! What are you thinking? Just end this and everything will be back to normal.

I finally made it to the second floor where my sister's homeroom is. As I limp down the hallway everyone moves away from me.

I know. I'm smelly. I certainly don't look flattering with all the dried blood on my clothes. My hair is all tangled up. I have scars on my body. I get why they're scared of me. I look like a crazy person!

"Fancy seeing you here, Union." I turn around to see Confederate, standing there smugly.

She's dressed in *my* blue dress with her hair curled and her makeup done. She looks so much prettier than me and besides, she's all bandaged up nicely while I ran out of mine so I had to start using my clothes to stop the bleeding. How lucky is she? Luckier than me!

I sigh, looking around to see everyone crowding around us. I see a couple of familiar faces all with concerned looks, but the strangers are looking at me in disgust. I hear someone saying "you can tell who's the b*tch and who's the angel."

I see Italy stepping towards the center. He swallows, clearly nervous. "Uni, what happened to you?" He asks, causing soft murmurs to erupt from the students around him.

I lean on my side. "Sh*t happened," I say, monotone. Italy flinches before getting engulfed by the crowd again.

Confederate giggles, "looks like your friends are all scared of you! You have no one. You're better off *dead*." She smiles sweetly.

I shove my hands in my pockets, feeling awful at how Confederate is treating me. She crouches, getting a better look of my face. Her face morphs into disgust. "You look and smell like a rat." She gags, pinching her nose and waving her other hand.

"Where did my sweet loving sister go?" I blurt out unintentionally.

"She is dead!" Confederate snaps. "I *killed* her."

I stare at her in shock. "Connie," I stutter. "Remember when we used to do everything together? Remember how we used to play on the swings together? I want the old you back." I cry softly, wiping my tears away with the back of my bruised hand. And it is true. I want my old sister back. The one that actually cared about me before getting engulfed with fame.

"Union, I didn't mean it! You can have it all back on one condition. Let me have my own country." Confederate smiles softly, reaching out her hand for me to take. "Everything will go back to normal."

"Normal," I repeat to myself.

Normal means standing aside and watching my sister glow in the spotlight surrounded by peers.

Normal means being an outcast of the school and having no one to talk to.

Normal means listening to Confederate because she is the favorite and has the leverage over Father.

Normal means being despised by my family members even more so.

Normal means being treated like trash by everyone around me.

Normal means having no support from anyone around me.

Normal means being alone.

Normals means being powerless.

I don't want everything to be normal anymore.

I kick her to the ground and pull out the revolver, pointing it at her head. She stares at me, frightened for her life. "Union?" She shivers, backing away slowly.

I chuckle, "why would I need *you*?" She tries moving away, and I step closer.

She shivers in fright, looking around trying to find any sort of help. "Please Erica. I'm your sister."

Is this what China feels? Power? It feels so f*cking good!

"My sister is dead." I deadpanned.

"Please Union," she begs, tears begin sliding down her pink cheeks.

I frown, "'Please Union'? What happened to that devil who wanted me dead?"

"She's gone," Confederate stutters, "she wants forgiveness."

"Okay," I say. I stop pointing my revolver at her.

She smiles in relief, "I knew you still love me."

I stare at her, knowing she would never change. Her heart has become rotten to the core and I know that behind that smile is an even greater danger. She wants to kill me. She wants to end me. She wants all the power to herself. Just thinking about it makes me angry. I've done everything for her. I can't have anything. No family, no love, no life. I have nothing compared to her. What good is it to let her go? To let her live?

"Erica?" She mutters softly.

I—I can't stand her anymore! I do not want to be in the shadows watching her story unfold. I'm the one who gave her all her fame. I'm the one who supported her through everything. I should be the one everyone respects! Everyone should admire me!

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BANG

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My sister's body lies limp on the ground. Blood comes out the hole in her head as she takes her final breath. The countries around me run away in horror, screaming their lungs out. I dip my shoe in the pool of her blood. Then I draw a heart with my foot. I smile happily to myself.

My sister is gone.

I begin laughing.

My f*cking sister is gone!

Tears of joy prick my eyes as I stare at the lifeless body in front of me. "That's what you get!" I smile widely. "That's what you get you f*cking monster!" I kick her body to the side, marveling at her beautiful dead face.

"Who would have known you're beautiful when silent?" I giggle, poking her cheeks with my shoe. The more I look at her the more uneasy I feel. My world goes dark as realization settles in.

I just killed my sister.

I have become the monster I feared.

I have become *Father*.

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⋘ TRY LATER... ⋙

Now loading. . .

↷✦; n e w c o v e r u n l o c k e d ❞

Thanks for reading! See ya next time😎

☆* ⋆ 52 ⋆ *☆

[image]

P.S. If we get this chapter to 30 stars I'll upload the next chapter early

Scene XVII

Young Canada POV

I stare at my sister who's wrapped in bandages. I never knew it would come to this. I never knew she would *kill* Confederate. I sigh, stroking her soft bruised cheek. She has endured a lot and as Darwin says, this is the survival of the fittest. Even with the best care, Confederate still died. She didn't live up to my expectations or father's expectations. Union—America prevailed.

For the past four months, I have been making sure if America's okay. Of course, I couldn't tell anyone, but I actually care about her —somewhat. After every fight with Confederate she would flee. I followed her around every corner to find her always making it back to China's house. At first, I was skeptical. I thought China was still here in the county. However, I soon realized that my assumptions were wrong.

China left for good.

Although I still hate his guts, I have to say thanks. My sister had everything she needed to survive for a few months. I can tell he loves her, but he is a threat. And now that he's gone, he's less of a threat. He'll probably forget about her. I can only hope he does.

I watch Father as he writes down some notes on a sheet of paper. He then pours some chemicals together and adds some white powder making it all mushy. I don't know what he is doing, but he is making some pills so that he can erase the trauma America endured during her four months away fighting Confederate and killing her own sister.

I was glad I brought a tranquilizer to school that day. If not, I wouldn't know how America would cope with the loss of her family member. Of course, I didn't really care, but knowing America, she is very soft. But this side of her is new and must be controlled. If she acted that way again, all hell would break loose.

I could tell she felt the power that she held.

"Don't worry little sister. You're in good hands." I whisper softly in her ear. I know she can't hear me but her unconscious mind might. "Just promise to obey my every command and I will ensure your safety."

Ever since our war, I've hated her because she never listened to me. I was able to control everyone at school but never her so I made everyone stop talking to her. If they did talk to her, I will punish them severely.

China had the guts to break that rule. When I tried punishing him, he would always be able to outdo me and I hated that. I'm glad I got rid of him. And with me pretending to be friends with him, I told him all the bad things my Father does to America. He gets pretty shocked and angered at the news. I told him that my Father doesn't like America and would want to watch her suffer. Why did I tell him all this? Well, to direct that hate towards my Father instead of me when he gets expelled. It wasn't me. It was my Father. That reminds me.

"Father, will she still remember China? And what will happen to the people who saw the murder?" I ask, hoping not to disturb my Father.

Father doesn't take his eyes off his concoction and begins pouring it into some capsules. "She will forget China. And do not worry about everyone else. They will forget too." He says.

I nod my head, "thank you Father. I hope she recovers well." I look at her innocent face. America is prettier than Confederate by tons. If she didn't fight against me, I probably would've promoted her like how I did for Confederate.

Father pours the newly created pills into a container and seals it. "If she wakes up, tell her she has to take one pill each day for strength." Father says plainly, giving me the container. "These pills will ensure that she forgets that she killed her sister."

I nod my head. "Are there any side effects?" I ask.

Father begins taking his purple gloves off and throwing them in the trash bin. "She will become physically weak. Other than that, nothing else should happen."

"Will she remember anything if I call her Union?" I mutter.

Father sighs, "I don't know, but let's play it safe. We will call her thirteen from now on." The number thirteen? Really? All he thinks of her is a number? I will call her America.

"Okay Father." I reply.

He walks over to America's bed and kisses her cheek softly. This is the first time I've ever seen Father being so affectionate towards America. He would usually look at her in disgust and leave when she was sick or injured. Her war really changed him too. He probably realized he was investing in the wrong person this whole time.

And I was wrong too. I thought it was America who caused our war. It was actually Confederate who made her attack me. America never breaks promises and I can tell she was adamant to keep her promise with Confederate. But now, Confederate broke that promise and she took revenge. A very sweet and brutal revenge.

"Canada, come with me." Father says, exiting the room.

"Yes Father," I mumble, following him out the wooden door and down the hallway to his office. I swallow as I sit down in one of the red seats. I'm only here when I get into trouble. I wonder if I did something wrong.

Father sits down on his comfy coffee brown armchair across from me. He opens his drawer then places a bag with white powder onto his desk for me to look at. I pale when I realized he found out about

my shenanigans to get China expelled. I open my mouth to speak but he beats me to it.

"You bought these drugs without my permission." He glares at me. I flinch under his hardening gaze. If I lose eye contact he will punish me harder and I don't want that. I grab onto my armchair harshly, trying to exert my fear into an object to feel at ease. "Canada, you made me proud." Father starts, grinning slightly.

I stare at him, shocked. "Father. What do you mean?" I stutter out.

He leans back in his chair comfortably. "You eliminated China from interfering with your siblings. I knew America went to the park every Friday, but I didn't know why. All I thought was that she wanted to lose weight. But you, my dear Canada. You found out about her secret relationship with China and put an end to it. I saw you taking China into our garden. I knew you must have something in mind and look at that. You made him believe the two of you were friends so you could plant this bomb—"he shakes the little bag with powder"—in his locker." He smiles.

I stare at him, waiting for him to tell me why he's saying all this. He is unpredictable with his emotions and I must not anger him. "Father, I'm sorry for not informing you of my purchase." I mumble softly.

He hums, nodding his head slowly. "I forgive you young one. Now, because you proved to me that you're capable of protecting our family, I will put Thirteen in your hands. I may scold her here and there for misbehaving, but you will be the one that tells her what to do."

Me? He wants me to look after America! I smile widely, "of course Father. I will look after Amy for you and don't worry! I will take good care of her!"

Father chuckles softly, leaning over the table and ruffling my hair. "That's my boy. But remember, Thirteen is a whole different person now. She murdered her sister. That trauma will still be in her even if her memories of it are erased. You must do everything in your power to prevent it from expressing itself. The world would not be

safe if she had the *power*."

I nod my head, "yes Father. I will make sure that never happens! She will listen to us and only us. I will ensure it!"

Father smiles warmly as he stands up. "It's time for bed, my son. I believe that you'll do an excellent job."

I get up from my seat and walk out of the office with Father. I smile up at him, feeling thankful he trusts me, "thank you Father. Have sweet dreams!"

"I will," with that, he enters mom and his shared bedroom, leaving me in the empty hallway. I am grateful that he gave me this opportunity to prove my worth and I won't fail him! Just then, I see my two little siblings run out the room America's in.

"Kiwi! Aussie!" I whisper-scream, chasing them down the hallway, trying my best not to disturb my parents.

The two turn the corner and enter their shared bedroom. I barge in, seeing two frightened and startled faces. "Was that Union?" New Zealand asks, hugging Australia in fright. "Why does she look like that?"

I frown, feeling like the concept of war is too far fetched for their little minds to comprehend. I sigh, sitting next to them on the bed. "Kiwi, Aussie. That's not Union. That's *America* and we call her Amy."

Australia shakes his head, "but that's Union. Our sister."

"She's not Union anymore. She's America. The United States of America." I reply, smiling softly.

"Then why does she look like that? And where's Connie?" New Zealand asks quietly.

What should I say about Confederate? I don't want them to know that America killed her. "Amy was in a car crash a few months ago. The doctors told us we could take her back home and wait until she woke up from her coma." I explain.

"What about Confederate?" Australia glares at me.

I look to the side, pretending to be sad, "well, Confederate didn't like us anymore so she ventured off into the woods. We tried to contact her, but she didn't reply to our calls and texts. She's officially gone."

"She's gone?" New Zealand begins to sob on Australia's shoulder. Australia also starts crying. It hurts me to see them like this but it's better than telling them Confederate got murdered by America.

I rub their backs slowly in circles. "Be happy. That brat is gone. America is much better than her by tons!" I smile.

Australia nods his head slowly, "I guess you are right. Confetti was a b*tch. I heard she got into fights with all the girls at school."

"Goodnight spider head and Kiwi. I'll see you two tomorrow morning! Bye bye!" I pat their head and leave their room. Good, got that down. Now to bed I go!

I walk down the hallway to my darkly lit room. I close the door and rush onto my bed, taking my phone out. I want to check on China because I know he's desperate for America. It's funny because I know he's blaming my Father for causing all these problems. America obviously told him about our family, but it doesn't matter anymore. He wasn't careful and I couldn't help myself to expel him. But the audacity of him to cheat on Confederate with America. Doesn't he know I'll find out?

I scrunch my nose in disgust when I see that he's still posting photos. He has more likes than me. About 1 million more. I gag as I scroll through more of his posts. From now on, I will beat him with the help of America. Everyone will like me.

I lie down on my back, holding my phone above my head as I scroll through my new followers. I smile to myself. At least I have 10,000 more followers than him. He could never beat me with my loyal following. He probably paid for his followers too. Wait, who's that? ✿КиївУкраїна✿. She isn't from my school and definitely not a human.

I click on her profile picture and see a beautiful brown haired girl with dazzling Violet eyes. I feel my heart race and my cheeks burn as I stare at her picture. At that moment, I began checking all her posts and liking them. I can't explain this surge of feeling I feel for her. She looks so innocent and cute.

From my analysis, I found out she has two older brothers and many younger siblings. I found out she goes to East UN middle school. From her stories it is shown she has a garden so that means she loves flowers. She does figure skating and recently won her competition. She only has 34 followers, meaning she isn't popular in her middle school. She's perfect.

I bite my lips as I follow her back. I tap into her messages and begin writing something to introduce myself.

Hi, I'm Canada and I would like to talk—meet up with you

Too formal

Hey! I'm Canada. Can you talk to me?

Too desperate

Hello! My name is Canada and I saw you followed me. I was hoping you'd like to meet up with me

No! Not good enough.

Hi! My name is Canada and I'm from Sapphire falls middle school. How are you?

Too straight forward.

Hi!

Perfect. I click send and stare at my message. Do I sound too weird? Will she text me back? I take a deep breath. She's probably sleeping right now. I will check on my messages later. Right now, I should know more about her family.

I exit messages and go to one of her posts where she took a picture

with her family members. I can clearly see all their faces and tagged accounts besides one. I can't tell what he looks like because he's covering his face with his hand and turning away from the camera. He also has a black cap on so I can't see the color of his hair. What I can tell is that he's pretty tall. He must be the second oldest. First, I check the oldest. His username is СоветскийСоюзꙮ. Sh*t! His account is private.

I began checking her other siblings' accounts. All are private besides one: 𝄞Менск♪Беларусь♫. Apparently she does ballet. I scroll through more of her posts, trying to find one with her beautiful sister. I found one, but it's the same picture of her family members but from a different angle. The second oldest is still covering his face. I sigh, closing my phone and putting it on the nightstand.

I'll figure everything out the next day for sure. I just need to wait for her to text me back—

Ping

I grab my phone hastily, accidentally dropping it on the ground. I curse, diving for my phone and hurriedly checking my notifications.

She texted me!

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I sit next to my unconscious sister, stroking her soft hair while stalking China's instagram account on my alternate account. He posted a riddle on his story. It says:

Newly born from battles fought,
A land of freedom dearly bought.
Thirteen stars in a sky of blue,
A flag for a nation fresh and true.
With liberty's torch held high,
A new republic aimed to fly.
No king, no crown, just voices free,
Who am I?

If this is you, give me a text!

I chuckle softly to myself. Pathetic. He's still trying to find America. And he will never find her. I will not allow America to own a countrygram account. And I can't believe he dated America. After all I did to prevent anyone from talking to her, why did he want to talk to her so much? If it was Italy, I would've been fine with it. But China? My greatest rival? No. It makes me vulnerable knowing he can take control of my family.

I hear a small yawn. I close my phone and immediately get up to get a better look at my sister. She rubs her eyes and stares up at me with her pretty emerald eyes. She is a resting beauty. I should've taken more pictures of her for memories. Her face suddenly morphs into one of fear when she sees me looking at her.

"Canada?" She stutters, sitting up and trying to back away from me on the bed. She winces in pain when she does so. "What—what happened to me? Where am I?" She whispers fearfully as she looks at her bruised and bandaged arms.

I sit down on the bed next to her, only for her to move farther from me. She really doesn't trust me, does she? "Amy, you were in a car crash and went into a coma. A few days before, the doctors said we could take you home to take care of you here. I'm glad you're awake." I smile softly at her.

She just stares at me, confused. "Amy?"

I nod, "yes, America. That's what we call you. That car crash really messed with your memories." I chuckle painfully.

She stays silent, looking around the room she's in. "Is Father mad at me for getting hurt?" she asks.

I frown. I never knew we treated her this badly. We blamed her for things out of her control and it seems like even if most of her memories are erased she still has this feeling as being a scapegoat. "Father is not mad at you, Amy. What are you worried about?"

She bites her lip, "I just thought—I'm sorry." She looks away from me sheepishly.

She really has to stop saying "sorry". It makes her weak and vulnerable and my sister will not be controlled by anyone other than me. "Amy, there's nothing to be sorry about. You have to get that word out of your vocabulary." I say, holding her hand.

She tilts her head, "why?"

"People will take advantage of you if you say that. I don't want others to control you. You understand?" I reply.

"Okay Canada," she nods her head.

"You usually call me Maple, just saying," I shrug.

She giggles softly, "okay Maple. I probably called you Maple syrup too!" I laugh along, realizing I didn't think too much of the nickname she should call me by. Now I'm going to be stuck with Maple syrup.

"Come on, let me get you to your room. There's a lot you missed and I'm here to teach you *everything* you need to know."

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Now I now my ABCs—and how America lost her memories

Next time won't you sing with me?

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Where do you think China is?

Were you guys shocked that Canada expelled China?

Spam F for Confederate

Kudos to all of you who thought right about the pills! 🕳️ ✧

See ya next time!

☆* ⋆ 53 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Congrats! You guys deserve this chapter🕶 enjoy!

Scene XVIII

Young China POV

After I got expelled from that human middle school, we moved to another county where my new middle school will be. The only reason why I was accepted was because I was going to be a country in the future. Other than that, they wouldn't have accepted me because of why I was expelled, even if I had the best grades.

I sigh softly as I look outside the car window. All because of America's dad. I let my guard down and now look where I am now? I am kilometers away from my girlfriend. I miss her already. And the fact that she's fighting her sister right now makes it ten times worse. Also, they closed off the borders to the county so I can't go back. I left her when she needed me the most. I feel awful.

Either way, I will stay strong for her. I will find her in the near future and bring us back together. We are bound to be and no one will separate us. I will continue to post things on my story that America only knows. In a way, social media is my gateway to connecting with her again.

If she gets a phone and downloads countrygrams of course. I can only hope she does.

Right now I'm on my way to East UN middle school: a boarding school where all the best kids go to. And guess what? They allowed my brother to skip a grade because they thought his straight As were amazing while I'm here with straight A+s! It's all because of the stupid British bastard that had to put drugs in my locker. Where did he get it anyways? He probably does drugs himself!

As my mom pulls up to the driveway I begin thinking about my plans at this new school. I'm only going to find loyal friends and be friends with the teachers. Sounds easy enough, but in a school with so many future leaders, there has to be something darker going on. I'll find out soon enough. I only need to find trustworthy people to talk to and be friends with. For high school—that's another plan for the future.

"我们到了(We are here)!" Mom cheers. I'm still mad at her for making us move to this UN county. Why couldn't she explain to the principal that I didn't take drugs? Why couldn't she just let me enroll in another high school in the human county? There are many out there! I could stay close to America. Worst of all, she wouldn't even tell me how America's doing even though she talks to her dad for business. She always has this stupid reply "处理好自己的问题 (take care of your own problems)." I thought she supported my relationship. That was a big no. She saw America as a threat even though they didn't even get into any conflicts. They were just mutual!

"再见," I grumble. I get out of the car and slam the door behind with rage. me so that Taiwan has to open the door again. I quickly open the trunk and get my emerald luggage out and slam the trunk down so Taiwan has to open it again.

Taiwan whines, "中國!"

I smirk, amused at his annoyance. At least that brightened my mood. I sigh, walk through the beautiful front garden covered in fall leaves. My anger is quickly swept away with peace. UN middle school is something else. You feel like you're in royalty. You feel like you're on top of the world. And I will be on top of the world. I will do it for America so that no one will bother us or attack us. I feel like this is going to be a great year.

I walk through the front entrance and see white pillars with beautiful ancient drawings from all over the world. And most importantly, the shiny golden chandelier hanging from above. I feel important being here. I walk down to the hallway to reach the main hall where all the students are. Two girls come up to me and that's when I recognize them from my countrygram scour.

The girl in high heels is Poland. She has dark blonde hair with light dyed streaks. She performs in the school play and will always get the main roles. What can I say? She is fairly popular around here.

The girl next to her has violet eyes. Probably because of a mutation. From my research, she is Ukraine. She isn't popular, but she isn't an outcast. She has fairly popular friends. I wonder how she did that. I wonder why they accepted her as a friend considering how...boring she is.

"Hi! My name is Poland and this is Ukraine! I will be your tour guide for today." Poland smiles at me.

I smile back, "it's a pleasure to meet you two. I'm China." I see the two girls blush when I slightly tip my head down towards them to show my respect. From the corner of my eye, I see a guy wearing glasses staring at me with an expressionless face. What is his problem?

"So, where are you from?" Ukraine asks me.

I push my hair back before replying, "I'm from a human middle school in another county kilometers away from here."

Ukraine looks at me with adoring eyes. "How's it like living in a human county?" She asks, getting a teasing nudge from Poland.

I grin to myself. "Well, it's certainly wild, but relatively peaceful!" I say.

Poland nods her head. "I want to go visit sometime."

"I can be your tour guide," I wink. Poland blushes a deep red.

She nods and takes my luggage and puts it behind the welcome table. "We'll pick your stuff up later after the tour," she mumbles softly. I chuckle softly, pretending to find her cute.

Ukraine giggles softly and takes out a piece of paper. "Here's your schedule. Your dorm number is at the top and here's your dorm key." She gives me a card with a drawing of white flowers on it.

"Did you draw this?" I ask, looking at her. She nods her head slowly. "You're a really good artist," I smile.

"Thanks," she stutters, looking down at her feet.

"中國(China)!" I hear my brother scream. I roll my eyes. Here we go again. "你為什麼不等我?(why didn't you wait for me?)" He grumbles as he pulls his luggage next to me.

"This is my little brother Taiwan," I say, despite being irritated by his presence.

Ukraine perks up, "you must be the seventh grader! In that case, I'm your tour guide!" Taiwan nods.

"Well, China and I will take our leave. Bye Riane and Taiwan!" Poland waves, taking my hand. I smirk slightly as she drags me down another hallway. My brother scoffs and rolls his eyes knowing well about my tactics. He should be worrying about himself because he wants to find 'the one' and he never found her.

As we walk through the hallway, I feel the stare of the guy in the glasses. What is his problem? I'll figure it out soon enough.

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Poland went around the school, showing me places where I can go to hangout with friends, my classes, and the gymnasium. Right now we're outside admiring the school's water fountain. She sighs, smiling softly, "I'm glad we're in some classes together."

I nod, "I certainly want to get to know you more. You're a wonderful person."

She blushes softly, "thank you. You know, since we have the same lunch period I can introduce you to my friends! I'm sure they would love you."

I smile, "that would be great!"

"We should head back and get your stuff. I still need to show you your dorm." Poland beams, dragging me with her.

I chuckle, "you're really strong for someone so short."

"I am not short!" She huffs. From my perspective, she seems to like me. But I can't tell for sure until Taiwan tells me or one of her friends asks me if I like anyone. That would probably take around a few weeks or months though.

We get my luggage and begin making our way to the dorms. "Is there a separate building for the dorms?" I ask.

She nods her head, "yes. The dorm buildings are all connected to the school via a long hallway so you wouldn't have to go outside often."

I nod my head as she leads me down the hallway. According to Poland the North dorms are bigger than the South dorms because it was newly built to accommodate all the new students. Each dormitory is shared by two people and has a private bathroom. For emergencies, there will be showers at the end of each floor and an emergency stairwell.

I have it much better than Taiwan. I will be living in North dorms while he will live in the South dorms. I will also be staying on the top floor that has a good view of the lake in the distance while he is living on the first floor that has probably no view. Better yet, the top floors are usually quiet so I can get quality sleep. I just hope my roommate isn't one of those nimble people.

We reach the lobby of the dorm where some students are laughing and playing cards with friends. Poland rushes over to them, completely forgetting that she's still holding my hand, basically dragging me with her. "Hi guys!" She beams. She lets go of my hand and hugs a girl with bangs.

The girl in bangs hugs her back, "hello!" From my online searches, her name is Japan. She loves art and has very long nails. I wouldn't want her to scratch me.

Poland then proceeds to introduce me to her friend group. As I mentioned before, there's Japan. She seems to like me already because she started eying me up and down with her cat eyes. The

guy wearing the headsets is South Korea. His countrygram posts show that he loves going to concerts. He also had a summer job where he was a DJ at a party. Then there's Indonesia who's wearing a red headband. From his posts it's shown that he is a badminton nerd. He has won many competitions for UN high school. He is my sport competitor. Lastly, a girl named India with henna art on her hands. All I know is that she loves bedazzling herself in golden accessories. She doesn't post much on her account.

"What room are you staying in?" South Korea asks.

I take my schedule and hand it to him. "I'm staying in N706." I reply. The group freezes, all looking at each other with nervousness expressed on their faces. I raise a brow, "is something wrong?"

Japan whispers something to South Korea as Indonesia snatches my schedule away from South Korea to get a better look. He swallows, "yep. It's him."

"Do you want us to go upstairs with you? Just in case?" India asks Poland, holding her hand.

"Who's this him?" I ask, sitting down next to Poland. Now I'm interested. Why do they seem so scared of this student?

Poland chuckles nervously, "his name is Russia—Ukraine's older brother. You should not mess with him."

Japan nods, "whenever someone rooms with him, they come out bloody and would always ask to switch rooms."

I chuckle softly to myself, leaning back onto the couch. "He probably wants to have the whole dorm to himself, pretty reasonable." They stare at me as if I was crazy.

South Korea glares at me, "I wouldn't be so relaxed if I were you."

I roll my eyes, "he doesn't sound scary to me."

"But he is scary." Indonesia whispers. "Although no one confirmed it, it is believed he's the one who writes those hurtful messages about us and puts them in our lockers." I frown slightly. This has so

much potential and he used it like that.

"If he had a good personality, I would date him," India blurts out. Indonesia slapped her arm, shaking his head in disapproval.

"I can't believe my brother actually talks to him on a regular basis. And I can't believe how such a wonderful kind girl has a hell of a brother!" South Korea grumbles, slouching on the couch.

"Who's your brother?" I ask South Korea.

"I don't want to get into him," He mumbles.

Japan sighs, "his brother's North Korea. He's always angry and mean to everyone around him, but he warmed up to Russia. Well, sort of. I sometimes see them talk or fight in the hallways."I nod my head.

"If you want to switch out of your room, just talk to me. I can get you out in an instance," Poland snaps her fingers, showing me how fast I can leave.

"I'll keep that in mind, but I don't plan on switching. I like the top floor." I shrug.

"He will regret it," India whispers to Indonesia. I pretend not to hear her.

"It was nice talking to you all. I'll see you guys soon!" I smile warmly.

"Yeah! After you're done putting your things away you can come down and play some uno with us." Japan smiles.

I chuckle softly, "see you then!" I take my luggage and begin walking down the hallway. Poland walks next to me, clearly nervous. I frown slightly, holding her hand. "It's alright. I will protect you if he ever tries fighting you."

"Thank you," she stutters.

She presses the button and we wait for the elevator. "Can you tell me more about this Russia? I want to know more about him." I say.

"Well, he's really good at hockey. He has an older brother who's way different from him—" the elevators arrive and we get in, "—he is really good at chess. He was the chess champion last year and it was said he flipped off his opponent before the match. He's really intelligent, but he's really rude and unpredictable too. He made a few teachers cry at one point. It was said he used their trauma against them, but no one confirmed it. If you want to know more, you should talk to Ukraine."

The elevator stops at the top floor and we step out. We slowly make our way down the right side of the hall where the boys' rooms are. Using my key card, I let us inside the hallway. I pause, "are you sure you're fine coming with me?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," she smiles, but I can tell she's trembling inside.

I sighs, putting my hand on her shoulder and looking at her with concern. "I don't want to force you. It's safer for you to stay here. I'll meet you downstairs."

She nods slowly, "I'll see you downstairs then." She closes the door and leaves for the elevator.

I scoff, "weak." I walked down the beautiful blue and white hallway until I found my room which is in front of the emergency bathroom and emergency stairs. I frown when I realize that the door is painted black. It seems like Russia has been living in this dorm for longer than I thought.

I shrug and open the door to a pitch black room. My face scrunches up in disgust. Guess his favorite color is black. Now where's the light switch? I enter the room and let the door slam behind me. I feel along the wall for the switch. It should be here somewhere—I bite my lips when someone punches my back. I kicked him in the stomach causing him to stumble. As my eyes get adjusted to the dark, I see a figure who's a little taller than me.

"Hello. I'm your new roommate." I say cheerfully.

He growls, "Get out." He tries punching me, but I block it. He seems shocked by my actions and taking his moment of hesitation, I kick

him onto the ground.

I chuckle softly, "I heard a lot about you, Russia."

"And I don't care," he grumbles, getting up from the ground.

"Oh really?" I grin, stepping closer to him. "I know what you want, Russia. And I can help you get it." Although I can't see his face clearly, I can feel his glare deepen.

He scoffs, "yeah, sure."

I laugh at his remark, patting him on the shoulder. "You're doing everything wrong. Everyone hates you. No one will listen to you if you're like this." He stays silent, not moving an inch. I look at the watch America gave me. "Your sister Ukraine. I feel so bad for the girl. The only reason why she's friends with the popular group is because of their fear of you. If she stayed with them, you wouldn't harm them. Would you, Russia?"

He continues to stare at me, indifferent. I smirk slightly, "let's make a deal, Russia. I know a few things about pulling on people's heart strings. I'm sure we will make an unstoppable team. So, what do you say?"

He stares at me coldly, debating whether I have good intentions or not. I hold my hand out, waiting for the handshake. After several seconds of his blank stare, he takes it. I smile, "it will be a pleasure working with you. I'm China."

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End of Scene

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Taiwan moved up a grade?! 😮

How is China going to find America now? 😩

Is China a good boyfriend?

Thanks for reading! See you in the next chapter!

☆* ⋆ 54 ⋆ *☆

[image] [image]

Scene XIX

Young China POV

I begin putting my clothes into the black drawer next to my bed. I got to say, India was right about Russia being attractive. He has striking icy blue eyes and luscious dirty blonde hair. He is the ideal height for many girls and is pretty fit. Obviously because of fighting, but you get the point. I wouldn't say he's better than me though. He's lacking in the personality department by a ton according to all the students at this school.

But in reality, Russia's a really cool and chill guy. I don't see why everyone hates him so much. He's very understandable and readable. Maybe it's his cold demeanor that throws everyone off. The only thing I've noticed about Russia that concerns me is how unpredictable he is. It comes with its perks, but it's harmful to me. I need him to trust me. So far so good. We didn't fight again after the deal. We actually talked quite peacefully.

Poland and her friends are such liars.

Russia puts his phone down, sitting on his bed on the other side of his dark, gloomy room, "you're from Sapphire Falls middle school."

I nod, jumping onto my bed after finishing putting my clothes away. The window next to my bed is the only window in this room. He covered the other ones above his desk with black sheets. "Looks like you found my countrygram account. What do you think of it?"

"No. I just found you on the web." He explains, looking at me. "So, why are you here? You seemed to have a pretty good life back there."

I stayed silent, not wanting to mention how I got expelled. It would

seem that I'm careless and won't be a good partner to work with. I will not show him or tell him about my failures. It's not the right time yet. I shrug, "wanted to see my luck of starting over. I mean, countries are the real deal. I already have a loyal following back at my old school."

He hums in acknowledgement, "I guess so." I look out the window and down at the lake that glitters in the sunlight. I don't understand him. The view here is beautiful and he doesn't take this bed for himself. He opted for the one in the corner where there is barely any sunlight. What is he? A vampire?

"Why is everything about you black?" I inquire.

He scoffs, leaning against the wall, "I could ask the same of you. Why are all of your clothes red?"

I roll my eyes, "at least I have other colors such as gold and green." I point at my watch—the watch America gave me on my birthday—then at my green suitcase.

He opens his drawer and pulls out a necklace. "I have gray accessories," he counters.

"That's another shade of black," I chuckle. He crosses his arms, annoyed. I pout, "are you mad that I'm right?"

He glares at me, "I am never wrong."

I shrug, "keep living your lie." I turn my attention back at the lake in the distance. I can stare outside all day. It's breathtaking. "You're not as bad as they say," I hum softly.

"What do they say?" he asks, intrigued.

"You're scary, cruel. They said you made some teacher cry." I say. I hear him laugh softly to himself. I grin, turning my attention towards him.

"You should've seen their teary faces." Russia smiles to himself before noticing me looking at him. His face immediately goes stone cold. "What?"

"Nothing. I just thought your smile's cute." I say. We stay in awkward silence as he stares at me in shock as I freak out inside. I have never flirted with a guy before. It should be relatively easy, but it's different. We're the same gender. I don't think he's gay. He doesn't look gay. But who knows? He's Russia.

"Thanks," he mumbles, before turning to look at his bed sheets and playing with it. Oh. So he likes it. I'll keep that in mind.

I roll onto my front and take my phone from the desk to my right. I open my phone and click on the countrygram app. It's not loading. There's only one bar on this floor! For such a rich middle school they can't even afford wifi on this floor? You gotta be kidding me. I groan, slamming my phone back on the desk. Looks like I have to make my way all the way down to the lobby to get fast internet. Great. Russia looks up at me, sensing my frustration, "Need the wifi? I have my own."

I nod, "that would be great." He walks over to me with his phone and airdrops the wifi password onto my phone. I open the countrygram app and sigh in relief. I can go on it. "You installed it by yourself?" I ask. He hums a yes. "Why don't you use the wifi down in the lobby? It's free," I say, scrolling through my notifications.

He watches me, scoffing slightly before sitting down on my bed. "They will steal all my information." He watches me as I create a post and upload it.

I never found his account here. Maybe I can add him now. "What is your account? I'll follow you." I suggest, clicking the search bar.

"I don't have one because I know people like you will try stalking me," he says nonchalantly. He knows me too well.

I roll my eyes, smirking slightly, "let me guess. You're a hacker. That's why you need your own wifi and cover all your equipment in a black bag." He nods, not denying it. This will come in useful. "And for some reason you don't like light." I sigh.

He glares at me, "they use drones to check on the students. I'll be

exposed in no time."

"Excuses." I quip. He grumbles in annoyance and looks back at his phone.

I turn onto my back to look at him. "I'll tell you all my secrets as long as you tell me all yours," I propose.

He stares at me weirdly. "Is that what you do? Ask people to make promises with you without knowing them well?"

I shrug, "we're going to be partners for some time. Might as well trust each other."

He sighs, "sure. But if you ever betray me, you know what's coming."

"I will always keep my promises. Don't you worry." I smile. I hold my pinky up.

"Really? You're that childish?" Russia chuckles.

I glare at him, "do you want us to trust each other or what?"

"Alright," he grins. We make a pinky promise and we're set. Maybe we can be good friends. I hope we can be good friends. "So, have you had a tour of the dormitory?"

I shake my head, "Poland was going to show me, but we got caught in a conversation with her friends." As soon as I said Poland, Russia tensed up a little. It was subtle, but I can see through everyone. I frown, leaning on my arms for support, "is something bothering you?"

He relaxes his body, "nothing is."

"Remember our promise?" I glare.

He rolls his eyes, pushing me teasingly. "Польша (Poland) and her friends act nice, but once they know about your vulnerability they will exploit you for their benefit." He explains. I hum in acknowledgement. Nothing that I've never heard of. I've done that

before. Russia must have had a rough past with these people. Wonder what happened. "By the way, Польша (Poland) likes playing with hearts."

Looks like I found my target. Not like she's my only target. I smirk slyly, "good."

"Don't tell me you used to date several girls at once," Russia stares at me with disgust.

"I could've," I say, winking at him.

He shakes his head in disapproval. "You're disgusting."

"I am not!" I retort, sitting up to look at him. "They blindly obeyed everything I said. Even the countries at my old school. I had so much authority. You should've seen me."

"So full of yourself, but I believe you," Russia smiles.

"Now, what happened between you and those 'popular' kids?" I ask.

His face drops to an emotionless state. "I got played by Польша," he mumbles, embarrassed. "It was stupid of me to accept her request in the first place. I didn't even like her. I started to catch some feelings and then she broke my heart by kissing a nobody."

I furrow my eyebrows, "why is she friends with your sister? She clearly knows about your history with her."

Russia scoffs at this, "Украина was so happy Польша started talking to her that she put her friends before family. Польша is a devil."

"I wouldn't call her the devil. I've done things much worse," I chuckle.

"Of course you did." He rolls his eyes.

I place my hand on his shoulder, whispering, "and we will get sweet sweet revenge. Watch." He grins at this. "I will shatter her heart for you. Bros before h*es." I wink.

Russia chuckles, "thanks, but I don't care about her now. She's scared of me and it's funny to watch her scurry to Украина whenever she sees me."

"Double the damage is always better." I smirk.

"Of course," Russia smiles. "Now let's show you where everything is."

I chuckle, "thanks."

He nods. "Then I'll show you all the secret places we can hide if we get into any trouble."

"As if I'll get into any trouble. All the teachers and students loved me at my old school. I'm sure the teachers here will like me as well," I wink, smirking.

"Sure sure. Let's go," Russia smiles, putting on his sneakers. I grab my keycard from the nightstand and open the door. We exit the room and walk down the hallway and towards the elevators. "I saw you looking outside the room a lot. Want to see the lake first?"

I smirk, "I really got your attention that you noticed my every move, huh?"

He turns away from me, "it's only because you're weird."

"Whatever you say," I chuckle. Then I remembered that the 'popular' group is playing Uno on the ground floor. The elevator doors open and we step inside. Russia presses the first floor button as I lean on the bars. "Why don't we play some Uno with Poland and her friends then you can take me to the lake? I told them I'd be down." I suggest.

"I don't think that's a great idea." He mumbles, "you can go by yourself if you want." That was not what I intended. I slap his hand away from the open doors button.

"I said I'll show you some of my tricks. This is your chance to watch me," I explain. "Trust me. It will be a great way to train yourself to be nicer to them."

"Fine." He grumbles in annoyance, letting the elevator doors slide close.

I grin, "good boy."

"Don't ever call me that," he glares at me.

I smirk, "what are you going to do about it?" I lean towards him. He backs away and I catch his hand before it makes contact with my face. I chuckle, "that won't work."

"Then I'll call you шлюха," he smirks.

I scoff, "and what does that mean?"

"Whore," he smiles innocently.

"I am no whore," I glared, hitting my hand on the elevator wall next to him, trying to threaten him. He seems unfazed as he comfortably leans against the elevator wall.

He smirks, "says the person who probably kissed many girls in one night."

"You would too if you knew how much power you'll feel." I growl.

He crosses his arms, shaking his head, "I still wouldn't. I want to find someone I truly like and not walk around like a red flag."

"Of course you wouldn't. Not a single person here likes you," I grin.

He scoffs, "I bet you can't find true love. It's apparent you have trust issues." I did find my true love. My American girlfriend back in the human county. But I can never tell him about her. It's not the right time.

I chuckle softly, glaring at him, "what makes you any better? You have no game, no b*tches—"

"Росія? Китай?" I hear Ukraine's voice. I turn to see her standing there with Poland, South Korea, India, Japan, and Indonesia staring at us in shock.

Well, this is awkward.

"We were just looking for you guys! Still up for a round of Uno?" I smile, turning towards them, with my hand still supporting me.

India blinks a couple up times before a small nervous smile appears on her lips, "sure. Why not?"

"Great!" I exclaim, dragging Russia out the elevator with me and towards the lounge.

"I don't see how it's working," he whispers to me.

"Be patient. You'll see." I wink.

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"Not again!" Japan whines, drawing 8 cards from the deck. I smirk, side hugging her, rubbing her arm slightly.

"You'll get the hang of it soon," I chuckle.

She glares at me, "once you stop being too good at this game."

"Don't think that will ever happen," I grin, high-fiving Russia.

"That's not fair! You two are teaming up against us." Ukraine huffs, slouching down on the couch.

Russia and I look at each other and back at her. "Are we though?" Russia shrugs.

"We're not," I shake my head. That's a lie. Ukraine grumbles and places a yellow card. I frown, "do you want me to make it up to you?"

She nods, "yes. That would be lovely."

"Meet me by the lake tomorrow night at 8pm." I smile, leaning back on the couch. "I'll make it up to you there." Ukraine pushes her flower crown down on her head and doesn't dare looking up at me. I can tell she's flustered when she still sees my gaze on her. Russia

pinches me angrily. "What was that for?" I glare at him.

"That's my sister you're talking to," he seethes, whispering at me.

"I know what I'm doing." I whisper back. I need to make the other girls jealous because I know they think they're much better and prettier than Ukraine. They all think they should be the one in Ukraine's place—they should be the one with me.

South Korea stares at me intently before placing down a +4 card. "Red," he says. Seems like I have someone on my tail. I can tell Russia noticed when he secretly nudged me. Great minds think alike.

Indonesia grins evilly, "blue!" He places down his +4.

"Ha, you thought!" India smirks, placing down a +4. She turns to Russia, smiling. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to win." Russia says bluntly, placing down his last card which is also a +4. We high five each other and watch the others' faces morph into one of regret or anger. "Good game," Russia hums, leaning back on the couch with his hands on the back of his head.

"Good game," Japan grumbles, putting the cards back together.

Indonesia gets up and stretches. "Well, that's it for the day. I'm going to bed."

"Always you and your bed," Japan giggles.

Indonesia glares at her, "it's always you and your comics!"

The two glare at each other like little children. "चीन, how do you like the school so far?" India asks with a sweet smile.

"Beside the part that my dorm room is pitch black—" Russia elbows me in the gut. I glare at him before smiling at India again, "the school is amazing! I hope their reputation as a top school isn't false."

"Of course not! The teachers are great here. Especially our principle.

She loves getting to know all the students here." India gives me her cherry smile.

"You should introduce me to her. She seems like a really great principal. Maybe even better than the principal at my old school." I hum. Definitely better than that stupid principal who expelled me. I was on good terms with all the teachers except the principal and it really bit me in the ass.

India nods her head eagerly, "sure! Since we have the same lunch period I can take you to her."

I smile. She seems to be really into me. But I can tell that she's eying Russia up and down. I lean closer to her, whispering in her ear, "you like 俄罗斯, don't you?"

She instantly freezes. "No," she stutters.

I lean back away, giving her a little smirk. "Your secret is safe with me."

"China," I hear Poland call my name. I turn to look at her. "Can I talk to you for a second over there?" She points at the corner of the lounge.

A smirk creeps on my face, "sure." I get up from my seat next to Russia and immediately get pulled away from the group. I can see Russia staring at me in question before India gets him into a conversation. I grin. It's a good opportunity to make India like him more.

Once we get to the corner, Poland sighs. I lean on the wall, towering over her. "What is it so urgent you want to talk about?" I ask.

She plays with the end of her skirt, trying to be cute in front of me. I can see through her acts immediately. I wonder how she gets the main roles when her acting skills are terrible. I chuckle to myself which makes her angry. "What?" she glares.

"Nothing," I wheeze slightly. Her attempts at looking cute are so hilarious. I can't stop myself. "You're just cute." I lie.

She blushes red at this, twirly her skirt a little. "Anyways, I wanted to ask if you used to know Russia. You two seem to be really close." She dragged me over here just to ask me that? Looks like she wants to keep Russia contained. I will not allow that to happen.

"I only knew him today. He's a really amazing country contrary to everyone else's belief." I reply, shrugging.

She looks down at her feet, "I'm just worried for you. He acts—impulsively. I don't want you getting hurt." She mumbles the last part softly. I feel my hand turn into fists. How much I want to punch her is not measurable. I take a deep breath to relax before using my hand to cup her cheek, caressing it softly with my thumb.

I look into her eyes with sincerity, "you don't have to worry. I'll do alright."

She sighs, "if you say so." She bites her bottom lip, trying to be cute. No one is cuter than my American girlfriend. No one can compare to how adorable she is. But now she's not here with me. I want her back.

I grin, ruffling her hair, "why are you so adorable?"

"Stop that!" She shrieks, trying to stop me. Good.

I chuckle, pretending to be enjoying it, "you're so cute when you're angry." She blushes, crossing her arms, making sure to push up her chest. So you're a slut? Interesting to know.

"Китай(China)! I'm going to go," Russia shouts from across the lounge.

"Coming!" I shout back, before turning back to Poland. "See you later Pol," I wink. I hear her sigh as I make my way to Russia who's waiting for me. Indonesia already left while the rest are talking.

"Let's go to the Lake. I'm too tired to show you the other places." Russia grumbles, walking down a hallway.

I follow him, chuckling, "who or what annoyed you? Or is it because your social energy is low. In that case, I can recharge it for

you."

"Sleep is my only charger." Russia snaps. He then sighs, "when you left Индия(India) started talking to me. I did not want to talk to her." Russia opens the door and we walk outside and down a rocky path to the lake.

I smirk, "she likes you. I asked her myself."

He glares, "I could tell. You leaned over me to whisper something in her ear."

I quirk my brow, "so you were paying attention. I thought you were staring at the ceiling daydreaming."

He glares at me, "I am observant and I have very keen ears."

"You truly are a Vampire!" I gasp in fake awe. He huffs, quickening up his speed. I grin. This guy. I can't explain how much I like annoying him. I match his pace. We finally reach the beautiful Lake where the sun is setting. I stop to watch the scenery. It's beautiful. If only America was here with me. I know she would love this. A paradise away from her unloving, brutal family members.

I can still see her smiling even with the pain of living with her family. Her pure, innocent emerald eyes looking at me with love and affection. It's like she's still here with me. But she's not. She's in the human county fighting off her evil twin sister. I should've stayed. I should've helped her.

I'm a horrible boyfriend.

"Took your breath away?" Russia asks, standing next to me, looking at the scene in front of us.

"Yeah," I say, although my words come out a little shaky.

Russia seems to notice, but doesn't say much of it. We stay in a comfortable silence as we watch the sun set. The wind blows through my hair, causing my lips to turn upward. I love the water. It's a bummer mom hates exploring the ocean. "We can rent a boat on the weekends." Russia suggests.

"That would be great. You're very considerate," I hum, smirking. I turn to him to see him distraught.

He furrows his eyebrows, glaring at me, "what's with that look?"

"Nothing," I chuckle, "just find you cute." I turn back to look at the breathtaking scenery, letting him drown in his own thoughts.

He suddenly snorts out a small chuckle. I thought he would be flustered. "No wonder you only date girls," he laughs to himself softly.

I glare at him, "what does that mean?"

"With those flirting skills, guys will be running away from you in fright," Russia grins. Like he could do any better!

I scoff, "is this a challenge?"

He shrugs, "could be."

"Well then, by the end of this year I will kiss a guy. If I do, you will have to listen to me for a day," I grumble.

He smirks slyly, "if not, you will have to listen to me for a day."

"Deal," I say, shaking his hand firmly.

He smirks, "you're not going to win."

Oh, challenge on.

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End of scene XIX

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Will China win the challenge?

Who is worse? China or Poland?

Do y'all like Russia?

Russia is hacker□□□□

Btw: this ***might*** be the longest chapter I've written also, character personality inconsistencies, but that doesn't matter

☆* ⋆ 55 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Will upload another chap if this gets 35 votes!

Scene XX

Young China POV (two month later)

Russia gets up from his seat and stretches. "It's your turn to check and add more to this code." Russia says tiredly. "I'm going to take a shower."

"Whatever you say 俄罗斯(Russia)," I hum, getting off my bed and sitting down at his seat. Now to start working.

Russia introduced me to his friend North Korea. Apparently he is South Korea's twin brother, but they look and act nothing alike. South Korea is bubbly, always looking for attention. He would wear fashionable clothes that made his special features stand out. North Korea? He hates attention. He would rather sit in a little corner than talk to anyone. His style also makes people stare at him fearfully. He has an eyepatch on his face. There are scar marks all over his body—probably because of cutting. And the strides he takes looks like he's limping all the time. Definitely a weird duo.

From the looks of it, I thought he hated his sibling, but he loves him very much. Although he has this bad-boy-bully-appearance, he has a soft side for his brother. Only his brother. Not even his friends—if he has any other than Russia that is. He is completely different from Russia and I regarding our siblings.

After talking to him for maybe about 30 minutes, I realized what North Korea wanted the most: Security and protection. Although it may not seem like he's fearful of anything, he's fearful of almost everything. And so, what was a 30 minute conversation turned into a two hour conversation on the subject of cameras. Not just any camera, but security cameras.

And in my mind, something sparked. He would be on the security cameras twenty-four-seven. He would be able to erase any evidence in seconds if he had access. He would prove a vital asset to Russia and I. So I made a proposal. This is how it went:

"So, all you want is protection and security." I say.

His eyes widened before falling back to their normal state. "Yes," he says in his raspy voice.

I hum thoughtfully, "I think I can help you." I can sense his excitement, but he controls himself by sitting on his bed.

He stares at me skeptically, "how so?"

I shrug, leaning on the wall of his dorm room. "I can get you access to something that I know you want to get your hands on." I pause, looking at my watch and sigh, "but, you would have to do some things in return."

"What do I want to get my hands on?" he inquires. I can tell he feels tense by the look of his face though it's not visible to the naked eye.

I look up at the corner of his ceiling where a security camera lies undetected as it blends with the color of the navy blue wall. "You want access to the security system at school." I whisper softly.

North Korea stares at me anxiously, trying to decipher my motives. The only thing heard was the shower running and South Korea's music blasting from the bathroom where South Korea is showering. He was stupid enough to let me into his room where I could understand him fully. He couldn't hide from me now.

"What do you want?" He asks, glaring at me.

I chuckle softly, "don't stare at me like that. I come in peace." He doesn't change his look so I sigh. "I want your loyalty." I state.

He looks at me curiously, but cautiously, "loyalty? What type of loyalty? I won't get hit by a bullet for you. Never."

"Of course you won't." I hum, clasping my hands together. "All I

want is for you to obey 俄罗斯 and I."

He swallows, getting defensive, "I am only loyal to myself."

"Loyalty as in being on the security system twenty-four-seven, erasing all our shenanigans from the system's history, agreeing with our agendas, and picking up fights—if that is fine with you." I say. "What do you say?"

He looks at me in thought, debating on my pleasing and desirable offer. Russia had told me he loves violence and I'm sure he will agree to the fourth point most of the time. He glowers, "what else do you want?"

I shrug, "nothing else. Just keep us updated with the drama that happens around school."

His eyes soften as he sighs, "I'll work for you and R."

I grin in victory, "that's what I'd like to hear."

"When will I be able to gain access to the systems?" North Korea asks with a hint of eagerness in his raspy voice. I smirk, turning to look at his expressionless face.

"When you prove your loyalty to us."

With that said, I told Russia who was in denial because of the work we had to do to get the coding done. It took me two and a half days to convince him so we can start on the content. And finally, he realized the advantage of having North Korea on our team. Anything we did will be undetected; we will not get caught red handed. North Korea will make us shine brightly among the students through his bullying, keeping a constant fear among the students. And, of course, North Korea will have his desires fulfilled.

So that's what Russia and I are doing. We are creating a code to hack the school's security system. We made it so that this code also works on the high school's security system so that when we graduate North Korea is able to control it too. But for right now, it's only a vision. We are close to finishing this code and exporting into the camera's system.

I have to admit how Russia was right about the drones that peers through each window. That's why his room is black and why there's a black board that fits so perfectly between my bed and the desk. It is safe to say that Russia stays up all night doing something. And now I've joined him.

"How is it going?" I hear Russia ask from behind me. Seems like he's done taking a shower.

"Everythings going great—" I turn to look at him to find a towel wrapped around his waist and droplets of water trickling down his chest and abs. He's also drying his hair with another towel as he looks at his computer screen with furrowed eyebrows. He looks like a Greek god. So kissable. Wait. I don't want to kiss him! Does he even know how to kiss? Why do I even care? I feel my cheeks turn hot as I continue staring at his body. Calm down China. You've seen a lot of guys at the gym before. "—and you look great." I wink at him.

He stares at me, suddenly realizing what I'm implying. His cheeks flush a dark crimson red as he rushes back into the bathroom to change. "Блять, I forgot I wasn't living alone," he curses as he slams the bathroom door. He's so adorable. Not as adorable as America, but adorable.

I laugh, leaning back in his chair. "It's okay, we're both—guys." I continue working on the code, trying to distract myself with the task at hand. Delete this. Add this. Correct the wording for this. Coding is a whole other language and I still don't understand it fully. I wonder how Russia's so good at this. It's as if he grew up with this language.

I hear the bathroom door open and Russia comes back out with clothes on. I smirk at him and he doesn't dare looking at me, still embarrassed by the incident. "Are you done?" he asks, diverting my attention back to the topic at hand.

"One final thing," I correct the spelling of a word then press enter, "done."

Russia leans over me and corrects my mistake he found earlier.

"Now you're done."

I hum in acknowledgement, taking my phone from the desk. I begin scrolling through my countrygram feed, hoping to find something new happening at my old school that involves America. Nothing found. I guess I should just post a picture of myself.

"Get out of my seat. I need to code the final part." Russia growls.

I smirk, looking up to meet his angry gaze, "no."

He grumbles in annoyance, "go sit on the bed. It's an order."

"But your seat is so comfy," I pout, "I don't want to move."

"Well you are," Russia scolds as he continues typing on his keyboard.

I look around the room. Russia has no other chairs besides this one. He must've thrown the other one out because he never had roommates before. I lean back on his chair, staring at him in thought. "I know where you can sit," I hum.

"I'm not going to sit on the bed—"

"My lap," I say, to my shock. I wanted to say the toilet. We stay in silence, staring at each other. Why did I say that? I sound so stupid. I sound like I like him. Do I like him? That doesn't matter. He's probably going to curse me and—

"Sure," he says nonchalantly, sitting down on my lap. I feel heat rise to my cheeks as he does so. Instinctively, I pull him closer onto my lap like I would for America. I wrap an arm around his waist, holding him in place as he types away. What has gotten into me? Why is he making me feel this way?

I peer over to look at Russia who seems to be unfazed with all this. Did he do this before? Of course not! He has no relationship experience besides a week of dating Poland. I wonder what he's thinking because I am surely freaked out by myself!

I take out my phone, trying to distract myself from the situation. I

scroll through my notifications to find a ton of people commenting on my photo and asking about the mysterious guy next to me who's covering his face. I grin. Russia doesn't know it yet but I posted a picture from us on the rented boat during that first week of school. Of course I couldn't let his identity be exposed so I blurred out most of his face and photoshopped a cap on his head to cover his hair.

Despite, obviously, over obsessing about my body, a lot of people in the comments are pleading to see what Russia looks like. Some are saying that he looks desireful and mysterious. I grin at that. "俄罗斯, you need to get countrygram. Every girl will fawn over you." I hum softly, trailing my left hand along his back.

He scoffs, "I won't."

I sneak my left hand under his shirt and up his back, causing him to flinch and turn to look at me angrily. I stare up at him, smiling innocently, "I'm sure they'd love to see you shirtless."

"I don't want myself paraded on the internet by random people I don't know. I want to be praised by someone I love and care for," he snaps angrily.

I sigh, removing my left hand from under his shirt. "If you wish. But you will need to get a countrygram account soon."

"Never in a million years," he grumbles, turning back to look at his computer.

I lean myself against his back, scrolling through the comment section. I wonder how America's doing. I would ask Canada, but he also forgot about me. That's when I saw the username. Kiwilover69. America's little sister. She was fond of me and must remember me!

I quickly click on her profile and slide into her direct messages typing: Hi! This is China! Remember me? I can only pray for her to reply yes because from what I've encountered, the countries from my old school don't remember me.

It all started when Vietnam introduced me to Philippines. Philippines acted like she didn't know me. When I told her I went to

the same school as her, all she thought was that I was really into her and that I knew about her at school. She somehow completely forgot about how I manipulated and exploited her for my own gain.

Then in class, Philippines would sneak glances at me, indicating that she likes me. Russia even noticed her constant staring which made him annoyed and angry. But I didn't mind. A lot of girls in that class were sneaking glances my way. However, she is different. She knew me before. Now she forgot.

Then curiosity struck me so I asked Vietnam if any other countries from my human middle school came to the UN middle schools to which she nodded. I told her to ask them if they knew me and to my surprise, they all texted her that they only heard about me now.

It pained me to know that my old friends forgot about me. It's as if someone erased their memories. I didn't want to believe it so I made Vietnam text Canada. He came back with the same reply: Never heard of him. Now I know America might have forgotten me because of some unknown reason.

And I hope that isn't true.

My America. She promised she won't forget me, but if this is out of her control I understand. She has been living under her authoritarian Father who never cared or worried about her unless she's threatening his policies. It has to be Britain who did this to her. It has to be. Confederate doesn't have the brains to do something so tremendous.

I sigh deeply as I stare at the watch on my wrist. I put my phone down and took it off to see my name and her name's engraving on the back of the watch. I smile softly when I remembered her nervous face as she handed me the present. Her soft emerald eyes were filled with love and worry. The way she handed the box to me was delicate. After I told her I loved it, her eyes brightened up with pure innocent joy as she smiled widely, showing me her signature calming smile. I miss her so much.

I want her to come back to me. I want her to remember me. I want her to be alive.

"俄罗斯, what would you do if your friends' memories got erased and they only forgot you?" I mumble softly.

He pauses his typing, thinking deeply. He eventually sighs, "It would be a curse and a blessing. I would be able to start over with them, but the memories we had together remind me of the trust we had and it may not be the same anymore." He finishes, letting me drown in my thoughts, thinking about America. My beautiful, adorable, kind, intelligent, girlfriend. "Is something bothering you? You're zoning out," Russia frowns.

I sigh, leaning back on his chair. "It's really nothing, just a lot of countries from my old school have forgotten me. I told you about Peepee, right?"

"Peepee?" he chuckles softly.

I grin, "yeah, Philippines. She used to share me with another girl and now she forgot all about the painful life she had with me. I'm going to play her again, but it still bothers me that she forgot me."

"Share?" Russia blurts out, succumbing to a fit of laughter. I smile to myself, liking how I'm making him happy. The only side I can see. He soon quiets down, "who else forgot about you?"

I frown, mumbling, "all my friends."

Russia turns to look at me with empathy in his now softened icy blue eyes. "Китай, it's okay," he says softly.

I nod my head, "I know. It's just." I pause, not knowing why I'm telling him all this. I'm only sad that America might have forgotten about me. I don't care about my other friends. I have Russia. He is better than all of them. No offense Italy. You tried stealing America the first day you saw her! I shrug, "I could care less about them. I have you." I smile brightly.

He nods, still not believing that I'm fine. "If you want to talk about it, I'm always here for you." Russia says softly, before turning back to type on his computer.

"You're the best friend I could ever ask for," I hum, hugging his

waist and stuffing my face in the crook of his neck. I feel him flinch under me, but soon relax. I smirk, "so you find my lap comfortable?"

I hear him scoff, "it's alright. I would still like to sit in my seat."

"Don't lie to me. Tell me the truth," I say.

"Okay. I hate it." Russia grumbles in annoyance.

"Then how should I get you to like it?" I ask.

"When you're the one sitting on my lap," Russia snaps.

I chuckle softly, "that's not me. I refuse."

"It's fair." Russia retorts.

"Only if you win the bet, which you won't win." I hum.

"Like any guy here likes you," Russia closes his computer and gets up.

I glare at him, "a lot of guys like me. I can name them. You, North Korea, Indonesia, South Korea, Germany, Pakistan, Iran, Daniel, Aaron—"

"They don't like you as a lover. Only as a friend. You're not going to get anywhere," Russia chuckles, laying down on his bed.

"Oh please. It's only been two months of school. They will fall for me in no time. Including you." I grumble.

"Doubt it," Russia hums, taking his phone off his night stand.

"Good night," I huff, getting onto my bed.

"Good night," he hums. "It's really funny when you get mad." I don't reply to him. He makes me so frustrated sometimes. But I like it.

I like his company.

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End of scene XX

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Who's your favorite character so far?(besides America)

Love the bromance

What do you think Russia was thinking when he sat on China's lap?

Vote!

☆* ⋆ 56 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene XXI

Young China POV (6 months later)

"Finally!" Russia groans after hearing the bell ring, indicating the end of the school day. "I can go to sleep peacefully now."

Germany face palms, "you sleep during class. You have enough sleep."

Russia glares at him, "I need sleep."

"You can sleep on my lap," I hum, slapping my thighs.

"I. Need. Bed." Russia emphasizes, his cheeks flushing a light pink. He gets up from his seat and storms out of the classroom with his bag, leaving me with his soon-to-be-probably-step-brother Germany. I love teasing him. Maybe a little too much.

"Let's go to the library to work on this project. It's really quiet there." Germany suggests.

"Sure thing, but it isn't due two weeks from now and it's a friday." I chuckle.

Germany nods, "I know."

Poland introduced me to Germany during the first week of school and I realized he was that guy who stared at me when I first arrived at this school. I thought there was something wrong with him at first, but I realized he does that all the time. Always looking and calculating in his head. If you get into an argument with him, he will be spitting out facts nonstop until you admit defeat. With that, he was able to win all the debate competitions with facts and logic. An amazing achievement.

Of course, with all his logic and facts comes trouble. If I ever got into an argument with him, people will think of me as unintelligent and I don't want that title. Good thing Russia and him are close enough so that he won't do anything against me. However, from my analysis, he isn't the one who's in the fire. He's the ignitor.

Germany is cool and reserved, giving the appearance of someone who could hold all secrets. With his soft smile he looks like a trustworthy person. Unfortunately, he is not who he seems to be. It all started with the fights that seemed to erupt out of nowhere. No one knew what was happening. Not even Vietnam who knew everyone really well in this school. It was a mystery until I found out the reason why.

From the corner of the crowd of students, I saw Germany standing there, indifferent by the shouting and cursing. He initiated the fight without physically starting it. I knew something was wrong. So I tested my theory.

After our first history test, I told Russia and him that I think I failed by telling them all the 'wrong' answers I got on the test. Of course, Germany gave me sweet words of encouragement which seemed real. The next day, I found everyone staring at me as if I didn't live up to their expectations. Russia sensed something off as well, so I know I wasn't making it up. But Germany acted as if everything was okay. He was acting like himself. I know Russia wouldn't tell a soul about my grade because he doesn't care, but Germany? He wants everything to go down the drain.

I proved everyone wrong when I got a full score. So it only ruined Germany's reputation. When he congratulated me, I could tell it was forced. He really wanted me to fail. From that day on, I told myself I needed to keep him close to make it seem like I trust him. In reality I want to know what everyone's secret is.

During the second week of school, Germany subtly told me about South Korea's hatred towards me. I wasn't surprised that South Korea hated me, but for Germany to tell me what he said about me was concerning. He wanted me to act impulsively like other people at school. He wanted me to cause a scene and ruin my reputation. But I didn't. I only shrugged and continued doing my homework

much to his annoyance.

What really proved my suspicion was when Taiwan got into an argument with Pakistan. I told him time and time again not to tell Germany anything and only tell me. He refused. Now look where he's at? He feels hatred everyday and wouldn't let it go. He is so stupid.

I wave bye to our teacher before walking down the hallway with Germany who already brainstormed the format of our project. Even though he's someone who I need to be aware about, he does make a good classmate. "-last, we will explain how all this affects the current structure of the government." Germany finishes.

I hum in agreement, "I'll research the first two portions of the project."

"Then it's official." Germany smiles softly. He then whispers to me, "how are you and South Korea?"

Here we go again! "We are great! He invited me to his party tonight. I'm dragging Russia as my plus one. Are you coming?" I ask.

"Party? The teachers find out. We can't have parties in this school." Germany explains, being the goody-two-shoes he is.

I shrug, "he didn't say yet. Maybe at the lake. I'm not too sure."

"The lake is fine," he says softly, "but it might disturb the other residents and they'll call the teachers on you guys. South Korea loves booming music."

I chuckle softly, patting his back, "you worry too much. But thank you for your concern." He smiles softly at me. Now he's going to tell people. What should I do?

"Who's going?" Germany inquires. I smirk to myself.

"Poland, Vietnam, me, Ukraine-" as I began listing out the names, I made sure I said Poland's name first. I know he has feelings for that slut and wouldn't do anything if she's involved with shenanigans. "-

indonesia, and Turkey." I watch him stare at nothing in particular as we turn the corner. I wave my hand in front of the zoned out German, "earth to Germany."

He blinks a couple of times, "that's great."

I grin, "I know. It's going to be a great party! Maybe I can get him to invite you."

"There's no need," he refused for obvious reasons.

I side hug him, "come on. It's only a party."

"I don't think-"

"Chiny!" Poland shrieks joyfully, running towards me and grabbing my hand. She looks up at me with beaming eyes full of enthusiasm. "You need to come with me. The auditions are out!" She tries dragging me away from Germany and I can sense the German's sadness. She didn't even see him even though she says he's her best friend. She stares at me, confused as to why I'm not moving. That's when she sees Germany. "Hi Niemcy, didn't see you there!" She says in a cheerful voice.

The German only nods, "Hi."

"Come on, let's go!" Poland shrieks with thrill. I let her drag me away from the German.

"I'll be back! Wait for me at the library," I shout down the hallway. He only stares and nods. After he's out of my view, I start laughing to myself. I found his weakness.

Poland drags me to the auditorium where there's a crowd of students. Some are celebrating while others are whining in distress. As soon as Poland arrives, they make a path for her to see the paper. Talk about being treated like a Queen. I wave at everyone who I know to be respectful and so that they know I know that they exist. Poland gasps, "I got the lead role: Ariel!"

I smile, "congratulations." She then skims over the male roles and turns to me angrily.

"You could've been my prince. Why didn't you audition?" She grumbles. I hear a few murmurs from the crowd of acting students as they all agree with her.

I sigh, making up the best excuse I could think of, "I just got to this school. It is really different from my old middle school."

She huffs, crossing her arms, "I'll force you to audition next year. You'll be a great male lead."

I shrug, "we'll see. But I think Lebanon will make a great prince." I smile side-hug Lebanon so he won't feel offended that Poland wants me to take his place. Hatred comes from jealousy and I don't want him to think I agree with her.

"China! I need to talk to you," South Korea says, pulling me away from the crowd. I say my farewells to Poland and my other friends and follow South Korea down the hallway.

"What is it about?" I ask.

South Korea scratches his head, "I didn't think it through. How am I supposed to have a party at school? The teachers will never allow it."

I would say we could host it at the lake, but after talking to Germany it doesn't seem like a great idea. I facepalm myself when realization hits me. North Korea has access to the security cameras. He would be able to delete all the footage from the elevator and dorm rooms. And I'm sure he would do other necessary things to make this party a secret. "Leave it to me. I'll worry about the teachers while you set up the party in your dorm room."

"But my brother doesn't like parties," South Korea mumbles.

"I'm sure he has a soundproof box in your room," I say.

"Right. I forgot about that." South Korea then smiles at me, "thank you China."

"Of course. Only for you," I wink.

He chuckles, a light blush spreading on his cheeks, "I'll be going now. Make sure to check the group chat."

"I will," I smile. Before he could leave, the thought of Germany came back to me. "South Korea, is it alright if I invite Germany?"

"Wouldn't he tell the teachers?" He mumbles quietly, scared.

I shake my head, leaning on the wall calmly, "he won't. Trust me."

South Korea nods, although I can sense he's worried by his tense appearance. "Okay."

"South Korea, relax. If anything happens, I will take the blame. You don't have to worry. You can trust me." I say. I know my reputation with the teachers is at risk, but I have it all under control. I know I have it under control.

He smiles, his worries gone, "thank you China. I owe you." He walks away and turns the corner. Now to text North Korea about all this. This will be his test. If he can manage to do it, I will secure him as president as any club he wants to create in high school. After calling him, and hearing him whine in his raspy voice, he obliges and is up for the challenge. I close my phone, shoving it into my pocket before entering the quiet library.

I look around and spot Germany at the end, reading books and typing on his computer. I smile softly. Time to tell him the good news. I slide down in the chair next to him. "Your back," he bluntly says, not looking up at me.

He really is jealous of me. I smile despite his harsh attitude, "I got you a ticket to South Korea's party." He doesn't look up from his computer, but I can tell he's a little excited inside. "Aren't you excited to see Poland?" I whisper.

He pauses his typing, his cheeks flushing a deep red. "No." He says, forcefully seeming not to care. He begins rigorously typing again.

I chuckle softly, "you're not really good at lying about your love for her."

"I don't like her." He grumbles, denying it.

"You love her." I hum. "Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me."

"I doubt it."

I roll my eyes, "I'm sure she likes you back. You're her best friend after all."

He stops typing, "she doesn't like me. She likes you." He sighs, "I don't think she'll ever like me."

I frown, "don't say that."

He closes his laptop, breathing out a shaky breath, "I liked her since elementary school. She only sees me as a friend." He's really telling me all his vulnerability. Did he forget who I am?

I side hug him, rubbing his back in circles as he stares at nothing in particular. "I'm sure when Poland realizes that playing around isn't fun as she thinks. She will come to realize that her true love was right in front of her. That her true love is you."

He stares at me hopefully, "you'll help me?"

I don't know. I don't want to help him. If I can get some sort of gain from it then I will help him. But how am I supposed to know the future? All I want is my America back and I don't see Poland helping me with getting her. "I'll see what I can do. But don't get mad at me if it doesn't go your way. Promise?"

"Promise."

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End of scene XXI

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Party? What do you think will happen at the party?

Do you guys like Germany after China's description of him?

According to you, Poland is..?

Who sleeps after school's over? Me!

☆* ⋆ 57 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene XXII

Young China POV (the night of the party)

"It's time to wake up," I whisper in Russia's ear.

He turns away from me on his black bed. "Go away," he grumbles tiredly.

"You promised you would come with me." I huff, pulling his comforter off of him.

"Give it back," he snaps, feeling around for his comforter. I grab his hands and pull him off the bed making him hiss when he hits the floor with the thud.

"We are already late. The party started 10 minutes ago. I already let you sleep 30 more minutes," I groan.

Russia groggily gets up from the floor. "I want bed!" He demands like a little kid. I sigh. He's so stubborn and it's adorable.

I suddenly get a notification from the party group chat. I open my phone to see that South Korea's asking me where I am. "Everyone's waiting for me and I'm not leaving without you," I say to Russia.

"Fine," he yawns, grumpily grabbing some clothes from his drawer to switch into.

I look back at my phone:

DJBoy(South Korea): China, where are you? Everyone's here besides you.

IlovePho(Vietnam): Yeah China! You're making me worried.

GoldenStar(me): I finally got 俄罗斯 out of bed. I'll be down soon, don't worry.

Sunflower(Ukraine): Typical Росія. He loves his sleep.

DJBoy: See ya!

"Let's go," Russia says, exiting the bathroom as he fixes his messy hair. He's wearing his usual black shirt and black sweatpants. There's no color and I don't like it. I quickly take a silver necklace from his nightstand and put it around his neck. There. Some 'color'. And he looks much more handsome. I'm sure if he switched to having color in his attire, everyone would be drooling after him. I sure would—but only if he drools after me.

I smile, "now we can go." I grab the pizza boxes that I sneaked in with the help of North Korea on the security cameras. Russia opens the door for me and we walk down the white and blue hallway to the elevators. He presses the elevator button and we wait.

"Excited?" I ask.

He shakes his head, "never."

"Such an introvert," I chuckle, stepping into the elevator.

"Which floor?" He asks.

"Fifth." I hum, "you should know this. You're North Korea's friend."

The elevator door closes and starts moving down. "I never needed to go to his dorm," Russia shrugs.

We reach the fifth floor and step out. Russia opens the door to the hallway with his keycard and we knock on South Korea's vibrating door. He must be playing really loud music there. I'm glad all the dorm rooms are soundproof. The vibrating stops, indicating that they turned off the music, and the door opens to a quiet room.

"We brought pizza!" I hold up the pizza boxes. The room cheers. Russia and I step into the dorm. I put the pizza boxes on the table. Russia lies on North Korea's bed, looking at the ceiling. North Korea

retreats into his box and opens his computer. Then, the music starts playing loudly. The whole room vibrates and I hold the table in surprise. I see Russia falling off the bed which makes me chuckle. This will be a fun night.

I spot Germany sitting on South Korea's bed, watching the others dance. I joined him. "How do you like it so far?" I ask. I can tell he's watching Poland dance around with Ukraine and Japan.

"Decent. Too loud, but alright." Germany replies.

We watch the countries dance. Ukraine is twirling around. Indonesia's lip syncing dramatically to the song. India's moving her head side to side. I wonder how she's doing that. Vietnam is taking pictures. Tons of pictures.

She brought her own special camera and is pointing it at me. I smile and nudge Germany. He only stares at the camera. Vietnam frowns. "Smile!" She screams over the music.

I hear Germany sigh before he cracks a soft smile. Vietnam rejoices in victory and snaps some pictures. I knew she would be taking pictures so I wore my best red shirt and some blood red pants.

"Let's start games now!"

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After playing twister, uno, card games, mafia, cards against humanity and eating pizza, we are up to the last two spicy games. Spin the bottle and Truth or drink.

"What do you mean by truth or drink? Isn't it truth or dare?" Ukraine asks.

Japan shakes her head, holding up a bottle of vodka. I can tell this peaks Russia's interest from the way he stares at the bottle, eyes full of desire. It's as if he's looking at his future girlfriend.

Wish he looked at me like that.

"This is what it means." Japan grins slyly, shaking the bottle around.

"How did you get that in the building?" Germany asks, narrowing his eyes.

Japan shrugs, "I have my ways."

"Let's play that first." Poland claps her hands. We all get situated in a circle. Russia sits to my left and Germany sits to my right. Japan places the cards in the middle.

"You're the host. You start," Japan winks at South Korea.

"If you insist," South Korea grins, taking a card from the deck. He smirks evilly, looking at me. "China, what is the craziest sexual thing you've ever done with someone in the bedroom?"

Immediately, my mind remembers the night when I asked America to be my girlfriend. My cheeks flush a deep red as I remember the way America stared at me. Her emerald eyes were full of desire and love for me. I can still hear her saying my name in her sweet innocent voice. I shake my head, getting out of my daze. America will be the death of me. South Korea's smirk widens as he sees how unresponsive I am. I cough slightly, pushing my cup towards Japan who has the alcoholic beverage. I didn't plan on drinking alcohol. I hear some 'ooo's and see jealous faces from the circle.

"Can I drink it?" Russia asks me in a whisper.

"You'll get your turn." I chuckle. He grumbles in annoyance.

Japan hands me back my cup and I drink the beverage. I am not going to drink anymore. I have really bad tolerance. "First drink of the night! Let's see who's next."

I draw a card from the deck. I know exactly who to ask. "俄罗斯 (Russia), what do you find sexy about me?" I nudge him with my shoulder.

He immediately grabs the vodka from Japan and pours it. It's either he wants Vodka or he doesn't want to answer the question. I hope it's not the former. I hear Ukraine giggle, "he loves alcohol."

Russia gulps it down instantly and grabs a card. "Japan, what's the

kinkiest thing you've ever imagined?"

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It went on and on and I had to drink 7 shots. Maybe more. I forgot. Russia drank way more. He was drinking for his sister because he didn't trust her. It's probably because he wants to drink more. Funny enough, I got North Korea to drink too. Only once and then he went back into his little soundproof box.

South Korea giggles drunkenly, "we have five more cards. Who's turn is it? I forgot."

"Mine!" India shrieks, grabbing a card from the deck. "Turkey, have you ever been curious about BDSM?"

Turkey shakes his head, "I've never been curious." He grabs a card from the deck, "South Korea, have you ever had a romantic dream about anyone in this room?"

South Korea blushes, looking around nervously, "yes. But It was a weird dream. I got cheated on I think? I really forgot." He rambles. He quickly takes a card from the deck, embarrassed.

"Wonder who it is," Germany smirks, winking at me.

I stare at him, confused. "Why did you wink?"

He shrugs, "you'll find out." Maybe he dreamed about his brother? Wait. That's incest. Maybe South Korea is kinky like that.

South Korea grins evilly, "Poland, what's the guiltiest pleasure you indulge in alone?"

Poland giggles nervously and drinks from her cup before grabbing a card. "Japan, what's the most shocking thing you searched for online?"

"Handsome squidward naked." Japan hums. I am honestly concerned for her because she's so open about all this. But I don't care. She grabs the last card from the deck. "China, have you ever fantasized about having a threesome with two people from this

room?" Japan smirks.

"Yes," I blurted out unintentionally. I see Poland, Ukraine, India, Japan, and Indonesia all look at each other in shock. "Only one person from this room though. The other isn't here," I say, as if that would help my case. All I thought about was America and her adorable, loving smile. I guess it was because I didn't want to drink more vodka. That's why I said it. I don't really know. I really don't know who that other person is. Russia? No, not him. Someone else. Maybe.

"Who is it?" Russia asks, now intrigued.

I glare at him, "you know who."

He stares at me curiously, "I do?"

"Stop asking questions," I snap.

"Tell us who it is," Indonesia smirks at Russia.

He looks at them stumped, "he never told me. How would I know?"

"China's the most likely to have a threesome out of all of us." Japan giggles, writing it on a piece of paper and attaching it on the 'most likely to...' board. Why do they even have that? It's stupid.

"Always knew you were kinky," Germany chuckles drunkenly.

I roll my eyes, "as if you could even have a threesome." Only if America's up for it though. I will only follow her wishes.

Japan snatches the empty Vodka bottle that Russia chugged after I answered the last question and puts it in the middle of the circle. "Spin the bottle time! Who's going first?"

"Росія should go first," Ukraine suggests, being the only sober one out of the group.

I don't know what occurred to me, but I suddenly got all defensive. "He's not going to kiss anyone," I growl, glaring at her. I put my hand across Russia's chest as if protecting him. No one is going to

kiss my Russia. Not on my watch. America can kiss him if she wants. If she was here. But no one else. He doesn't like kissing. And I don't think he knows how to kiss.

"It's only on the cheek. It's harmless," Germany explains.

"No!" I snap. I don't even know why I care if anyone kisses him. It just didn't feel right to me. "I don't want him to." I huff stubbornly.

Russia shrugs, feeling relief, "I'm fine with not playing."

"I'll spin the bottle first!" Ukraine grins, spinning the bottle. Russia drowsily leans on my shoulder as he watches the bottle stop on Japan. She blushes and kisses the Japanese on the cheek. Did I just hear Japan purr? I begin chuckling to myself as I watch the bottle spin again.

"What are you laughing about?" Russia asks, slurring his words together.

"I think I heard Japan purr. She has to be a cat," I whisper in his ear. He laughs as well. Japan spins the bottle and it lands on India. I burst out laughing again as I watch Japan crawling over to India. Why does she look so funny? She even crawls like a cat!

Russia chuckles softly, liking how I'm reacting to these bizarre things. "How drunk are you from a scale of one to ten? Ten being the most."

"Maybe 7 or 8? I really can't think straight sometimes. I don't even know why I'm saying a lot of things as well. I definitely don't know what's happening," I reply. I even forgot what game we were playing. Something about kisses? Should be simple enough. I am a great kisser.

He smirks, "definitely very drunk. I'm not even that drunk yet after drinking 20 shots. Your tolerance is very low."

I scoff, "that's because you were born drinking vodka as milk." He begins laughing, causing my heart to flutter lightly. I love it when he laughs. It's very calming to see him smile. His laugh soon turns to a glare which concerns me. "Are you alright?" I inquire

worriedly. I subconsciously scratched the itchy spot on my cheek which makes him even more annoyed.

Russia grumbles, "Indonesia kissed your cheek."

"Really? I thought that was a fly," I shrug.

"Chiny, it's your turn," Poland giggles. My turn for what? Oh right. To kiss someone. Now who to kiss?

"Spin the bottle." Russia forces himself to say the three words.

I stare at the bottle and spin it with a lot of force. It spins for a while. I smile to myself. I am very strong. I'm sure everyone would be drooling when I upload a picture of myself shirtless on the internet. If I remember to post it. The spout points to Poland.

That slut? Easy enough. I'll make her fall in love with my kisses in no time. I clumsily crawl over to her and kiss her on the lips. I hear some people gasp. Aren't we supposed to kiss? I start kissing her more aggressively, causing her to break away from the kiss, panting heavily. Gross. "That was amazing," she whispers, blushing madly. I wink at her like I would do for any girl I'm playing. But I don't know what got into me. All I know is that I will deal with all this when I wake up tomorrow morning.

I then see Vietnam looking at me and at my lips. I smirk, "you want a kiss too?" She nods her head shyly. I lean over to her and kiss her as well. She tries pulling me closer, but I stay at my place. I will not be controlled by her.

"Китай," I hear Russia grumble. I don't mind him and move on to the next person who wants to kiss me, who is his sister. She quickly and delicately pecks me on the lips and hides her face. I chuckle slightly then turn to look at the other people in the group, not caring about the looming Russian. Who else have I not kissed? Oh yes, Japan.

Japan squeals in delight when I kiss her. Then I hear her start purring. A complete turn off. She breaks the kiss, looking at me with yearning. She is gross. I never want to kiss her again unless I

need her for something. I then spot South Korea looking at me in shock, with a clear blush across his face. Suddenly, Germany's wink put the pieces all together. He had a romantic dream about me and I cheated on him in that dream. I grin, winking at him. "Want to kiss me?"

"No," he stutters, trying not to look at me.

I frown, "why not? My lips are all yours." I graze my thumb over my lips seductively causing his cheeks to flush even more red. I chuckle softly, "you're cute."

"Китай."

He glares at me, trying to cover up his embarrassment. "You were only supposed to kiss one person," he states.

"South Korea, stop making excuses. I know you want me," I hum, pushing him down so that he's leaning on his arms. He stares at me in shock and I slowly close the gap between our faces.

"That's my brother!" North Korea shouts, dragging me away from South Korea and to the middle of the circle. He glares down at me angrily.

I scoff, "you could've just asked to kiss me if you're jealous." I hum, looking up at him and winking.

He stares at me in disgust, but I can tell he wants me to kiss him. "No," he grumbles.

I pout, "not even a peck?" He blushes before rushing back into his soundproof box and opening up his laptop. I chuckle softly to myself. What am I doing?

"Китай!"

"Can I have a kiss?" I hear India mumble.

I smirk, "sure." Before I could get over to her someone yanked me away.

"That's it, Китай. We're leaving," Russia growls, dragging me by the collar of my shirt.

"I'll kiss you guys next time, if I remember," I smile giddily, happy that so many people already fell for me. Now I will break their hearts one by one! And I have to wash my mouth. They're all so disgusting.

Russia drags me out the door and helps me up. I wobble around, holding onto him for support. "Why were you so mad?" I frown, poking his pink cheeks.

He furrows his brows, "I'm not mad."

I smirk, "were you jealous? You could've just asked me for a kiss. I'll give it to you anytime." We exit the hallway and wait for the elevator. He doesn't reply to me, only looking at my drunk state in curiosity. I chuckle, "you are jealous."

He sighs, "think whatever you believe." We enter the elevator.

"You didn't deny it." I chuckle, moving my hand along his chest. "You want a kiss don't you?" He stays silent, not daring to make eye contact with me. It makes me unhappy that he's not paying attention to me. At least give me some response!

The elevator reaches our floor and he drags me out and into our hallway. "Perhaps," he mumbles softly. He opens the door to our room and lets us inside. Immediately I shove him onto my bed. The door slams shut behind us, leaving us in our pitch dark room. But I can easily see the look on his face because of the light from the night sky that comes from the window.

"Perhaps?" I repeat curiously, stroking his flushed cheeks with the back of my hand.

He furrows his eyebrows, "you're drunk. You're hearing things."

I chuckle softly, "I may be drunk, but I have keen ears. I know what I heard." I trace my hand over his chest and down to the opening of his shirt. He lets out a shaky breath, staring at my hand helplessly. "You want a kiss, don't you?" I smile, trailing my hand up beneath

his shirt slowly.

His breath quickens as his cheeks become crimson red. "Китай," he mumbles softly. "You're not thinking correctly."

I glare at him, "stop making excuses. I know you want it."

"I do." He says softly. "But not now—"

I smash my lips against his angrily, trailing my hand over his chest and pinching his nipple. He shudders under me as he kisses me back hungrily. Wait. What am I doing? I break the kiss, looking at Russia. My cheeks flush a deep red when I realized what I just did. I kissed my best friend. I kissed Russia. And just like that. I blurted something that I never expected myself to say.

"俄罗斯, will you be my boyfriend?"

Was he the other person I wanted to have a threesome with?

He stares at me in shock. "Китай, you're drunk." Russia says softly.

"I know what I want when I'm drunk. I have no filter when it comes to you." I say. He stays quiet, still shocked that I asked him. After a long while without a response, I start getting desperate. Words flee out of my mouth at rocket speed, unable to be controlled. I desperately wanted him to reply.

"俄罗斯, although this may not be the best time to confess my feelings, I love you. I liked you for a long time. I love seeing your smile, your laugh, and the faces you make when I tease you. I love how you're so warm around me. Always there for me at my weakest. I don't want us to be best friends anymore. I want us to have a deeper connection. I want us to be lovers."

He nods slowly, after hearing my rambling about how I love him. I stare at him hopefully, waiting for a response. It's painstaking to wait for his reply. I don't have any patience, but it's Russia who's I'm waiting for. I will wait for his reply.

Maybe this was a mistake. Maybe I shouldn't have asked him. He probably isn't even gay. I don't think I am, but when I look at him I

feel an attraction that I've never felt with the same gender. It's not because he's deadly handsome. I've seen a lot of handsome guys in my life. It's his unpredictable, uninterpretable, and patient personality that attracts me the most about him. I hate to say it, but I grew fond of his weird habits.

His lips turn up into a small smirk as he looks at me with eyes full of desire. "How deep would you like to go?" He hums. He cups my cheek with his hand and his thumb brushes my lips, gently parting them.

I grin, my cheeks flushing a light shade of red, "as deep as we can take."

He chuckles softly, "I love you too, Китай. I liked you the first day you came to this school. You always made me laugh at your stupid jokes and flirting attempts. Even though you made enemies the moment you entered this school, you surprised me by making them like you and need you. And for me to be your friend and to be even considered as a potential lover is shocking. And the way I'm saying all this is also shocking. I've never talked for this long. You bring the most out of me." He sighs softly, smiling at me, "I need you more than I want to admit. Китай. I will be your boyfriend."

I exhale the breath that I never knew I was holding in. Russia said yes. Russia is my boyfriend. I love him. He loves me. Am I dreaming? Russia swallows nervously, his cheeks flushing a crimson red, "can I get a kiss?"

I smirk, "thought you would never ask."

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Oooo what's this?

Another cover?!😳

Thanks y'all for reading!❤□□

See you in the next chapter😎

Will be made as cover tomorrow □ make sure u read chapter 56!

☆* ⋆ 58 ⋆ *☆

[image] [image]

Scene XXIII

Young China POV

My eyes flutter open as the rays of sunlight dance on my face from the open window. Usually when I wake up I get annoyed at everything, such as the room I'm in, my wrinkled bed sheets, my messy hair, and the untidy room. But today is different.

I turn to my side to look at my sleeping Russian boyfriend. His bare chest rises and falls with every breath he takes. I smile softly. Yesterday was a dream. At one point, I was telling everyone a weird desire I had. Then, I was kissing everyone. Lastly, I made out with Russia after he said he'll be my boyfriend. It was a fever dream. But a good one.

I chuckle softly to myself when I see the amount of hickies I put on his body. I somehow even got one on his hip. That was how close we were to having—sex. I didn't want to think about it.

I trail my hand over his chest before rubbing his bulge through the fabric. Immediately his eyebrows furrow as he grunts softly in his sleep. I watch him as he struggles to control his breathing. His body twitches and shivers with every stroke.

I stroke faster, making him gasp in surprise. His eyes shot open, looking down at where my hand was. "Китай," he mumbles airily.

I hum softly, kissing his cheek. "Good morning my adorable teddy bear," I chuckle. He grunts, glaring at me before his hand grabs my bulge. I hiss quietly, looking at where his hand is.

"Good morning 中国," he smirks, rubbing my member through the cloth. I don't know what to be more surprised about. Where his hand is or him speaking Chinese.

I take his hand away from me and slide on top of him. He stares at me curiously. "That's hot," I whisper in his ear.

"I—Китай" he gets cut off by a moan when I begin rubbing our pelvis together. I grin, kissing his cheeks a couple of times. He breathes heavily, wrapping his arms around my back.

I hum, loving how he looks under me. His cold demeanor melted away right before my eyes. The only way I could see him. "Do you want more?" I chuckle.

He glares at me, not saying anything. Suddenly, his lips capture mine. I close my eyes, kissing him back. Our tongues dance together, falling into rhythm. Weirdly enough, he tastes like chamomiles. And I like it. He tastes amazing. My grinding quickens when I feel like the pleasure isn't enough. Russia gasps, breaking the kiss. He grunts softly, eyebrows furrowed.

I smile innocently before trailing kisses down from his cheek to his jawline and to his neck. He shudders when my lips make contact with his sensitive spot. I grin. I lick it slowly, teasingly. He tenses up, grabbing onto me harder. I continue, grazing my teeth against it. "Китай, stop teasing me," he manages to stutter out.

I smirk at his desperation, "as you wish, 俄罗斯." I begin sucking his neck harshly. He gasps and moans under me. I grunt, feeling the pleasure from my bottom. I grind harder, faster.

Russia closes his eyes, fisting my hair with his hand. I kiss his lips, panting heavily. Suddenly, the pleasure shot through us. I fell on top of him tiredly. "That was—amazing," Russia breathes.

I hum in agreement and peck his lips. I roll off of him and cuddle his side. "I love you," I kiss his chest.

"I love you too," he smiles. We stay like that for some time, staring at nothing in particular. Two hearts with synchronizing beats. It feels nice being with him. I feel at peace, at ease, unbothered. If he only came to my old middle school. We would be inseparable. Powerful. We would be unstoppable. Russia kisses my cheek, whispering, "I will *only* love you."

I will *only* love you.

I jolted up from Russia's side in a panic. That's what I told America the day I had to leave. I didn't keep that promise. My heart went elsewhere. My heart went to Russia.

"Китай?"

I already broke the promise of not leaving her. How is she going to trust me now that I'm in love with my best friend? How is she going to accept this new me like she did before? I got her to open up to me. She trusted me. She trusted I won't cheat on her with the other countries and humans in our old school. Now I'm cheating on her with Russia. And I love him.

"Китай..."

I run my hand through my hair. I can already imagine the look on her face when she realized I cheated on her. She wouldn't be crying. She would be smiling. A smile that will make me regret everything. She will go back into her isolationist belief and never talk to me ever again. She will never trust me or my words again. And I will never reach her.

She is unattainable.

And Russia. How am I supposed to tell him about all this? I can't keep this a secret anymore. I already messed up. It's going to be more messy if I cover it up. I'm so stupid. I have everything, but now I'm going to lose everything, just because of my stupid sick heart. I love America. And I now love Russia too.

"Китай!" Russia snaps me out of my trance. I stare at him, not knowing what to say. His eyes softened, "did I do something wrong?" His soft words make me regret everything. To America and to him.

"俄罗斯, I'm sorry," I begin. I look away from him guilty, "I have a girlfriend."

His face becomes stone cold. The same expression I removed a long time ago. And now it's back to haunt me. "Oh," he says, as if it

didn't hurt him.

He warmed up to me and now, it won't ever be the same. He won't talk to me as much as he used to. He'll avoid me. Like how he does with all the students at school. I won't see his smile again. Everything will be doomed, forgotten. Our friendship, our trust, our love. All because of me and my heart.

"Who is this *girlfriend* of yours?" he pressed, voice dripping with venom.

I take a deep breath, "美国. But I haven't talked to her in one and a half years." We stay in silence once more. He continues to stare at me with little emotion. "I should've told you earlier. I'm a horrible boyfriend. You can break up with me if you want. I'll move to another dorm just like how you wanted. We can stay professional. No intimacy. Only business. How's that, Russia?" I mumble, looking at him in anticipation.

He doesn't say anything which worries me even more. I never intended to play with him. I never intended to do this to him. All because of my stupid heart. Now he won't love me. America won't love me either. Their trust for me is gone. Down the drain.

His eyes softened slightly, "can you tell more about—*her*?"

I nod. Afterall, there's no more secrets worth keeping. So, I told him. I told him about her authoritarian Father. I told him about her wicked brother. I told him about her devil twin sister. I told him about her tragic life story. I told him about her belief in isolation. I told him about her revolution, her fight with Canada, and her unfinished—or finished—fight with her twin sister.

I told him how unattainable she is.

He falls silent, after hearing my words. After hearing how I described my lovely adorable American girlfriend. After I described all her lovely traits that made me love her so much. Now he's pondering. I can't even try guessing what he's going to say. Whatever that comes out of his mouth is unpredictable.

I grab my shirt from the side and put it on. I should leave. Poland said she'll help me get a new room. I would need that right now. I shuffle around the bed to get off so I can pack my things. Russia grabs my arm to my surprise. "What are you doing?" He asks, not letting go.

I smile sadly, "to pack my things. Aren't we exes—?"

He yanks me back on the bed to my surprise. Although he's still glaring at me, a small light blush settles over his cheek. "You're not leaving and you're not my ex—*yet*." He pauses, before furrowing his eyebrows again. "Give me some more time to—think."

I nod, happy he's not breaking up with me—*yet*. I watch Russia as he begins rambling things in his native tongue, trying to figure things out. Does he know America? Has he heard of her? "Do you know if she remembers you?" He asks.

I frown deeply. "I—I don't know. Her brother doesn't seem to remember but her little sister does. I have no way to contact her either so it's impossible. Whenever I try going back to the human county, British troops will always be there to stop me. It's as if her Father wanted to keep me away from her."

Again, he falls silent, staring at nothing in particular. I can only wait and watch as he plays with his silver necklace between his fingers. "Can you tell me more about her brother?" He asks, finally speaking after a painful long time.

"Her brother Canada loves control. As much as me. Unfortunately he considered us as rivals. He was always jealous that everyone loved me. But his heart changed suddenly. He wanted to be neutral with me. I opted to be friends with him because I knew how awful he treated 美国. He agreed and we have never argued since. We were still on good terms when I left." I finished.

He hums in acknowledgement before grabbing his phone from the desk and typing something. He frowns, before turning to me in thought. "Have you ever had sex?"

"You want to have sex with me?" I ask, smirking cautiously. I still

don't know if he's still warm with me.

Russia blushes, "would you want to have sex with someone other than me?"

"I'm not losing my virginity to anyone besides you or 美国," I glare.

He mumbles, "sorry. I just. I don't know."

I frown, "is something going on?"

He sighs, "I'll tell you another day. But for now." He glares at me softly, "you're still my boyfriend and we will figure everything out as soon as I meet your beloved Америка."

I smile, hugging him, "thank you 俄罗斯. I owe you everything."

"You do. To me *and* to Америка." He snaps angrily, hugging me back tightly.

"Yes. To you *and* to 美国." To hug him again means everything. And for him to hug me back means even more to me. "So, are we on good terms? Do you still trust me?" I ask softly.

He rolls his eyes, "as much as I want to say no, I have to say yes. I trust you Китай. I still do."

"Thank you," I kiss his cheek. His cheeks flushed pink which caused me to chuckle. He's always so cute when he's like this.

The day went by fast. We cleaned up my bed of all the—c*m and then we went to our sports practice. Russia's hockey practice always starts and ends earlier than my badminton practice so we wouldn't have to compete for the bathroom. I always wondered, though. Would he be up to shower with me? Just wondering.

I exit the bathroom with my towel wrapped around my waist. At this point, I don't care if the towel falls off. I will stand naked in front of him and be vulnerable. He's my boyfriend. I am his boyfriend. It shouldn't matter.

Russia has been on the computer typing away ever since I arrived.

He hasn't been so adamant on researching anything on the weekends. He would only want to sleep, listen to me rant about countries and humans, and practice sports. He also has his phone propped up on a stand.

I open my drawer to change into my pajamas. "俄罗斯, who are you texting?" I ask.

"Германия and Украина," he says.

I furrow my brows, "I don't trust the Germ. Don't tell him anything that he'll spread to other people."

"Relax, I'm not telling him anything. I'm only asking him things," Russia chuckles softly.

I roll my eyes as I tug my boxer on. "He will find out why you are asking him things. I don't trust him. Remember my stupid brother?" I grumble.

"I assure you, he won't suspect a thing." Russia says confidently. I sigh deeply, hoping he's right. That German is always lurking in the corners trying to start fights between countries.

I put my pajamas on. Red on red. A perfect combination. "What are you researching," I ask.

He shrugs, "your old school."

"What about my old school?" I inquire.

He pauses, not answering me. I can't force him to tell me. After what I've done to his heart, I couldn't possibly risk it again. I wonder what he'll think about America when he meets her. *If* he meets her.

"блять," Russia curses, slamming his computer shut. He begins texting rapidly on his phone. I rushed over to him, wondering how my old school got him so angry. "Эта маленькая шлюшка," he grumbles and placed is phone on the desk.

"What happened?" I ask in a whisper. I sit on my bed that's beside

the desk where he's at. He takes a deep breath before exhaling to calm down.

He turns to me, "I need you to do me a favor."

"Go on," I quirk my brow.

"I want your first target to be my sister," He says.

I grin slightly, "you said you didn't want me to."

"I was wrong." He mumbles. "And I don't want to be in the wrong any longer."

I nod, "anything for my boyfriend. May I ask, why are you concerned about her?"

He pauses, thinking. "I can not tell you now, but I will once you date her for three months." He replies.

I shrug, "I can do that. Everyone loves me and I can tell she does too."

"Maybe." Russia mumbles to himself. Doubting my abilities? Really, huh?! After you watched me kiss so many countries in *one* night?

I hum softly, "I'll start dating her the second month of ninth grade. Then I'll move on to India. Maybe South Korea. We'll see."

Russia glares at me, "I don't want you kissing any of them."

"Then what's the point of dating them?" I grumble. "If you want to feel powerful, allow me to show you. Don't stop me."

"Your lips are *mine*." He growls angrily.

I chuckle, "you're very possessive today."

"All because you scared me. I thought you were going to leave me," Russia huffs, a blush spreading over his cheeks.

I pout, "亲爱的(darling). I didn't want to scare you. You know how much I love you."

He scoffs softly, "really."

"And besides," I hum, I drag him off his seat and onto me. He stares at me, cheeks flushed a light red. I chuckle, tapping his nose with my index finger lightly. "You lost the bet. I can do *anything* to you and I'll show you how deep my love for you is." I cup his cheek with my hand and graze my thumb over his lips. His cheeks burn bright red as he glares at me.

"And you know...

I can go *really* deep."

Disclaimer: they didn't have s*x

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End of scene XXIII
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China FINALLY told Russia about his girlfriend. Why do you think Russia agreed to continue dating China?

Let me guess, you all know who this online person Ukraine's talking to, right? If yes, write the name in the comments!

Wonder when Russia and China will lose their virginity. Any guesses?

*Does China deserve Russia's love? Does China deserve **America's** love? After everything he's done. Puts ur thoughts below!*

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[image]

🔥 SURPRISE CHAPTER 🔥

Scene XXIV

Young China POV (ninth grade;after three months of dating Ukraine;5 months into the school year.)

UN high school is breathtaking, but not as much as the middle schools. Yes, there is a shiny golden gate with a beautiful front garden maintained daily by the gardeners. Yes, there is a beautiful pure white water fountain at the front of the government-like school building. Yes, there are different historical paintings from each empire—including my mom's, America's parents, and Russia's parents—in the front entrance of the high school. But it's lacking in the royalty that the UN middle schools have for interior design.

It looks more like an office building once you make it in through the front entrance. It doesn't look warm and comfortable. There are no views of lakes in the distance. We aren't living in dorms anymore. The classrooms are dull, boring. I hate to say this, but I agree with North Korea. The only thing fascinating about this place are the security cameras.

Not only do the security camera here record everything that happens here, there is also live audio to go along with it meaning we will be able to uncover any secrets and revisit past lessons. So I took it as an advantage to my greater plan for the first year, which is to get along with all the teachers—especially the principal—and make a name for myself and Russia in the crowd of students. Simply said, I wanted to stand out.

I started by always showing up in class on time and being the good student the teachers wanted. But I didn't want to be stuck as the nerd of the class. I engaged in conversation and cracked jokes that made my classmates and teacher laugh. For each class, it was

working. My teachers and classmates love my presence. After class, I would talk to my teachers for some time pretending to have questions about the topic of the day. Then, the conversation will go to the subjects of whatever they liked to talk about. I was able to understand my teachers on a deeper level which helped greatly.

The challenge I was facing the most was to get in contact with the principal Mr. Gondwana. Whenever I had the opportunity to do a task like bringing documents to him, I took it. Little by little, I made my presence known by having small talk with him. Then when he began to warm up to me, I left him for a few days. In that way, he would be wondering if I'll ever come back. Once I did appear again, he would feel a little relieved and start talking to me more often.

It worked. Whenever I saw Mr. Gondwana, I would always greet him and we started talking like old friends right away. Well, maybe not like friends, but rather father and son. Of course, the teachers all saw this which sparked their curiosity.

Through the security cameras, Russia, North Korea, and I were able to listen to their meetings. We understood their agenda, their secrets, and all the gossip they have around school. Because of the principal and my sudden friendship, the teachers had many questions about me, which my teachers were ready to answer.

They talked about me in a positive light. They also mentioned Russia because he went almost everywhere with me. With doing so, they were able to trust me more than the other students at this school. Maybe not as much as the seniors or juniors, but it's a good start.

At first Russia was worried. He didn't want them to put so much expectation on us in case we failed to reach them. I assured him that that won't ever happen. We were good students. We had discipline. The only thing the teachers would do if we started acting differently is be concerned and offer us help. In this way, it was beneficial to us. No one will be able to stop us.

After two months of securing dominance in this school, I turned to my next plan: date Russia's sister Ukraine. She was still in East UN middle school with my annoying brother Taiwan so I needed a way

to ask her to date me. After texting her daily and meeting with her over the summer at Russia's house, I have a good feeling she liked me. On the fateful day, I took her to the lake at the middle school and asked her to be my girlfriend. She said yes and we planned to meet each other at her or my house every saturday.

Russia was ecstatic and relieved that Ukraine agreed to date me. He still hasn't told me why, which confused me. When Ukraine and I are together, he would always start laughing at an inside joke he had. I didn't like that he was laughing at me, but he told me he didn't intend it that way. He was laughing at Ukraine's online friend.

All I could wonder is who that friend is.

Some other things happened during that time. I got to know Russia's older brother. He's a Junior and knows all the ins and outs about this school which will help us significantly if we ever got on bad terms with any of the teachers at this school. He also told me about communism which I found appealing.

Communism. The government system that will allow my subjects to obey my every word and command without question. I could do anything with that power. Since everyone likes me already, I'm sure they would be easy to control and manipulate. But for now, it's only a dream. No one has tried it out yet. Soviet said he will in the near future. I wonder what he's planning.

Now it's the third month of dating Ukraine. I'm teaching Russia Chinese. We found that in order for us to stay secretive in a world where everyone knew English, we had to learn each other's language. I teach Russia Chinese on Wednesdays and Fridays. Russia teaches me Russian on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Russia's with me on my bed reading a chinese sentence out loud for me while I correct his pronunciation. He groans, leaning his head on my shoulder, "为什么中文比俄语难这么多? (Why is Chinese so much harder than Russian?)"

I chuckle softly, wrapping my arm around him, "亲爱的, 你比台湾做得好 (darling, you're doing better than Taiwan)."

"Qin ai de?" He asks, "what does that mean?"

I smirk to myself, "it means darling." His face immediately flushes pink, but he pretends he isn't affected by the pet calling. He continues reading the sentence out loud.

"Wǒ xǐhuān hē fútèjiā," he mumbles softly. "I like to drink Vodka?"

I nod, "对的 (correct)."

He hums softly, analyzing the complicated Chinese characters. After an hour more of teaching Russia chinese, we lay in my emerald bed to cuddle. Russia yawns, snuggling up to me. I smile softly. I love him. I love him very much. I just hope India doesn't kidnap him. She grew really fond of him over the year and I have no idea how. Russia doesn't even talk to her that often.

Right, I need to ask Russia about Ukraine. He said he'll tell me everything if I dated Ukraine for three months. Unfortunately, I don't think he's willing to tell me. I don't know how to ask him too. Considering how unpredictable he is, what happens if he gets angry? Or sad? Or anything in between?

Russia looks at me curiously, "is something wrong?"

I sigh. I'll just ask him. He promised to tell me by the third month. "About your sister. Why did you want me to date her in the first place?"

His body tenses. He stays silent, not daring to look at me. I frown slightly, rubbing his back trying to get him to be more comfortable. Eventually, he sighs, "Германия (Germany) told me that Укр has an online friend who would be possessive about her. Once, Гер overheard their conversation and found out that the online guy wanted Укр to be pure for him. I didn't understand what it meant until it hit me. He wanted to take her virginity and make her his and only his."

I blink, not understanding where he's getting at. "And you want me to date her so he doesn't get to her?" I ask.

He falls silent again, looking away from me guiltily. Wait. "I am not

losing my virginity to her!" I growl, turning his face to look at me. "At least you or 美国—if 美国 is alive that is."

"Мне жаль (I'm sorry), Китай," he mumbles softly, regretfully. "I was desperate. I wanted to get that freak away from my sister." He pauses, "I want her to stay under my control."

I sigh, debating on what to do with this situation. I want to make Russia happy. I don't want Ukraine to slip away from his control. It seems like this online guy is really manipulative and will get whatever he wants. "Only on one condition."

He turns to me, eyes full of hope, "what is it? I'll do anything."

"You have to take my virginity first," I say bluntly.

He blushes nervously, staring at me with shock and a hint of desire, "but, how about Америка? She'll be mad, won't she?"

"I'm sure she'll understand. It's not like I'm losing it to someone I'm playing," I reply. Hopefully she'll understand. It's a gamble and I'm willing to risk it for Russia.

"Are you sure?" He stutters, trying to move away from me.

I nod, "yes." He continues to stare at me with those eyes. It's as if he doesn't want to do it with me, but then wants it. I can never read him. "You don't consent to it, do you?" I sigh, sitting on the bed against the headboard.

"No no. It's not like that." Russia says rapidly. "I want to f*ck you."

"Who said you're f*cking me?" I interject him. I grab his part, causing him to gasp in surprise. He blushes, glaring at me.

"Fine. It's the least I could do for causing you all this trouble," he mumbled, taking my hand off. "I don't want to do it today because your mom is home. Maybe next week, when your mom is...away?"

I pull him onto my lap and stuff my face in the crook of his neck. "As you wish, 亲爱的 (darling)."

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It happened. I took Ukraine's virginity. Thankfully she forgot what that guy said about being pure for him, but at the same time I wanted her to remember. She is disgusting. She is everything I don't want in a girlfriend or boyfriend.

I caught myself saying America's name when I was doing it with Ukraine. Thankfully Ukraine doesn't understand Chinese. But she might. And that was nerve racking. She was confused and I lied that I called her pretty.

I sigh, getting under the covers of Russia's black bed. His room is fairly modern, but it's black. It's all black. It has always been black. There are gray highlights here and there, but it's all black. And he claimed he only owned black things at school because of the drones at school. Yeah right.

Compared to all the rooms in this palace, this is the most bland and unpleasant room. Soviet even has a better room than him. His walls are full of beautiful art of royals clashing with chariots, horses, and soldiers with a royal gold bed in the center of the room. It's fit for a king—even if he hates monarchy. I'm sure Russia's father's bedroom is even grander than that, but it just shows how different Russia is from the rest of his family. And I like it. I love him for who he is.

Russia pulls me closer to him and I resist. "I still hate you for making me do that," I grumble.

"Я сказал, что мне жаль (I said, I'm sorry)," Russia frowns.

"Ты должен заметить свою вина(you have to make it up to me)," I huff.

"如何?(how?)" he asks.

I smirk, winking at him, "let me f*ck you again."

He blushes, "my *ss got destroyed by you."

I scoff, "you did that to me too, and I didn't complain."

"You kept yelling at me to stop," he chuckles.

"And you didn't tell me to stop, that meant you liked it," I wink.

He sighs in defeat, "maybe we can do it after we figure out if Америка is alive and get her to our school."

"And how are we supposed to know if she's alive? I'm banned from the human county," I mumble sadly.

He smiles, "Мой папа устраивает маскарадный бал. Мы найдем ее там. (My dad is hosting a masquerade ball. We will find her there)."

I can see my America again. I can find her again. I can apologize to her and ask for forgiveness—if I find her. "You're the best," I hug him tightly like my life depends on it.

He chuckles softly, almost painfully, "for your Америка—and then we will have to discuss our relationship with each other."

I frown. I don't want to leave him. I don't want this to pass as history. I want a whole future with him. But then I want a future with America. It's hard to choose because I can't choose. "That won't happen yet. For all we know she might be dead," I say softly.

He nods, "I hope she won her war. She seems like a great person."

"She is," I sigh, remembering how understanding she is and how lovely she is. She is my everything. She is my beautiful girlfriend. She is everything I can't ask for. She is unattainable. "When is the ball?" I ask.

"Two weeks from now. You have time to prepare." Russia says.

I nod, "do you have any plans for the ball?"

"Yes," he mumbles, irritated, "Сов (Sov) and I are going to keep a lookout for that online friend Ukraine's been talking to."

I hum in acknowledgment. "I won't break up with her just yet. I'll play the role of her loving boyfriend so he'll stop talking to her."

He smiles softly, "thanks. 我爱你 (I love you)."

I smile, kissing his cheek, "Я тоже тебя люблю(I love you too)."

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End of Scene XXIV

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China and Russia took each other's virginity! China took Ukraine's virginity! Who's next?!

Isn't it surprising to you all that Russia already created a Russian name for America? I wonder why.

Who will get to kiss America first at the masquerade?

NEXT CHAPTER IS RUSSIA POV FIRST TIME WITH A CHAPTER IN HIS PERSPECTIVE!

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[image]

Scene XXV

Russia POV (First time having Russia's perspective!)

China turns me around a few times, "no. You look too bland."

I groan, "I don't want to stand out. Сов (Sov) is the next heir to the throne."

"Fine, but I hate it when you wear black on black. I'm sure you'll look so handsome in some other colors such as navy blue." China grumbles.

I scoff, "says the person who wears red all the time."

"As I said before, I wear other colors such as gold. You only have *one* shade, which, unfortunately, is black." China defends himself.

I couldn't argue with that. My whole room is black with only a little gray highlights here and there. I grumble in annoyance and take the white watch he gave me for my birthday and put it on. He smiles, "that's more like it." I don't reply, taking my black mask with silver highlights and putting it on. I watch as he puts on his red mask with golden highlights and golden feathers. He looks so handsome even if his face is half covered.

China's wearing a silky dark red button down shirt matching with a darker shade of red pants. His cuffs have golden lining and white buttons. Lastly, he wears his iconic gold watch. I wonder why he loves it so much. He never told me. "You never seem to take your watch off," I point out.

He smiles shyly, his cheeks flushed a light pink as he looks at his shiny golden watch, "this was a gift from 美国 on my 13th birthday. She spent all her allowance on it since her Father didn't give her a

lot to spend." He takes his watch off and shows me the bottom of it. "She even engraved our names in it." He says.

I smile softly, "I can't wait to meet her in person."

China puts his watch back on. "I can't wait too. It's been so long. My heart's beating so fast just thinking about her." He smiles giddily.

I may be selfish, but I don't want China to see America. China and I have done so much together, but it seems like his heart is still longing for her. I'm only here to enjoy what I will never have in the future with China. He belongs to her. She belongs to him. It's meant to be. And I will be in the back, watching their lives unfold in front of me as China leaves our love in the dust. It's an obstacle I must face. I must not make love take over my goals.

"亲爱的(darling), you okay?" China asks, peering up at me with concern.

He was the one who took my virginity. The one who couldn't make me walk the second day. Maybe this is the end of our relationship. My relationship with him. Once America is in the picture—he won't come running to me. I nod, "you remember the plan, right?"

He chuckles softly, cracking his knuckles, "of course I do. I'm the best at these tasks."

I scoff, "of course."

He rolls his eyes, "at least I won't be playing with your heart. You should be happy."

I chuckle at his joke, but deep inside I can tell that it's his way of saying goodbye to our love. America got him captivated the way I can't captivate him. It's not about appearance, it's about what she offers. She is intelligent, an excellent leader. She is everything that you can't describe because she's unattainable. A girl who can't be touched.

"Ready?" China asks, holding my hand.

I shake his hand away from me then clear my throat, "now we're

ready." China tries holding my hand again and I don't allow him. He huffs in annoyance and then looks at me with puppy dog eyes.

My weakness...

He pouts, "where's my apology kiss?"

I kiss his cheek quickly, making him smile widely. He grabs my face and kisses me hard. I move in, pulling him closer to me. We kiss with the tongue and I love how this feels. His lips are soft as cotton. His touch is addicting. His—

"Китай!" I gasp when he slaps my *ss. I don't want to get into the amount of red hand prints I got from him. He loves *ss!

I bet America has a big *ss.

He hugs me close, stuffing his face in the crook of my neck. I shiver when I feel his teeth grazing my sensitive spot. He kisses it, teasingly. I groan slightly as he kisses it again. "Already noisy for me," China chuckles softly.

I grip his c*ck finding it to be hard. I smirk, "already hard for me."

He rolls his eyes playfully and kisses my lips again, delicately this time. I wasn't going to let him take control. I push him onto my black bed and begin planting a kiss on his neck. He flinched under me and squirms around. I hold his wrists down like how he would do to me. "俄罗斯," he mumbles breathlessly as I lick his sensitive spot. Oh how I want to suck it and make him feel pleasure. But we can't. We can't let anyone know about our relationship. And maybe there's a good in that.

He wouldn't want America to know about *us*.

Knock knock

China and I stop and quickly tidy up our ruffled shirts and messy hair. "Кто это? (Who is it?)" I call as I shove my black button down shirt into my pants. China slaps my *ss one last time and I glare at him.

"Гости прибывают. Ожидается, что ты будешь рядом со своим отцом. (The guests are arriving. You are expected to be next to your father.)" My butler says from the door.

I sigh, "Я буду прямо там. (I will be right there.)"

"Now we're ready," China smirks, pushing his dark brown hair back.

I smile softly, "to meet Америка."

We walk out of my room and down the hall where the front entrance of the winter palace is. Already, people are arriving with beautiful gowns and attire. I stand on the left side of dad while my older brother stands to the right of him. Ukraine is standing next to Soviet with China standing next to her. The plan is in motion.

China will be keeping Ukraine company while Soviet and I will be watching from the sidelines. If anything goes wrong, either Soviet and I will substitute China's place. But since Soviet isn't usually around because of palace duties for this party, I will most likely be the one keeping Ukraine company if China isn't for any reason. It's a good plan and I'm sure it won't fail. But the only thing is...

How are we supposed to find America?

China has told me that he remembers what she looks like clearly. But it's been two years. Her appearance may have changed drastically. Unfortunately for us, this is a masquerade and my dad told all the attending guests not to announce their names. Everyone here is a mystery. So even if we did find someone with light brown hair, it may not be America. Even if we did find someone with emerald eyes, it may not be America.

For all we know, she might be *dead*.

As the last of the guests arrive, dad begins giving a speech to the crowd. China and Ukraine are getting drinks together while Soviet is preparing for his part of the speech.

I'm happy he's older than me.

I stroll around the ballroom, trying to find Germany. I soon found

him after countless accidents of talking to random people I thought was him. Tonight he's wearing a dark green button down shirt with black pants. His mask is also completely black. He's plain. But not as plain as me. And by the looks of it, he's distracted by something. I'll ask him later.

"Привет, Германия (hi Germany)," I greet.

He flinched, slightly startled by my appearance. As soon as he recognizes me, he calms down. "Hallo Russland (hi Russia). Thank you for inviting my family tonight," he smiles warmly.

"Of course. After all, you'll be my stepbrother soon." I say.

He chuckles softly, nodding his head, "yeah. I couldn't believe it when Vater announced that he's dating your dad."

I nod, "I was surprised too. Папа (dad) never liked your dad."

"At least they love each other now. That's all that matters." Germany grins. He then looks back at the spot he was looking at initially. I look over and see a girl in a sparkling red dress and black mask with white gems who's leaning against the wall. She seems to be taking deep breaths and...there's a hickey on her neck.

"What happened to her?" I ask Germany in a whisper.

Germany shakes his head disapprovingly, "my sister got topped by another girl at this party. I always thought she was the more controlling type."

I furrow my eyebrows, "who was the girl?"

Germany shrugs, "I don't know, but a girl with a poofy pink gown pulled her away."

"What was the girl wearing?" I ask.

"If I can remember correctly, she was wearing an emerald gown that exposed her back. She has an X scar on her back. Her hair is done in a ponytail? No, a bun. I don't remember what else about her." Germany says. "Why do you ask?"

"Wanted to know what type of girl could make your sister fall to her knees," I shrug, not answering truthfully. He eyes me in suspicion, but my face doesn't budge.

He sighs in defeat, unable to read me once again. "So, have you figured out who Ukraine's online friend is?" He asks.

"I was about to ask you." I mumble.

"See you around. Remember to look for a guy with brown hair and a dark red mask." Germany smiles, walking away from me.

I scoff, "you're very helpful."

"I know," he chuckles, immediately getting pulled away by a girl in a white and red gown. Probably Poland. China told me about the one sided love story. It is funny to know how desperate Germany is. We can take advantage of him.

I turn my attention back on China and my sister. They seem to be having a really heartfelt conversation. But I can tell China's bored. The way he's slouching on the wall as Ukraine rambles on and on about her problems shows everything you need to know. No one knows. Only I do.

I have analyzed his every movement. I can tell when he's real or fake. And so far, he hasn't kept anything away from me. He kept our promise and I've kept my end of it. At night, before one of us has to go home, China and I would always rant and talk about our problems. He isn't scared of talking about America in front of me. He is very open about it. He described her in ways only a lover could. He tells me about the dreams he has had of meeting her again. He told me about how she might have lost her memories of him. He kept no secret. I love him for that, but it worries me.

I don't know where his heart falls.

I stroll around the ballroom, watching everyone from a corner. Dad and Soviet are done speaking and allow the ballroom dancing to start. I watch from the sidelines as people begin stepping in the circle to waltz. My dad loves these social events. The masquerade

creates a sense of mystery and drama. People aren't afraid to say what they think, which creates tension. Dad loves that.

He lives for the drama and will be able to use it to his advantage. Whatever happens in this ballroom is recorded twenty-four seven, so I must be careful with what I do because Dad will know. I watch as China leads Ukraine to the center. They dance slowly. Ukraine is giggling while China is putting on a show as the perfect boyfriend. I love how he's so good at acting. I love how he's the most desirable country in school. He's everything and no one could compare.

Besides America. That's what he told me.

I want to meet this girl, but at the same time I don't. She'll take China's heart away from me as soon as he sees her. I heard she struck a deal with my dad which enraged Soviet. Soviet told me how Dad accepted a stupid deal of selling his land in the Americas. Dad really got cheated on.

I feel a tug on my sleeve. I turn around to a little girl with a pink poofy gown with a bedazzled hot pink mask. I wonder what she was thinking when she chose her outfit. "Would you like to dance with me? I don't want to dance with my brother." She asks, with a shy smile on her face.

"As you wish, miss," I say, holding out my hand for her. She smiles, taking my hand. I led her onto the dance floor. From the corner of my eye, I see Germany look at me. Although I can't see his facial expression, I can tell I am with the girl that took the mysterious girl away from kissing his sister. The problem is, I don't want to ask her. This ball is meant to keep our identities—besides Soviet's and my dad's—a secret. I couldn't plainly ask her about her relationship to the mysterious girl. So I keep quiet, letting my eyes wander around the room.

China and Ukraine are still dancing and talking like couples do. I love how he's keeping her engaged with minimal effort, but I do want to give him some breather. He can't be with her the entire time. Maybe Soviet can take her away.

As the girl in pink and I waltz to the other side of the ballroom I

spot Soviet talking to a girl in an emerald gown. Her hair is done nicely in a bun with gems attached to her hair. Soviet seems to drop his guard around her. He doesn't look around to find an excuse to leave. He's listening to her speak. Although I can't see his face, I can tell he's intrigued by her. I wonder if he knows her. He never said anything about liking someone. Makes sense. I don't want to know about his love life.

The next thing that happened shocked me. I watch as the girl in emerald kisses him. I blink several times, wondering if I'm hallucinating. No. I'm not. Soviet is kissing back and pinning her onto the wall. I can't seem to look away, because I've never seen Soviet this comfortable with someone. Suddenly, a country with an outback hat drags her away. Once again, she disappears in the crowd, keeping my brother in a daze.

I hear the girl in the pink dress giggle to herself, "she's so silly."

"She?" I inquire.

She nods, "my sister. I'm assuming the guy in the white is your brother. Correct?"

"Yes. Do you know if they are in a relationship?" I ask.

She shakes her head. "I'm not at all close with her although we live under the same roof. She keeps to herself most of the time. I, myself, call her a mystery." I hum in acknowledgment. "Only my older brother knows most of what she does. They are really close. Two peas in a pod!" She adds on, lightheartedly.

"I see," I mumble, more to myself than to her.

"Why are you asking?" She asks.

As if it's the perfect time, the announcer called to switch partners. I say farewell to the little girl in pink and make my way to my next partner: Poland. "I would rather dance with Chiny," she says.

I roll my eyes, "of course. You two are Romeo and Juliet."

She smiles, eyes gleaming with pride, "yes and we must practice our

dance. I wouldn't want to make a fool of us during the big performance." I scoff internally. She wants to be with China, not knowing that there's a more suitable match for her. China always surprises me by how he makes it seem like he likes her while he actually doesn't. He uses the right words to keep her guessing of his intentions with her. What can I say? She is obsessed.

Speaking of China, where is he? I look around the ballroom again and see him dancing with the girl in pink. They seem to be talking with uncontrolled excitement. I wonder if she was America. But she doesn't have emerald eyes and light brown hair. She has amber ones with brown hair. As China's busy in his own bubble, I realized I lost sight of Ukraine. I look around, realizing she's not dancing anymore.

"Are you alright?" Poland asks, with fake concern.

"Just looking around for Германия (Germany)," I reply. I soon spot him in the crowd looking at his drink. I pull Poland with me.

"Don't you know how to treat a lady?!" Poland glares, trying to match my pace in her high heels. I wouldn't treat her as one. Only after China gets me my sweet revenge.

I smile warmly, "would you take my place? I have business to attend to."

"Sure," Germany said immediately, taking Poland into his arms. I leave, chuckling to myself. He's a sucker for a girl that already friendzoned him. His weakness.

I make my way through the crowd, trying to spot my sister in her flower crown and gold gown. On the way, I try finding Soviet. He's talking to Dad and discussing some important matters. China's still talking to the girl in pink, completely having his full attention on her. I grumble to myself. It's up to me to prevent Ukraine from talking to her online friend.

I immediately spot her in the corner talking to a guy in a checkered red and black button down shirt. I tiddly up and walk over to them. Could it be him? He has brown hair with a dark red mask. But there

are many people with that type of mask. How could I be sure it's him?

Ukraine immediately notices my presence. "Is there something you need?" She asks.

I shrug, "just wondering where you were." The guy and I make eye contact. He seems to be tense by the way he's standing. He smiles forcefully.

"Hello, it is nice to meet you. You can call me M," he says.

I nod, "you can call me her brother."

He seems to relax a little. Ukraine giggles, "that's a really bad nickname to go by."

"But it's true. I am your brother." I reply.

The guy in the dark red mask clasps his hand together. "Since we're introducing each other's siblings, I should introduce my little sister. I'll be right back." He leaves to grab a girl from the crowd.

Ukraine slaps my arm, glaring at me, "what do you want? I was in a lovely conversation until you appeared!"

"I didn't want to dance with Poland and I had nothing better to do than to bother you." I say, somewhat truthfully.

She scoffs, "whatever you say."

"Who is this friend of yours?" I ask. I see her tense up, but she smiles at me innocently.

"A friend from school."

"Who?"

She giggles, "it wouldn't be a masquerade if I told you."

"I'm your brother. I should know," I protest.

She shrugs, "maybe in the future."

Her friend comes back with the girl in the emerald gown. "This is my little sister A—"

His sister placed her hand on his mouth before he could utter another word. "Call me Ems." She smiles. She takes her hand off her brother's mouth.

M clears his throat, "my apologies."

"Call me Kit." Ukraine giggles.

"You can call me R," I say.

She nods her head. Ukraine and her friend begin talking about sports. I could care less about what they talk about. I want to know who this Ems is. The one who almost brought Third Reich to her knees. The one that made my brother lose his guard.

One thing is for sure. She is breathtaking even with a dark green mask covering half of her face. Her dress hugs her body nicely, showing her curves. Her eyes are a beautiful shade of emerald and her hair is light brown. Could she be—America? Her brother almost said her real name and it started with an A.

She seems to be analyzing me intently as well. Her eyes look me up and down and finally we lock eyes. For a few moments, I feel my heart slightly flutter. Her eyes hold so much mystery and I want to uncover every part of it. Especially the reason behind the scar on her back. "Would you like a tour around the palace?" I ask softly.

Her eyes widened in surprise, before falling back to its usual state. "Lead the way," she smiles, winking. I take her hand and drag her away from our shocked siblings.

Right now she is more important than my sister. I want to know who she is. I want to know what relationship she has with my brother. I want to know what's under that mask. I want to know if she's America.

I begin showing her around the palace. As we talked, I strategically asked her questions that may match my outline of what America is like. I first asked her about her family. She calls her dad 'Father'.

Check. Her mom is a baker. Check. She has three siblings. Not on my list. China also told me she loves reading so I brought her to our library.

The moment she entered her eyes went wide with excitement. I smile as she roams around, looking at all the books. So I had to ask her. "What's your favorite book?"

She grabs a book from the shelf and shows it to me. "Common sense by Thomas Paine. I read it more than a hundred times already. Each time I see something new and I can't get enough of it!" She exclaims, hugging the book tightly. She then glares at me, "don't tell me you have never heard about this book."

"You're right. I haven't read it," I lie. China has told me about this book. That's why I bought it. I wanted to understand his lover more. I wanted to understand what personality attracted him so much. And I realized what it is now.

Her passion for freedom.

China has told me about the countless times she was forced to stay quiet. The countless times she fought with her dad. Maybe that's why she has so many scars on her back. Maybe that's why she's unattainable. Her ambitions seemed far greater than what she could muster, but here she was accomplishing it. She struck a deal with my dad. She won her freedom. She bought territory.

She *is* unattainable.

She crosses her arms, causing me to stare at her breasts for a split second. She seems to notice as a smirk grows on her lips. She slowly walks closer to me then places her hands on my chest. I hold in a breath, trying to control my beating heart. My face becomes flushed as she leans closer to me. She chuckles softly, "you want to see more?"

I never knew she was a player. China told me that no one dared talking to her because of her controlling brother, so she was self conscious about her figure and actions. Here, she is bold. And it doesn't seem like her brother cared for what she did.

Am I sure she is *America*?

I am sure she is. She matches more than 50% of the description China told me about.

блять(fuck)...I can't get enough of her breasts. And I don't want to force myself onto her.

I step back, allowing her to watch me in question. "Where do you want to go next?" I ask.

She seems to be bothered by my sudden action but brushes it off. "The hall you wouldn't show me." She says.

I frown, "I can't show you the bedrooms."

She scoffs, getting angry, "I thought you said I was getting a tour. I should be able to see everything."

"No you can't," I say bluntly.

She grabs my arm, tugging it softly. Her eyes soften as she puts her bottom lip out. She looks adorable. "I promise I won't touch anything, R," she pouts with her puppy dog eyes.

I flush red at the sight of her vulnerability. Her lips look soft.

She would look good under me.

"Fine," I say.

"Yes!" She cheers in victory, putting her hands up in the air. I laugh at her cuteness. I sure am liking this America.

I lead her out of the library and to the bedrooms where she marvels at how royal everything is. "Is it real gold?" She asks, looking at the light yellow wall with a little golden highlights.

"Believe what you want to believe," I hum, ruffling her hair.

She glares at me and kicks me in the leg. "Don't do that. I spent all day applying the gems on my hair," she grumbles. I smirk, amused

by her sudden outburst.

Her mood fluctuates rapidly. At one point she's flirting. The next moment she's angry. Then she's all bubbly and cute. She will be the death of me.

I led her down the hallway to another room. That's when I saw my sister and her brother talking. Before I could say anything, America pulled me into the next room—which is Soviet's room.

After she slams the door shut she pushes me onto the bed. I stare at her in shock, not understanding her sudden change of heart. "Ems?" I mumble.

She chuckles nervously, "you don't want this, do you?"

I frown, "is something wrong?"

"Answer my question first," she commands.

"If you want to—." She kisses me before I could finish my sentence. She kisses me passionately and urgently. I don't want her to feel uncomfortable with me though.

I stop her, smirking, "now answer my question."

She groans, "I want to kiss you. What else do you want to hear?"

What else do I want to hear? Something I'm sure she wouldn't want to say in front of anyone else. And I can use her desperation to my advantage. "The magic word," I hum, cupping her cheek in my hand.

She bites her lips nervously, trying to not make eye contact with me. I know what she wants. She wants to be dominant. She doesn't want to show her weakness, afterall, her brother has been taking her kindness for granted. "Please, R? I want to kiss you." She mumbles softly. Her cheeks flush red in embarrassment when I don't do anything.

I chuckle softly, "you're adorable." And it's not a lie. She is adorable. I kiss her and she kisses back eagerly. She climbs onto my lap and I

allow her. My hand traces her scar making her body shiver. She breaks the kiss, staring at me lustfully.

Yes, China told me about how cute she is. But he never told how adorable she was when she's desperate! I would kill anyone to see that look on her face.

I kissed her with the tongue this time. She squeals in protest but gives in. As I kiss her my hands continue to roam her back. Then I slap her *ss causing her to gasp and break the kiss. I slap it again making her cling onto me.

"R," she mumbles.

I rub the place I slapped her, "you don't like that?"

She doesn't reply. She begins kissing my neck and placing a hickey. Her soft lips kissed my neck causing me to let out a shaky breath. I would like her to do this more often. I groan, gripping her *ss. She stops, whimpering at the sting.

"Your turn," I grin. I plant a trail of kisses from her jawline to the crook of her neck. Her breath hitches as I lick her sensitive spot.

"F*ck," she moans. Who knew she was this sensitive? And it's heavenly to hear her like this.

I begin sucking her skin. Her grip hardens on my shoulder. Her moans get louder. I flush, realizing how much I like to make her feel good.

"Sh*t," she curses. Her legs begin to shake uncontrollably.

"Did I do something wrong?" I ask worriedly.

She bites her lips, getting off my lap, "no." Her legs continue to shake as she stands. I love seeing her vulnerable side. But I hate that I don't know how to help her.

Her phone rings and she immediately picks up. Finding it as an excuse, she leaves me with a farewell. And she's gone...again.

I need to find China.

BONUS!
America POV (later that night: back in the British household)

"I can't believe you made me do all that. All because of some girl you found on the internet? What even is her name?!" I complain, flopping face first onto his bed.

Canada sighs sadly, "you don't need to know. It didn't work out."

Didn't work out?! "You made me kiss five people and you two didn't work out?!" I scream angrily into his pillow.

"Kiss five people? I only told you to kiss four." Canada says, confused. Until his lips turn up into a smirk. "You kissed R."

I blush, "I had no choice! He saw you and your friend. What was I supposed to do? Let him ruin your conversation again?"

He hums, clearly looking at me in thought, "you like R."

"I don't!" I snap.

He scoffs, rolling his eyes playfully, "what's on your neck?"

Sh*t. I forgot about that. "Nothing," I mumble.

He chuckles to himself, "you two would make a great couple."

"Maple f*cking syrup! It was a one time thing. I wanted to...try it." I defend myself.

He shrugs, "whatever you say."

I sigh, "and I won't see him again. Just like the rest of them. Damn. I don't even know who I kissed!" He laughs at my misery. "I almost had sex with R! Stop laughing!"

"I wouldn't mind if you two hooked up. You two clearly are interested in each other. My friend and I could tell." My stupid brother wiggles his eyebrows teasingly.

I feel my heart flutter at the thought that he likes me. No. It won't happen. I won't see him again. He's just another person I used.

But I'm weirdly attracted to him. Although he's wearing all black, he is very attractive. His eyes are icy blue and he has dirty blonde hair. Although he doesn't show much emotion, his voice is very soothing and I love seeing his smile. He isn't like the other people I've kissed in the past. He's respectful.

When I kissed him, I thought he would kiss me back like any other person would. But no. He was more concerned about my sudden change of attitude than his desire to kiss me. It felt good knowing that he cared about me.

But one thing is for sure. I have never let anyone take advantage of me in a situation like this. I even said the word I hated using just so he could kiss me again with his soft tender lips. I didn't know what I was thinking! But it's all over. He's another person I won't see.

I wonder if I like him. I don't. I don't know how to love. I have been pulling everyone's heart strings and I realized how hurtful love is. I don't want to love. I don't want to be heartbroken like what I do to others.

But watching others cry for me is...fun. Of course I feel guilty about it. They are human too. However, I find it funny how they believe I actually love them after everything I've done to them. Humans are stupid.

"You're staying awfully quiet. Still thinking about R?" Canada asks, smirking slightly.

I glare at him, "no! I don't like him. He's too...emotionless for me."

"Really? He seemed to warm up to you considering how you're acting." He smiles innocently. I glare at him as he pats my head. "He has my blessing."

"Maple f*cking syrup!"

END OF SCENE XXV

So, what do you guys think? 😎

Do you guys like Russia's POV, America's POV, or China's POV better?

Does anyone wonder what Taiwan is doing?

Next chapter will be a continuation of Russia's POV!!

☆* ⋆ 61 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene XXVI

Russia POV (After the party)

I am quite relieved that the social gathering is ending so that I don't have to suffocate in everyone's presence even if my identity is unknown. Shortly after America left, I couldn't help the growth of feelings for the country. Even if a miniscule of time is in her presence, I yearn for more. I should be content with China, but my emotions say otherwise.

There's no way I like her too.

China waits for me patiently from the doorway of my room as I gather up my things. I'm staying at his house today, thankful to get away from the late night family drama talk my dad always holds after every ball. It's not that I don't like hearing all the nasty remarks that spurs tension between empires. I love the constant threats as each family gives to each other. Some may not know their friends are traitors.

Everytime, it seems to surprise me how no one fought during all the heated tension in the ballroom. Some actually tried enjoying their time to befriend others, although they may be friending their enemy. The mask keeps everything a mystery and ensures no one is found for their rumors or actions.

I place my black backpack on my shoulders before making my way towards China. He looks up from his phone, acknowledging me with a small grin before we take off in the direction of the front gates.

As we turn the corner, a pair of arms latch onto China's waist. China flinches, but calms when he realizes it's my annoying sister in all her glory. "China, can I please come with you?" she pouts,

looking at him pleadingly.

I scoff to myself. I honestly hate how she's drooling over his body half the time. Whenever she hangs out with China she would be all so touchy. Grabbing his hair, pulling his shirt, and ripping his pants. It gets on my nerves, but I trust China's in control.

China sighs, shaking his head, "I can't. You have to stay in the palace with your family." His hand reaches and brushes her back as he comforts her.

I want to rip her off of him so bad!

"Pociï(Russia's) going," Ukraine states, peering behind to look at me. Of course I'm going. You mean nothing to him. I can't wait for him to break up with her and I can't wait to watch her cry in her room, heartbroken that the first person to take her virginity doesn't feel the same connection she does. I grin at the thought.

Despite this sounding cruel, I don't care. Ukraine is another pawn of our chess game. There's nothing to lose. "It's a boy's night! What do you expect?" Taiwan interrupts, pulling Ukraine off China. I let out a sigh of relief, knowing she's not touching him anymore.

Ukraine scoffs, "have fun." She storms away, not spearing me a glance. I smirk, loving how apparent Taiwan hates her for his own reason. China has told me that he would disturb their time together in any way he can. As their relationship began to take off, Taiwan has been persistent in his annoyance. Ukraine hates him and the feeling is mutual.

Taiwan claims his actions because he defies anyone other than America to date China. It is clear that he is very fond of the country.

I wonder how he'll react if he finds out about me and China. Unlikely. We keep it hidden well.

"I hate her so much! Can't she ever leave you alone?" Taiwan groans in frustration, before whispering, "you clearly don't like her."

China sighs, rubbing his temples. He doesn't deny his hatred

towards my sister. She is a pain in the ass. I have to clean up all her mess. "I'll leave her eventually," he mumbles. And I hope it's next week. I want her to be an emotional wreck!

We make our way outside and hop in China's mom's white car. Taiwan gets in the front passenger seat while I slip in the back with China. I still don't understand why China's mother insists on driving everyone herself instead of asking her bodyguards to do it for her. Maybe it's for practice.

China looks at me and I smile. He doesn't reciprocate it, turning his head away to stare out the window. I frown, not understanding why he's acting like this. The moment he saw me after America left, he didn't act the same. He would try avoiding my gaze and he would avoid talk to me. It was weird. I need to talk to him.

I wonder what I did.

The car starts and China's mom begins driving away from the palace. After a while of silence, Taiwan decided to break it, "how was the ball?" I decided to speak first.

"I had to dance with Poland. I'm glad I found Germany in the crowd," I say. I turn to China to see if he'll reply. He's still looking out the window and I can tell he's angry. I sigh. It's unusual for him to stay so quiet after a social event. He should be bouncing off the walls, complaining and complimenting about the event. Unfortunately, I somehow pissed him off.

Taiwan chuckles lightheartedly, "that's nice. I really liked the food tonight." I hum in acknowledgment before the thought of China comes back to me.

I'm pissed that he's pissed.

I cross my arms, looking out the window. The car falls into silence the remainder of the ride. Even I find this silence suffocating. I debate on whether to start another conversation, but it's not like me. So I don't. It's only a few minutes before we reach China's house until I can ask him why he's so hostile towards me today.

I look over to China, finding his right arm stretched so it's resting on the seat in between us. Slowly, I sneak my left hand down and hook my pinky finger with his. I look over at him to try finding a reaction, only to find none. I bite my bottom lip, unhappy. At least he didn't move his hand away. That's a good sign.

China's mom pulls up into the driveway of the forbidden palace. It's called that because no one is permitted besides allies and friends. It may look gloomy on a foggy day, but it is really beautiful with its intricate architecture and careful design.

The guard opens the door for me, helping me get out. I thank him before making my way inside, following Taiwan and his mom with China trailing behind me. The inside of the palace gives the vibe of a museum. Of course it doesn't smell like one, but it is clear to notice the many displays of vases and golden dragon statues. The columns are red with gold on them as well.

China's mom begins ordering some maids around to prepare the guest room for me. I'm happy she treats me as family. I am happy Taiwan—somewhat—likes me. From what Taiwan has told me, China talks an excessive amount about me to them. I wouldn't say I wasn't doing the same thing about him to my family. I like it when China's name is in my mouth. It rolls off my tongue.

I stand there, looking at China who's still staring blankly. I gulp, not wanting to wait anymore than to apologize for something I don't know I did. He never stayed this quiet and it's making me anxious. Taiwan yawns, stretching his arms, "I'm going to bed. See you in the morning." I nod as I watch him leave down the hall to his room. Once I see his door shut, I grab China's hand and start dragging him to his room.

After closing the door with a loud slam, I pin China onto the bed, glaring at him. He stares up at me, indifferent. If only I could read his mind right now, everything would be much easier. I sigh, pinching my eyebrows together, "what is bothering you?"

He stays silent, glaring back at me. "You know why," he snaps. Confusion spreads on my face. I don't know what he means. From what I know, I didn't do anything out of his favor. Maybe it's

because I left Ukraine alone.

He scoffs silently, pushing me off him. He stands up and slowly steps closer to me. Not wanting to test his anger, I walk backwards until my back makes contact with his room's blood red wall. China pins me there, arms on either side of my face. He smiles angrily, "don't lie to me."

I blink, trying to piece everything together. He never usually got angry at me for anything. He usually gets jealous when India or Philippines comes close to me. Other than that, nothing. It's mutual because I also feel jealous when he's around someone else. I don't understand why this time. I watch as his eyes flick towards my neck then back my eyes.

I smirk, now realizing what he's mad about. I chuckle softly, cupping his cheek in my hand. He continues to glare at me, with an intent to kill. To make him more triggered, I pull down the collar to reveal more of the bruised area. His eye twitches, indicating my suspicion. "You promised me you wouldn't get it from anyone other than me," he grumbles.

That is true. But I couldn't miss this opportunity of a lifetime. I may be selfish for not dragging China with me, but that doesn't matter. I needed to understand America first hand without interference. "This is from Америка," I say softly.

His eyes widened, the anger reseeding over come with nervousness and longing. I quirk my brow as I watch him struggle with the realization that I was with her. He grumbles in defeat, a suspicious gaze landing on me, "why would she kiss you?"

America was—according to China—never the one to make any moves. She would be there, sitting on the ground, while watching her friends get into relationships, indifferent. She never flirted and would always be flustered when someone praised her. She changed a lot from then and I can sense her confidence in herself when she kissed me. She did it often. "I'm guessing she's a player like you. I heard she kissed Third Reich and I saw her kiss my brother." I explain.

His eyes widen in shock at the news and he chuckles smugly, "two can play that game." I roll my eyes, smiling at him. He's always up for a good challenge, but I know he'll lose this one. He's head over heels for America. "Do you like her?" He asks one of the more important questions.

I scratch my neck. "Yes I guess," I admit, "she's very adorable when she's vulnerable."

China groans, covering his face with his hands as his cheeks flush a bright red. He paces around the room and eventually stops. "Glad to know," he eventually replies. I hum, leaning on the wall as I watch him steady his beating heart.

"You were talking with a girl in a hot-pink mask today. Care to explain who she is?" Now it's my turn to be jealous. He turns to me, chuckling. He cups my cheek and kisses it.

"That's 美国's younger sister. I would never want anything to do with her romantically," China hums. "Jealous?" He squeezes my cheeks, teasing me.

I scoff playfully, "not like you weren't jealous before I told you who kissed me."

He shrugs, "good point. Anyways, I was talking to Kiwi and she said 美国 had no recollection of her memories during 3rd to 6th grade—the times when we were friends. It's a bummer she forgot about me because of that old British bastard. Either way, I'm sure we'll figure something out. Did you find out who the online friend is?"

I shake my head. I know who he is, but I don't know his name. He didn't explicitly say. "I'm not entirely sure. He said to call him M. He's pretty nice. I heard he plays hockey and—," and then it dawned on me, "—it's Canada."

"操(fuck)!" China shouts, slamming his hand against the wall in rage. Why didn't I connect the dots earlier? It was right there in front of me. He is America's older brother. "This is not good," he mumbles, furrowing his eyebrows to concentrate.

What can we do in this situation? Not anything that I know of. It is clear that Ukraine is taken already so I'm sure we already deterred him from getting closer to Ukraine. "Let's sleep first. We have time tomorrow to figure out a plan," I suggest.

China nods his head. I grab my backpack, ready to leave the room for the guest bathroom before China stops me. He smirks, "you deserve taking a shower in my bathroom. It's your reward for finding Ukraine's online friend." I stare at him surprised. He never allows me to go in there.

"Where are you going to shower?" I ask.

He shrugs, "the guest bathroom." Before he could leave, I grabbed his arm, halting him.

"Shower with me."

Silence fills the room as we stare at each other. My cheeks flush at my words, but I am adamant. I will not back down from my request. "I do owe you for...not informing you of finding Америка," I mumble.

China's shocked expression turns into a smug one and I instantly regret everything I said. "Come on!" He coos, hooking my arm with his and pulling me towards his bathroom.

Even after seeing him naked two times, I still can't wrap my head around the fact that his fat c*ck was able to fit me. And I also can't fathom why it made me feel good. That's another question to worry about another day, though.

China turns on the shower to warm temperatures. Although I like it colder, I won't complain. The last thing I want is for China to be shivering. Droplets of water pour down on us, wetting our hair and body. Don't look down. Don't look down!

China chuckles softly, gripping my ass. I hiss, glaring at him. There are a few faint red hand marks on my ass from a few days ago. He was horny and I wouldn't allow him to f*ck me. So he spanked me a couple of times and thrusted into my hand until he came. He is a

whore.

My whore.

China places his lips on mine, but I quickly move away. "We are here to shower." I state, reaching over him to grab the shampoo.

He pouts, "we can have some fun while we're at it." His hands trail up my neck. My breath hitches. I hate how my body reacts to him. I'm letting down all my defenses.

He kisses the hickey America gave me. "Китай(China)," I gasp. He smiles against my skin and licks it. I bite my bottom lip, suppressing my noises of enjoyment. Finding nothing to do with my hands, I grip his shaft, finding it to be hard. I smirk at his slightly startled face.

He grunts, his hand trailing down to find my c*ck and gripping it. I hiss softly as he pushes me closer to him with his other hand. "Two can play this game," he murmurs in my ear. "Won't you like that, 俄罗斯(Russia)? For me to rub you until you c*m?" He hums, kissing my cheek.

I feel a shiver down my spine just at the thought. He wouldn't mind. He's horny and I am too. I capture his lips with mine. He kisses me back with the same force. His hips jerks up, making me smirk as I continue pumping my hand up and down his shaft faster. He grunts into my mouth as he quickens jerking my c*ck. I furrow my eyebrows as I continue kissing him.

I am not letting him top me today.

I slip my tongue into his mouth forcefully. He accepts, but wouldn't allow me to dominate the kiss. Finding no other way to do so, using my free hand I pump two finger up his *ss. He breaks the kiss, "俄罗斯(Russia)!"

I pump another finger in, making him sharply intake air. I smirk, moving my fingers in and out of him. He moans softly, stuffing his face in the crook of my neck. I chuckle softly. It's rare for him to submit to me and I don't want it to stop. At least he isn't screaming

for me to stop like last time. I didn't even go that hard.

"Stop, it hurts," China groans into my neck. He stopped gripping my member and is hugging me by the waist. I roll my eyes.

"And you like it? I don't see anything wrong with it then," I coo. He glares at me with his sparkling hazel eyes. "What?" I ask.

He smirks, "you're getting bold." I scoff at his remark. Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not.

"我好想干你(I want to fuck you so bad)!" China whines, his hands spreading my ass cheeks forcefully.

My cheeks burn. "I told you we can't until we get Америка to our high school," I say. I kind of regret it now. But it's for the best.

China groans, "fine." He turns to grab the shampoo and pours some on his hands. "We'll finish this later on my bed. I'm still hard because of you," he grumbles, as he begins washing my hair.

I sigh. He's so grumpy.

True to his word, we're on his bed, naked, as he rubs our shaft together. I rub my hand along our d*cks to evoke more pleasure. China grunts softly, leaning down to kiss me. I accept, using my free hand to draw him closer.

As his pace quickens, I moan into his mouth. Never did I ever think I would feel this much pleasure. Nonetheless with a guy. China grins, "I love looking at you like this." I glare at him despite myself, but don't say anything. China chuckles, kissing my lips again. He is my drug.

"中國, 媽媽說 (China, Mom says)—" Taiwan stands there in his pink unicorn pajama, in the doorway of China's room, flabbergasted. I grab the covers and pull it over us. I thought China locked the door. He told me he did.

China curses, getting off of me and turns to the now blushing, nose bleeding Taiwanese country. "你为什么不敲门(why didn't you knock)?" China grumbles. I feel my cheeks redden as Taiwan

continues to stand there, looking at me and then at his brother. "Get out." China growls, pointing at the door.

Taiwan blinks, then a smirk spreads on his lips. This is not good. "My brother is gay!" He laughs out loud. "媽媽(mom)!" He screams down the hallway.

"台湾(Taiwan)!" China shouts angrily. He quickly puts on his boxers before getting off the bed. Immediately, Taiwan dashes away laughing like a hyena. China runs after him, knowing that he's going to tell his mom.

I sigh, pinching my nose bridge. I should've checked the locks. This was exactly how Taiwan found China and Ukraine having sex. I grab my boxer off the ground and tug it on under the covers. The last thing I want happening is China's mom or Taiwan seeing my private part. I sit up, leaning on the headboard.

China's door opens again with China storming inside. He flops onto the bed, grumbling nonsense. "Did he tell your mom?" I ask. He nods, crawling up and under the covers. I swallow. "Will she tell my dad?"

"She promised not to, but Taiwan might," China groans, snuggling up to my side. I sigh, rubbing my hand along his bare back. Taiwan can be a snitch sometimes. However, I do trust him. He isn't like my nimble sister. He has his own thoughts, opinions, and beliefs and would defend himself if anyone tried arguing with him. No wonder why he hates my sister.

The door creaks open and in comes a giggling Taiwan with his mom in tow. China's mom crosses her arms as she looks at us in disappointment. I swallow, tensing up as she glares at me. "Can you leave?" China snaps, hugging me closer. He wraps his leg around mine under the covers. He clearly doesn't know his mom's here.

"中國(China), are you cheating on 美國(America)?" China's mom grumbles, tapping her foot impatiently.

China freezes. I feel his heart beat faster and I begin stroking his back to calm him down. He sighs, sitting up so he's leaning on the

headboard next to me. "Last time I remember, you didn't care about my love life." China smirks.

China's mom shakes her head, "俄羅斯(Russia), you should break up with him. He clearly won't stay loyal to you. Last time he had sex with your sister." China clenches his fist, trying to control himself before jumping onto his mom.

I shrug, "I know. I told him to have sex with her." China's mom's jaw drops in shock while Taiwan continues munching on his snickers bar happily.

China grins, wrapping his arm around my shoulder. "That's what I thought!"

China's mom glares at him, "I want the best for you 俄羅斯(Russia). My son is a 妓女 (whore)."

"I'm not leaving," I say bluntly. China hums, kissing my cheek happily.

Taiwan giggles, "I always knew there was something going on between you two." China and I glare at him, causing him to freeze. "Your secret is safe with me!" He shrieks, leaving the room in a giffy.

China's mom grumbles in annoyance before closing the lights. "Goodnight. And next time, lock the door. I don't want 台灣 (Taiwan) to get any ideas." She closes the door, leaving us in the dark.

"I hate my brother so much!"

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End of scene XXVI

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Oh no! They got caught in the act tehe

Taiwan approves???!

China's mom approves..?

Who likes Russia's POV?

☆* ⋆ 62 ⋆ *☆

[image]

Scene XXVII

Young Russia POV (Four months later after G.E. and R.E. married. Russia's sick and staying home. Russia and China are in 10th grade along with the rest of the gang. Ukraine, Taiwan[youngest cause he skipped a grade!], and America are in 9th grade.)

"So, to prove this triangle, we need to use the Side-Angle-Angle theorem," Germany explains, pointing at the triangle on my page. I groan in frustration. I don't care about proving triangles. It is something that has three sides and three angles. Who cares about the actual proving of one? It is what it is!

I can't believe how Germany and China love this. The two would be in the library talking nonstop about each Geometry unit we encounter. Germany's a bookworm, while China just likes math.

"Do you get it?" Germany asks, bring my attention back towards him.

I nod, still annoyed. I should've gotten China to teach me instead. I could bear with him here, even though I know he'll get mad at me for not listening half of the time. "What else did I miss?" I huff.

Germany hums, "let's see. You need to remember all the proof theorems, use the pythagorean theorem, and how to find the volume & surface area of different shapes. Relatively easy."

I scoff, "easy for you. I hate math."

"But you're good at it." He chuckles, grabbing a worksheet from his backpack.

I sigh, "give me the answers. My head is spinning." It's not a lie. After getting a cold—which I rarely get because my body is

accustomed to the cold weather—I haven't been able to concentrate on most things. It makes my mood worse and I find myself snapping at everyone.

Germany frowns, "I can't. I have an obligation to teach you."

I roll my eyes. He is such a goody-two-shoes. "I should've just got Китай(China)."

Germany pauses. He places his arm on the desk and rests his chin on his fist, smirking. I blink, wondering if I'm hallucinating. No. My step-brother's weird like that. Always wanting to know other people's secrets. "Is there something going on between the two of you? You two seem too close to be just friends." He winks.

I clench my fists, "we are best friends. Nothing more. Besides, he's dating South Korea." He frowns, not liking the answer he receives, but shrugs it off.

"I know you're lying," he whispers, taking a pen from my pencil case, "your secret is safe with me."

I sigh. Although he is my step-brother, I don't trust him with my private life regarding relationships. He is nosy like Japan. Maybe far worse than Japan—something that I have never thought would happen.

Before teaching me whatever math subject, his eye catches onto something in my room. I mentally curse myself when I see it's the plan China and I made. We have so much paper and notes on the wall that it's hard to miss. I forgot to cover it with a dark cloth because I'm mentally and physically too tired to. Now it's here to bite me in the butt.

He quirks his brow, "care to explain?"

I straighten my back, staring at the plans. If I were to tell him, I know he'll keep it a secret. We live under the same roof and I will be at his throat if he tries anything. Additionally, the plan isn't harmful to anyone. "You must keep it a secret. I am trusting you because you are my step-brother." I say sternly, meeting his gaze.

He nods in understanding. "I promise." I scoff when he says that. He told me everyone else's secret so far. Whatever. I'll kill him if he tells someone.

"Китай(China) and I are working with Vietnam so we can encourage a few countries in the human districts to come to UN high school." I say.

His face brightens at the news, "is there a way for me to help? I love the idea of having new faces. Everyone is so old and plain."

I roll my eyes at his statement. He's the only plain and old one. He keeps talking like he's some wise elder. "We need the principal to promote more enrollment to this school. Китай's already working on it. I'm sure it would be even better if you told him yourself. After all, you are the president of this school." I say, eying him skeptically.

He nods his head, almost too happily, "is there someone you want to meet?"

I swallow. "Yes," I mutter to myself more to him.

His smile turns to a smirk, "someone has a little crush. Is it the girl in the emerald dress during the masquerade? I saw you dragging her away from her brother."

My face grows red and hot. It's either because I'm sick, angry, or embarrassed—maybe all. "No!" I snap.

He laughs, amused at my outburst. I grumble in annoyance, placing my arms on my desk before burrowing my head in them. I'm so dizzy. Germany pats my back, "if not, then what's the reason?"

"Her brother is a сука (bitch)," I mumble.

"Oh?"

"He controls her like how he tries controlling Ук (Uk). I'm planning to encourage him over here because my sister goes to this school. It's a flawless plan that he would never suspect." I say, grinning to myself because I'm so smart.

"No offense, but if your sister actually likes him you should let it go —"

"No!"

"You don't have to be so overprotective of her—"

"No!"

"She's her own person too—"

"No! You don't understand." I grumble.

Germany sighs, "then make me understand. I am very out of the loop."

"His name is Canada. He is awful and would force his sister to do everything for his own gain. After checking the security cameras after the masquerade, I realized how he made her sister kiss all the important figures that would try preventing him from talking to Ук (Uk)." I snap.

Germany blinks, greatly disturbed by this. He sighs, shaking his head, "she's just like China—"

"And Poland." This seems to make him glare at me. I chuckle, turning my head to face him. He's always so protective of his crush, even if he's friendzoned. He's a sad romantic. Just like Taiwan.

He shakes his head, not wanting to argue. "I'll see what I can do to help you."

I smile, "thanks. And promise to never tell a single soul. Including China."

He quirks his brow, "but you tell him everything?" I don't reply, waiting for his promise. He sighs, "I promise."

"Good, now give me your answers."

"No."

... (Few days later after Russia feels better)

Vietnam giggles, hugging China's arm as she shows him her flier idea. I roll my eyes. For the days I've been gone, Vietnam was able to hang out with China. Usually he'll be preoccupied with me. But now I left a spot open for her to fill. She is taking as much as she can and it bothers me. Even North Korea seems to hate it. However, I know why he doesn't like it. China had sex with him a few times and he probably loved it. It's apparent by the amount of hickies he has on his neck. It's funny how South Korea doesn't seem to notice.

China turns to look at me, "what do you think?"

Realizing that I wasn't paying attention, I leaned in to get a closer look at the flier on the screen. It looks legit. And we will make it legit once we get the principal involved. Germany already told me he has been making subtle suggestions to increase the enrollment to this school. The principal hasn't said a word, but I'm sure China will be able to get him to agree.

"I don't like the color. It doesn't look appealing." I say.

Vietnam scoffs, "says the person who looks emo all the time!" I wish she was still scared of me. She usually wouldn't be so snappy. She squeals when she feels China pinching her side.

"Say sorry," China glares, tightening his hold on her. She swallows and tucks a strand of hair behind her ear as she looks at me.

"Sorry. What color scheme do you suggest?" She mumbles.

I grin. At least she's scared of China getting angry at her. I hear North Korea snort. He seems to be amused by Vietnam's sudden fear. "Black, yellow, and white. It makes the invitation seem prestigious," I reply. Vietnam frowns, but China's eyes light up. He turns the laptop towards him and begins changing most of the colors until we end up with a flier with the desired colors.

"Perfect." China smiles, leaning back to look at the work. "Tea bastard would love this!"

I roll my eyes, chuckling softly, "of course he will. He loves

everything that's appealing to the eye."

China hums, "尤其是群交，你爸没去吗？(Especially a group orgy. Didn't your dad go)?" He asks with an eyebrow raised.

I nod, "Он это сделал. Он только все записывал. Он никогда не присоединится. (He did. He only recorded everything. He would never join.)"

China chuckles, "that's something I would do."

I roll my eyes, "I bet you'll be the one joining them."

"What are you two talking about?" Vietnam asks, clearly thinking we're talking bad about her. North Korea grumbles something and then opens his computer—probably—to check the security cameras.

China shrugs, "nothing much. Anyways, did Ukraine reply to your message?"

Vietnam takes out her phone and opens the countrygram app. She nods her head, "she said he would like to go, but doesn't have the opportunity."

China and I look at each other, confused. "What does he mean by opportunity?" I ask.

Vietnam shrugs, "I'll ask her."

Britain is a rich man. If he has the money to own ¼ of the world, he surely has enough money to give his children the best education. New Zealand and Australia are going to one of the most prestigious boarding schools in the human county and America and Canada are in the second best high school. Maybe it's because he doesn't find a reason to switch schools. The second top high school is already really good.

China groans, "how are we going to convince him? They already go to the second best high school!"

"I'll somehow get Ukraine to beg him to come." Vietnam mumbles as she texts my sister. "The rest is up to you. We need to make this

high school sparkle and I know North Korea could never do anything like that."

"What did you say?" North Korea snaps.

"Nothing," Vietnam smiles gingerly. She turns to China, "it's only you who can. You are every teacher's friend. Everyone looks up to you. The principal considers you as his son. It's up to you, China. I believe in you." I want to scoff at her words, but she is right. China is the only one who could make this high school become even better. He is influential. He knows the right people. He could get the job done.

China nods, smiling softly, "I'll see what I can do to get Canada here. For now, I want you to get to know him. Be friends with Ukraine. I'm sure she'll talk to you all about Canada's likes and dislikes."

Vietnam scrunches her nose in disgust, "I don't want to talk to her! She's so irritating. I can't stand her."

China crosses his arms, "she won't dare talk to me unless I'm with her brother. Either way, she would never mention Canada. I'm counting on you."

Vietnam huffs, "you owe me."

China smiles, stroking her hair. He leans down next to her ear and whispers, "I'll make it up to you in the bedroom. I'll make you scream for me. I'll make you orgasm like you've never have before. I'll f*ck you little tight p*ssy until it's all red and swollen. You like that?—"

"Yes, I want that! Don't mention it here," Vietnam blushes, pushing away China as he laughs at his own jokes.

Just watching him say all that makes me jealous. However, I know he doesn't like that. He's only doing this to keep Vietnam on our side. None of his words are real. He really doesn't like it.

"Since we're done here, I'm heading out," I say, grabbing my black backpack.

China looks at me and a tiny smirk appears on his lips. "I'll be right behind you," he chirps, grabbing his backpack. We exit the classroom and make our way out the school building.

His facade drops as he starts rambling about how awful he feels for making me listen to all that. I hum in acknowledgement, loving how he always apologizes for these things. Everytime after he has sex with someone, he would come to my house in the middle of the night—after he washed himself of the person of course. He would then begin telling me how he wanted to do it to me or America instead. Then he would drift off to sleep in my arms.

It's fun watching him show his hatred towards almost all the students in school.

Once we enter the car, China grabs my chin to make me look at him. "I didn't mean to make you jealous. You're the only person I would love to have sex with. But right now, you're off limits until we get America to this school. I hate you for making me wait." His soft eyes turn into a blazing glare.

I hum, pecking his lips, "that's what I like to hear."

"I can't wait to f*ck you again."

"Who said you're f*cking me?"

"Me. Something wrong with that?"

"I'll f*ck you this time."

"That's not me. You're bottom."

We glare at each other, before coming to a consensus. If China's able to kiss America on the first day(if she consents and kisses back), I'll be bottom. If not, he'll be bottom. He is not going to top me.

For the next few months, China has been taking the initiative of helping new clubs get created. He helped Vietnam start her influencer club, Poland with her play writing club, Japan with her journalism club, South Korea with his music club, etc. Every day, I

would see him talking to a different teacher. He would go to meetings and come home late.

For those days, I would stay at his house. I've mastered his handwriting so I'm able to do most of his homework while he relaxes on his bed and complains about life. Taiwan would give him a massage sometimes—only if China's complaining about someone he doesn't like. Taiwan's weird, but I've grown to like him.

For tests, China is a genius. He only needs to learn all the materials in class and he'll be good. Maybe not always, but still 90 and above. Either way, I still try helping him out so he won't have to get a bad grade.

Things have also been looking up for Canada. He seems to be very interested in coming to this school so I'm sure he'll tell his dad about it. With China making the school more appealing, Canada will have more reasons to talk about the opportunities our school has compared to his. Most importantly, our school is home to many children of empires. It should be relatively easy to persuade the tea bastard.

Taiwan smirks from the doorway as he watches China and I cuddle on the emerald bed. Although I hate him intruding on our personal life, I don't want China to be more stressed with kicking him out of the room. "I'm sure you both would love it if America was sleeping with you two," Taiwan hums, snapping China out of his droopy mood.

He glares at his brother, "get out."

"I'm just saying!" Taiwan holds his hands up in defense. "I'm sure America will love you both." It makes me feel a bit better that he's saying it, but then I don't like him talking about America.

"You don't even know her that well." China grumbles, stuffing his face into my chest. All hope lost.

Taiwan shrugs, "I may not know her, but I do know her little brother."

"Me too. I know him better than you." China mutters. I stroke his back to calm him down. He relaxes his tense body and leans into me more. I smile softly at that.

Taiwan crosses his arms, leaning on the doorframe, "I was talking to him during the ball and online. He told me some things."

"What things?" I inquire. Now I'm interested. I know his name is Australia, but according to New Zealand only Canada knows America the best.

Taiwan smirks, seeming to finally find something that we both don't know. "He's the more reasonable one of the family. Although he may act stupid most of the time, he understands a lot about his family and their preferences. Canada wants a soft girl who would love him to no end. New Zealand wants to find someone that will make her feel like a nervous wreck. America wants to feel loved by —maybe—more than one person. She doesn't explicitly say it, but her actions do. She would usually go about playing with couples' feelings by squeezing herself into their relationship. Basically forming a functioning love triangle. The couple breaks up with each other to pursue America. Then she breaks up with them, leaving them even more heartbroken."

As much as I would like to believe him, it feels weird knowing their preferences. I don't want to know their personal ideals. But it is good to know about America's. I guess.

China stares at him in disbelief, "Aussie told you all that?"

Taiwan nods, proud of himself, "he is a loud mouth and he likes to observe. That's why he can understand his pets better."

China stuffs his face back into my chest. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Because you were busy. Anyways, good night! Don't you dare make any noises tonight. I'm tired of hearing Vietnam, South Korea, North Korea, Philippines, India, Ukraine, Katy, etc in your room." With that, Taiwan slams the door on us.

It would be great if America likes both of us. But that's impossible. It's already hard to like one person, nonetheless another person. What happens if she falls for someone else? Whatever. We'll see what happens.

China smirks, "let's make some noise."

Here we go again.

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End of Scene XXVII

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Looks like they have a plan!

Do you think Russia made the right choice in telling Germany about his and China's plan?

Taiwan is so mature! (Probably because doesn't want to do what his brother does)

Do you guys like China and Russia's relationship dynamic?

63

[image]

Scene XXVIII

Young China POV

After hours upon hours of waiting, we finally heard back from Britain. They are coming and are planning to move to our county. I can't be excited enough. America will be back. America will be mine. America will be Russia's. I can't wait.

Mr. Gondwana chuckles, looking through all the paperwork that has been sent by each of the family members. All of them have enrolled. Now this high school will be even better with these intelligent students. "Good job, son. I knew I could count on you."

I smile, "it's not just me. It was Russia too. He was working with me to make this happen. We know how much this school means to you and will do everything we can to help you."

Mr. Gondwana hums, "with all this effort, it will be a good place for you to be president of our student body. You deserve it."

I shake my head, "although I would love to become the President, I believe Germany is the rightful owner of that position. He is organized and gets the job done way faster." It's a lie. I would want to be president, but I have other more necessary obligations with my team. Being in the student body means nothing and I'll let Germany do all the dirty work.

"You are very humble." He comments, placing down the paperwork. Just then Germany enters the office with a set of files. He gives me a nod and I smile.

"Hello sir, these are the files of the students that are going to be transferred here. It contains their grades, classes, and performance." Germany says, handing it to the principal.

Mr. Gondwana nods, "thank you. You may leave now." With a questioning looking towards me, Germany leaves the office, closing the door behind him.

"Will you be willing to give these new students a tour?" Mr. Gondwana asks as he flips through the files. My eyes darted around to find America's. I want to see what she looks like now.

I hum thoughtfully, "I do have a lot of clubs to run these days. I'm not sure if I have time on my hands." My eyes land on America's picture. She is hot. She is everything I want. I take in a deep breath, already imagining her walking through the doors of this school awestruck.

"Reasonable. How's the art club going?" Mr. Gondwana asks as he flips through more pages.

"I have been meaning to ask you this. Will you allow the art students to redecorate the classrooms? It looks a bit bland, no offense." I say, holding my breath for his answer.

He nods, "I can tell why you say that. Yes you may. Only use the supplies given to you and check with the teachers before furthering your tasks. Other than that, let your creative mind go wild!"

I laugh along with him, "thank you so much. I'll be going now. I'll see you tomorrow!" I wave and leave his office.

"How did it go?" Russia asks as he leans against the wall.

I smile, "amazing."

"I saw Germany come out. Did he say anything?"

I shake my head, "he just handed the files of the students. I saw 美国 and she is as dazzling as always!" I sigh as I imagine what she'll be like.

Russia chuckles, "of course she's dazzling. She's one of a kind."

We begin walking down the hallway to the classroom where our team always meets. India has joined us because I'm dating her now.

I didn't want her to get any closer to Russia so dating her will keep her in check. For now. We enter the classroom where Vietnam and India are giggling about something while North Korea has earplugs in as he grumbles about something on his computer.

India and Vietnam's attention immediately went to me. I smile, "mission accomplished. Canada is coming to this school."

North Korea takes his earbuds off, "what's the real reason why you want this Canada to come to our school? You can't possibly be in love with him."

The the three of them all wait for an answer as Russia rubs his nose bridge. "China doesn't love him or like him. So stop being jealous."

North Korea rolls his eyes while the two girls sigh in relief. "Then why?" North Korea pushes.

"Her sister will be an amazing addition to our team. No more questions," Russia glares at North Korea before taking a seat on the teacher's desk.

Vietnam smirks, "let me guess, you like her." She winks at Russia and he doesn't give her a reply. He stares up at the ceiling then looks at me. Of course he likes her. But she doesn't know who he is.

"Your assumption must be correct," India giggles in a whisper. I can hear the slight pain in her voice. She likes the Russian more than me. I wonder what Russia did for her that made her like him so much. Russia doesn't know either. I would ask Germany, but I don't want to risk it.

I make my way over to India and sit down next to her. I grab her waist and pull her onto my lap. She squeals in surprise before giggling at my action. I place my chin on her shoulder as I watch Vietnam glare at her. The two have always been fighting for my attention. Now that I'm dating India, Vietnam feels awful. Although on the surface they may seem like friends, they are planning each other's downfall.

Vietnam smiles fakely, "China, do you have any other plans for this

year? It seems we already completed our first step."

I look at Russia who still seems to be staring at the ceiling. I wonder what about it is so interesting to him. "I want to start a chess club," Russia mumbles.

I smirk, "of course. We'll do just that then."

India claps her hands together, "I always wanted to learn chess!"

Russia nods, "we will hold lessons and chess competitions. It will be a great experience for everyone."

"I'll begin emailing the teachers," Vietnam suggests, taking out her computer. Russia gets off the teachers desk with a hum and grabs the globe. He sets it down in front of me.

"There's something wrong with it," he mumbles, pointing at the border between My mom's land and India's parent's land. I wink at him before changing my face to one of shock.

"You're right! India, you should tell your parents that that's my mom's land." I glare, pinching her side. She hisses at the sting before turning to look at me.

"It's not your mom's land! It's my parents'. We have it fair and square." India argues.

I chuckle deeply, "where's your proof? I have all the maps in the world that show my mom's borders here." I point at the border that divides the two empires.

India gets off my lap and slaps me, "the people are the subject of my parents."

I scoff, "they are intruding on another empire's land. They will be met with treason."

India tries slapping me again and I hold her wrist firmly. Vietnam laughs, "you should listen to China, sweetie." North Korea perks up as he watches us with a grin. Russia leaves the classroom needing to take a 'call'. Now India's all alone.

I sigh, "if you're not going to corporate, we are going to end our relationship."

India's face pales as Vietnam's smirk widens. "No, you can't possibly do that. The land is for our parents to decide. Not us!"

"Get out of my face. You are useless anyways." I grumble, "we're done."

India glares at me angrily, "you are so stupid! Just because of a simple complication that could be easily solved by dividing the land, you are breaking up with me? No wonder you have so many exes. All they do is follow your words and then you'll keep them. You'll never find someone that truly loves you!" With that, she storms out of the room and slams the door. The room stays in a suffocating silence. India is right about one thing, but not about the other.

"We didn't need her anyway. She did nothing for us." North Korea chuckles in his raspy voice and begins deleting the security footage. I frown at her words. Russia truly loves me. America used to love me. So why do I feel bad? I have done this many times before and it never occurred to me how much I hurt someone. I chuckle to myself. She probably thinks Russia is on her side now.

Vietnam holds my hand and kisses my cheek, "I'm so glad you got rid of her."

I got rid of her with a stupid argument. I didn't plan ahead. It was stupid. But it got the job done. Now it's time to date Poland.

Russia comes back in the room, relieved that India's gone. "Китай, we need to talk."

I nod, getting up from my seat. Russia and I leave the classroom and go down the hall to the unigender bathroom. "What is it?" I ask as Russia locks the door.

"What are you going to do about my sister? She will be head over heels for Canada." He grumbles in annoyance.

I hum, "let them have a week of talk and then we can tell him that

she's not a virgin. Easy enough. He won't suspect anything. He isn't that smart."

"You're right. But I don't know what we're dealing with. For all I know, he may use his sister against us." Russia mumbles softly, "I was looking into their school and it seems like Америка is Canada's right hand man. America's the president and everyone loves her and her brother. They had no reason to leave their high school unless there's another motive besides Ukraine. I wonder what Canada wants."

I sigh, "he wants power. Just like us. It's simple enough. However, with Germany as president, I doubt he'll be able to take that position. He probably will find it another way."

Russia nods, "I wonder if it involves his sister."

"Of course it does!" I laugh, "Kiwi told me they are two peas in a pod."

"I need to hack into Ук's countrygram account." Russia announces, "I wonder if she talks to him about us."

I roll my eyes, "she obviously talks about us. You're her brother. I'm her ex that dumped her after I took her V-card."

"I just need to know more. I might be able to match everything." Russia mumbles, shifting from feet to feet.

I chuckle softly, grabbing his hand, "whatever he plans, we don't have to worry. We have the teachers and principal on our side. Everything will be okay."

"Okay," he smiles softly.

"Come on, now that India's gone I'm going to date Poland. I need you to be my wingman and tell Germany what I'm doing." I wink.

He groaned, "please tell me she's the last one. I hate that you're f*cking and kissing all those countries."

"I hope she will be. Once 美国 enters he picture, I'll stop playing.

How's that?" I cup his cheek.

He scoffs, "and you better stop f*cking everyone."

"Only when 美国 and I get in a relationship."

He shakes his head, "Don't do it forcefully."

"I would never, promise." I say, sticking out my pinky finger.

"Fine," Russia hooks his own with mine.

I hug him, "I love you my stupid alcoholic chess master mind hacker pillow."

"I love you too, my little whore."

INFORMATION

Hello readers!

Unfortunately, with school starting, I will have to slow down my updates. With the amount of workload I'm getting, I can't find the time to write new chapters. And when I'm not studying or finishing homework, I'm at extracurriculars.

Aaaaah school... It's not that I don't like school. Unpopular opinion, but I love it. I make new friends and learn new things. It's just...too much sometimes. And right now it's too much. That's why I'm writing this.

If I don't post for two weeks, please understand that I'm at school or at home working my *ss off for a high grade. I'm sure you all understand the effort that must be put in to make that happen. Writing is my hobby and my responsibilities comes first.

Again, let me apologize for all the weeks in the future when I will not be posting. I will try my best to find a few minutes to write chapters. But I will mostly be using my free time to recharge with sleep. Life is hard and it will get harder if I don't get good grades.

I promise I will finish this book. Don't worry. I just need more time. I already thought about the next few chapters. I just need the time to write it down.

On a lighter note, I want to thank you all for reading my...cringy and AMAZING (positive affirmation!) book. I wouldn't have done it without you guys. Your comments always make me smile and inspire me to write more. It has been a journey and it won't be the end of our journey yet.

Until next time. Blisopoppy out!

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[image]

Part 1

America POV

A tornado swirls in my head as I look at the bloody wall in front of me with a blank expression on my face. It's too much. They're too much. *He's* too much.

I stare and stare and stare. For how long? For what seems like an eternity! My mind races through the lies of my past. He said I was bullied for being chubby. Lie. He told me I was the golden child. *Lie*. He told me I was in a coma. *Lie*. He told me I was loved. *Lie*. He told me—he told me he kept nothing away from me. *Lie*.

And I was dumb enough to *believe* him.

I chuckle to myself, leaning against the walls marked with *my* blood. I wasn't loved. I was never loved. I was an outsider living under the same roof as him. I was the outcast, the rebel, the insignificant. I was nothing to them, but a thorn. I was born to prove that Canada and Confederate were the golden children.

As I was laughing to myself, I didn't even realize I was getting carried away from the treehouse. Not that I care. My brain is filled with more important revelations. Ones that I could never fathom.

My life is already messy and now it's even more chaotic. I could've never guessed Ukraine was the girl my brother was obsessed with all those years ago. I could have never thought the guy I met at the ball was Russia. I could have never guessed my childhood best friend was China. The broken glass is mending itself, but with cracks that I still must fill.

I want to be *me*: my true authentic self free from Canada's crafts.

Russia cups my face with his cold hands, bringing me out of my trance. His small gesture is oddly comforting and I lean into his hand. His eyes soften as he uses his thumb to wipe the tears that stream down my cheeks. "Америка," he whispers, looking me in the eyes. "Китай is going to take us to his place so you can relax. Is that fine with you?" I nod, sniffing. Father doesn't love me. Canada used me. I don't want Mom, Australia, or New Zealand to get involved and be victims of Father and Canada's wrath.

At least I have Russia and China.

Russia helps me into the car where China already is. He stares at me with sympathy, an emotion I've never seen in him. But most importantly, I see anger and hatred. Towards who? It's obvious. Canada.

"I don't care if Canada finds out you're with us anymore. He can go shoot himself," China grumbles as he starts the car once Russia gets in next to me.

"Китай!" Russia snaps as he hugs me close to him. "Apologize right now."

China's face morphs into a worried one as he turns to look at me, murmuring, "Sorry 美国."

I nod, finding comfort in Russia's arms. I snuggle up to him and it makes me think of all the good parts of my life: Mom, Australia, New Zealand; my friends, Taiwan, Israel, Poland, Germany, Japan, Vietnam (before she turned on me), Japan (to some extent); and my boyfriends.

Yeah. Boyfriends. That—that sounds right.

I sigh as I watch the houses pass by. It's still early in the morning and I'm already tired from all the information they fed me. What I need is a good nap. And Russia is going to be my pillow.

...

I feel myself getting lifted and carried away. I lazily look at where I'm going and find China leading the way down the hallway to his

room. I yawn, closing my eyes again as I snuggle into Russia's chest.

A loud gasp could be heard, "I help you guys, but drugging her is way out of the contract!" My eyes open as I get pulled out of Russia's arms and into someone else. Taiwan?

"We didn't drug her," China grumbles, "She came willingly."

Taiwan scoffs, hugging me tightly. I can't breathe! "Don't lie to me. I know you'll do anything to get her back and this is not the way to do it."

Russia groans in frustration, "We explained her past; she was too emotionally stressed that she fell asleep. You would know that, Taiwan. We would never want to do anything that harms her."

Taiwan curses under his breath, "You won't, but my brother will." He sighs and lets me go so I'm not in his tight grasp. I wobble back, blinking and rubbing my eyes. Taiwan scratches his neck, "Sorry. I was worried for you. Isa too. We were terribly worried about you."

I nod, my voice scratchy, "I'll explain more when—when I'm more awake."

Taiwan looks at me then at his brother and Russia before nodding at me. "Sure. Seems like you three have some discussing to do," he smiles innocently as he rushes away down the hallway. I would blush in this situation or even shout at him, but my mind is still in slumber. I shake my head. It's time to get to business.

I grab Russia and China and drag them into the blood-red room with the unmatching colored bed. I make them sit down on the bed. Russia is shocked and worried while China is too, but I can sense his satisfaction with my attitude.

"You two are f*cking idiots!" I snap, cutting to the chase.

Russia seems confused, "Америка, I don't think you're okay. After all that—"

"I thought about it. I slept through it. Now I'm going to move on. Starting with lecturing the two of you!" I huff, glaring at them.

China smirks, "What did we do wrong, 宝贝?" He leans back on his bed with his ever-smug look.

I take in a deep breath, "Ruski, you f*cking ruined your reputation by fighting students for no reason! I don't support this type of violent behavior. It's immature and I plan on asking your dad to send you back to preschool so you can learn to control your emotions." Russia grits his teeth, forcing himself not to roll his eyes. He knows it's the truth. I turn to look at China, "Chin-Chin, you did nothing. And since everyone knows you two are bffs you are getting sh*tted on. Why? Because you did f*cking nothing! Instead of helping your best friend—excuse me—boyfriend by teaching him how to cope, you watched everything unfold with sadistic North Korea!" I take a deep breath, closing my eyes, "You two should've talked to me."

China shakes his head, "You and I both know you would've never wanted to see us."

F*ck. He's right. I wouldn't.

"Well, I'm sorry on my end. But it doesn't excuse you from what you've done at the school." I mumble.

Russia sighs, "I'm sorry. I acted too impulsively."

China nods, looking at the ground. "I'm sorry too...for doing nothing," he chokes out, obviously not used to apologizing as much as Russia and I. Of course. He gets away with everything and anything with that charm. And even when he was little he had that talent.

I smile, hugging them tightly. "I forgive you two."

"Me too," Russia smiles back with one of his rare smiles.

China smirks, "Me three." He tackles me into a long and deep kiss making me squeal. I shove him off of me, making him whine. "Why do you have to be so cruel?" He pouts.

I blush, "Now's not the time. We need to fix everything we caused."

"美国, you owe me later," China winks.

I glare, my cheeks red, "I don't owe you anything."

"You do. You really do," Russia hums, kissing my cheek.

"Ruski!" I shriek, making him laugh. I crawl my way further up the bed away from them. They are an addiction and I need to get away. We need to do something to end this so-called 'terror' in school. I exhale, calming my beating heart, "Tell me everything that has been happening when I was away."

"俄罗斯 got horny and I had to help him—"

"That was you!" Russia shouts at the laughing Chinese country before burying his face in the pillow, all embarrassed. I facepalm. Of course. China and his jokes.

I missed them.

China puts his hands up, "Okay, okay. I'll get serious."

"As you should," Russia grumbles.

China clears his throat, "While you were away, Canada has been taunting 俄罗斯 about you breaking up with him. Russia couldn't control his temper and attacked Canada. I'm sure Israel told you about how chaotic the school was."

I nod, letting myself stroke Russia's arm, "Did Canada do anything else?" Knowing my brother, he always has a reason for his actions. He's a planner, like China. That's why they're so similar and yet so different.

"Not that I know of," Russia murmurs.

China slaps his *ss, making the Russian hiss, "Of course you don't. You were so blinded by rage that you fought Canada right after he finished his cult speech." The two glare at each other before Russia groans in defeat.

"Cult speech?" I ask, disturbed by that subtle information.

China shrugs, "I don't know much about it. It usually ends when I arrive and *definitely* ends when 俄罗斯 arrives." I frown. I need to know more. I need to know more about Canada's doings. I need an outside perspective.

I snap my fingers, "Get Taiwan for me."

China grimaces, "Why? I don't want him touching you again."

I chuckle at his stupid statement, "Chin-Chin, why would I want him touching me? He has Isa and I have you and Ruski."

China smirks, "Good. You know you're ours." He winks at me and leaves the room. I grit my teeth, my cheeks flushing a deep red.

Ours.

I turn my attention to Russia who seems to be enticed by the ceiling. His eyes are furrowed as his lips are pressed together. "Ruski, what's on your mind?" I ask, not wanting to disrupt his train of thought.

He sighs, relaxing his tense body, "I'm trying to find ways to fix my reputation. No one trusts me anymore. Well, besides North Korea and China of course."

"And me," I remind him. "How are you sure that no one trusts you?"

Russia chuckles painfully, "From what I can see, I pushed the people I was close to away. Germany is now siding with Canada on most matters. India, although I hate her guts, is siding with Canada. Vietnam too. Even some of the teachers don't trust my words because they see me as a savage. And I was. I was a savage after the constant taunts Canada directed towards me. I was so angered by his words. Angry that you hate me. Angry at China for what he caused. And so I snapped and ruined everything." He continues staring at the ceiling, face blank. I crawl next to him, using my hand to stroke his cheek. "I'm sorry," Russia murmurs. "I was stupid."

"That makes the two of us," I smile softly, kissing his cheek. "Or the three of us," I add.

Russia nods, laughing softly as he pecks my lips delicately. Who wouldn't trust him? I know my opinions are biased but come on! Russia is such an amazing country once you get to know him.

And an amazing kisser too.

I lie down next to him, snuggling up to his side. He wraps his arm around me, pulling me close. I hum in content when he kisses my forehead. He is a gentle giant. Well, to China and I at least.

The door opens with China storms inside and flops down on the bed next to us. Taiwan's audible gasp startled me as I hastily got up to look at him. His gasp turns into a smirk as he walks in, wiggling his eyebrows.

"This is why I didn't want him to come," China whispers to me. I nod, now remembering why.

Taiwan gets onto the bed, sitting down with his legs crossed as he looks at us, "First things first before I tell you anything, are you three by any chance in a relationship?" He bats his eyelashes innocently.

That was unexpected but expected at the same time. It's Taiwan we're talking about. I clear my throat, "I'm only telling you this because you're China's brother. Yes." I managed to get out. Russia seems unconcerned while China is fuming.

Taiwan giggles happily like a little child as he claps his hands in delight, "I knew it! I knew this would happen."

China groans, his anger fading. He rubs his nose bridge, "Yes. You knew."

And yes, somehow Taiwan did know. China and Russia explained to me how Australia saw that I wanted two instead of one? Geez Aussie. I didn't even know that! But I guess I landed on a jackpot. China and Russia want me and each other.

"When are you guys going to, you know, make it official?" Taiwan smiles giddily.

I raise a brow, "Official? To tell everyone? I don't want Canada to ruin anything more for right now."

Taiwan shakes his head, "No. Not that kind of official. This kind." He does an okay sign with one hand and inserts two fingers into the hole. My eyes go wide, my mouth goes dry.

I never knew Taiwan was this dirty-minded!

Russia chokes on his saliva as he tries covering his face. China? China's just laughing at our reactions! "I'm down. I'm only waiting for them." China hums, gripping my thigh. I glare at him, shoving his hand off. Taiwan is here!

I cleared my throat, "Anyways, besides all that, I wanted to ask you about the high school when I was gone. I already know their side of the story." I point to my boyfriends who look regretful for what they have done.

Taiwan rubs his temple, "Where do I start?" He sighs, "When Russia first started getting violent, we didn't know what to do. Everyone hid in their classrooms, but that didn't mean we were safe. Until one day people saw Canada fighting Russia to protect Ukraine and Isa. Although it was Russia's victory, others saw it as a drawl. So then on, people followed Canada around for his protection. Germany, being the president of the school, tried desperately to prevent violence. He asked Russia time and time again to stop. He asked Canada to talk you into coming back. He tried everything and nothing worked. As the week went on, people began hating him for being useless. They believe that Canada will be their savior. Canada will hold speeches after school to secure his place as the leader. I was never invited to these meetings because of my ties with my brother, but Isa has told me it was like a cult. Everyone loves him to no end."

"Sh*t," I mumble, furrowing my eyebrows. It's harder than I expected. Well, what did I expect? "What is he doing?" I whisper to myself. Canada wants power. He already has power. What is he going to do with that power?

Taiwan fumbles his fingers nervously, "I have something to confess."

He swallows as our eyes train on him. He wipes his sweaty palms on his pants as he tries not to make eye contact. "Everyone knew about Canada's relationship with Ukraine and many helped with the efforts of keeping it a secret. We all believed that what you three were doing was unjust. But, we never knew about Canada's other plan for breaking your relationship. After Isa found out about it, it was too late: You stopped coming to school, 中国 wouldn't talk to me, and Russia went on a rampage. Again, I'm sorry. I trusted Canada before, and now I see him as the wolf in sheep's clothing."

China was about to pounce on Taiwan before Russia held him back. "We forgive you, Taiwan. It's not your fault. You don't know my brother." I smile warmly.

He nods, "he's just like 中国."

"I'm way better than him," China snaps angrily.

"Not this time at least," Taiwan scoffs. He turns to me, "Anything else you want to know?"

From everything that I've heard so far, I know Canada is trying to become powerful in this school. But the question is how? Yes, he has a following. Yes, he destroyed China and Russia's reputation. Yes, he prevented me from coming to school. Wait. What other people have power in this school?

"Taiwan, does Canada talk about me?" I ask in a whisper.

He nods, "He does, but only to tell us that you're never coming back to the school. In fact, he told everyone you're already enrolled in an academy away from here. Isa and I didn't believe him and finally contacted you through your little sister." Hah. Canada lied. Again. I was never going to enroll into a new school.

China hums, "Does anyone want her back?"

Taiwan sighs, "Almost everyone because...we knew there's something going on between you three. It didn't make sense how after the carnival you guys changed. It was a big talk at school."

"And you didn't tell us?" China glares.

"I tried! I couldn't find you anywhere after school," Taiwan defends himself.

China grits his teeth, knowing he's in the wrong. "Thanks, Taiwan." I smile. "You're a real one."

Taiwan smiles, "Of course. Only for my stupid brother's girlfriend." He gets up, getting a glare from China. Taiwan stretches, "Well, I have to go finish my homework. Call me when you need me."

He hops off the bed and leaves through the door. "By the way, please don't make any noises tonight. I need my beauty rest," He winks, runs away before the pillow could hit his face.

"Taiwan!" I shriek, my cheeks flushing a deep red. That little rascal.

China pulls me onto his lap and stuffs his face in the crook of my neck, "He's finally gone."

"We need to make a plan," I grumble, trying to get out of his grasp. He hugs me tighter, refusing to let go of me.

Russia chuckles tiredly, "What do you think Canada wants? He already has my sister."

"He probably wants to see us rot," China grumbles angrily. "And we gave that right to him."

"He used me against you two," I murmur. Now what does China and Russia have that Canada wants? "China, what position do you have at school again?" I ask.

"I'm the leader of the student government meetings," he replies.

"And Germany is the president of the school?"

"Correct."

So with Germany as president and China at the head of the meetings, that means that they share the same authority. Apparently, the only difference is that China was appointed by the principal while Germany was elected by the students. So there's no

way Canada could get China's position unless the principal says so.

"Does the principal still like you?" I ask.

Russia answers for China, "Yes. They are like father and son."

Oh sh*t. Then could that mean... "How's Germany doing?" I blurt out anxiously. Taiwan said everyone hates him.

"Not sure, but I hate him. He betrayed me," Russia growls, tightening his grip on China's hand. "He was my best friend and now he considers Canada as his best friend."

"From what I know, people don't trust him anymore. I can tell by the way they're avoiding him," China analyzes.

Russia scoffs, "Maybe because they were afraid of you and Germany isn't."

China shrugs, "Maybe."

"It's a bit of a stretch, but I think Canada is trying to become president of the high school," I state, finally finding some sort of lead into Canada's plan.

"屎!" China curses, "That explains his rallies."

"Serves Germany right," Russia grumbles softly.

I frown, "Ruski. He's not the enemy here."

"The election is in a week. The presidential speeches are this Friday. If Canada is going to run against Germany then Canada will surely win." China says anxiously. He hugs me tighter as he thinks about the situation at hand.

"What should we do?" I groan. Russia has no allies besides China and North Korea. China can't possibly run and destroy the balance of the school government.

China huffs in annoyance, "We need someone to run for us. Unfortunately, no one trusts us anymore!" Russia looks away

guiltily.

"Sorry," he mumbles.

China shakes his head, "It's not your fault. I was in the wrong too."

"Me too," I add. "I should've listened to you two before running away. I guess I just listened to Canada saying that if I don't talk to you I'll get over you..." I place China's and Russia's hands in my, "I'm sorry." The two nod in acknowledgment, squeezing my hand in theirs.

We stay in a comfortable silence as we think about our next course of action. Russia stares at the ceiling, eyebrows furrowed. China's playing with my hair and braiding it. I'm staring at the wall in front of me, blinking every now and then when an idea pops into my head. But all of them are bad. I can't just barge into the school and demand everyone to listen to me and not my brother. I know people hate me. I know people don't trust me. Think, think, think!

"Америка, you're running for president," Russia states.

I blink, "What?"

"You're the only one that is on good terms with both sides. You can stop Китай and I. Everyone wants you back. It's only logical for you to be the next president." He explains.

"But, what about Germany?"

Russia shrugs, "He won't be an issue."

I swallow, "There must be a better candidate..."

"Think about it, 美国. You're the only one in the school that has a fighting chance against your brother." China emphasizes.

"I guess you're right." I bite my lips. Okay. I said I wanted to take Germany's position away as a joke. Now? It looks like I have to. "So, how do I get our peers to side with me?"

China grins evilly, "Leave that up to me."

Unlocking

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Unlocked

Revenge…

65

America POV

Russia, China, and I spent the time preparing my presidential speech. China already contacted the principal about my latent participation in the student government election via phone—yes, he has the principal's phone number. In my opinion, Mr. Gondwana seems to be too excited for my entrance. It seems wrong to love student drama at such an age. Perhaps his life has been boring for all its eternity so that must be the reason why he is so keen on knowing about the student life. Whatever the reason, I'm happy he's on our side.

I yawn as I watch China type on the computer. The speech is excessively long. People will get bored if I ramble on and on. But I'm not telling China that yet. He's typing with such ferocity that I should be hiding in a safe. I'm the one who should be the angriest one out of all of us. No. It's China who's going on a rampage on the keyboard.

I rest my head on my arm as I watch Russia as he squints and snarls at every word that China's typing up. It's hilarious how he despises most of the writing while simultaneously agreeing to it.

Note to self. I need to revise everything on that document. The speech China is writing for me will make others believe I'm the one oppressing the oppressor. People don't know about the Canada that I know. He will manipulate with his artificial maple kindness. Because that's all he is. An act. A horrible and awful act.

"Don't do that! That will make her look vulnerable," Russia snaps, finally finding something to disagree with China about. I roll my eyes. Here we go again.

"We need to include that. Our peers must know what Canada has done to her," China continues typing, his eyes do not leave the screen. Now I'm wondering if he's just venting.

Russia exasperates, "Exactly! No one knows what Canada has done to her and you."

China huffs, turning to me for my opinion. I smile tiredly, "Do what you want, but I'm going to revise everything."

"美国," he pouts, placing his left hand on my inner thigh. "俄罗斯 and I worked so hard on this." Russia scoffs and immediately gets a jab from China.

I chuckle lightly, amused by my boyfriends'—yes, my boyfriends' antics. I still can't get over that. It happened so fast. China quirks a brow as he watches me turn all red and hot. "Америка. You're burning up. Let me get you some water," Russia rushes out of his chair, only to be held back by a now smirking China.

I groan, frustrated in myself, "I'm not sick." Russia calms down and sits back in his chair. He takes the laptop away from China and begins reading everything over. I'm glad he didn't catch on.

China, being the one who is amazing at reading expressions, pulls me onto his lap. "Care to tell us what you were thinking about?" He hums. His hot breath against the nape of my neck makes my bottom throb. I hate how my body reacts to him because I know he'll tease me for it. "Don't be shy," he purrs, biting my ear lobe and breathing in my scent.

I shiver against him, but I dare not look at him. Instead, I look over to the computer screen. China wrote "If you don't vote for me, you will all fall into the hands of a manipulator who will ruin your life with anti-memory pills, destroy your relationships, and change who you actually are." Yeah, no. Too straight forward.

"I'm definitely rewriting this," I whisper.

"You're so cruel," China hugs me tightly.

Russia snorts, "Serves you right."

"Look who's talking? Weren't you the one who insisted on adding the ways Canada will use all his friends to his advantage?" China glares.

"It is necessary," Russia bites back.

China shrugs, "Mine is necessary too."

"I'm changing both," I grumble as I read through the speech. It sounds more like China and Russia rambling and getting angry rather than a straightforward, genuine, and concise speech. "No one will vote for me with this. Also, we need proof of Canada making you guys the way you were at school."

Russia nods, "The security cameras at school will be our proof."

China face palms, "He took you to the unisex restroom. There are no cameras there."

"блять," Russia furrows his eyebrows.

"Please tell me you have a plan," I say to no one in particular.

China chuckles, "Never doubt my abilities. I always have a plan for everything."

"And what is that?" I inquire.

"It—"

The door slams open and in comes Taiwan. "媽媽 will be here in 1 minute. Thought I'd warn you three."

I frantically get off of China, my eyes darting around the room in search of a place to hide. What happens if Ms. Qing sends me back home? I don't want to talk to or see Canada or Father after everything that has been revealed to me. I want to stay with Russia and China. I know I'm safe with them. I can trust them.

"You don't need to hide. I'm sure she's fine with you here," Russia soothes, holding my hand.

I swallow, my voice shaky, "I don't want to go back."

Russia hugs me, resting his chin on the top of my head. "If she doesn't want you here, China and I will leave with you. We can go

to my father's palace or his cabin in the woods. We'll keep you safe. I promise." With his words, I relax in his embrace.

"Ummm, bye." Taiwan leaves with a slam of the door.

China grumbles in annoyance as he looks at his watch, "She never comes to my room unless it's something important."

I hug Russia tighter. It's okay. She can't drag me away. It will be fine.

A few seconds later, Ms. Qing opens the door, signifying her grand entrance. Her traditional blue dress flows behind her as she walks in with grace. Her eyes immediately landed on me with curiosity instead of anger. I smile timidly as she approaches Russia and I.

"Wait till I tell R.E about this," she smirks.

"Папа?!" Russia pulls me closer to him. I feel his heart beating at a rapid rate.

Ms. Qing sighs contently, "You two are so adorable together. Please break up with my son. He is not worthy of you two." China looks away from us, playing with his watch. I hate the way his mom thinks of him. He is everything that I want him to be. He is my China. He is Russia's China. He is ours.

"First of all, thanks. Second of all, we will not break up with him. And lastly, how do you know we're dating?" I rant, my emotions mixed from the different comments.

She winks at me, "I have my ways." I bet Taiwan slipped up.

"What are you doing here?" China asks, angrily. He glares at her, as he relaxes in his chair.

Ms. Qing scoffs, "I am your mother. I am free to roam around the house." She turns to me, "And I want to visit my soon to be daughter-in-law and son-in-law."

"What?!" Russia and I blurt out. We just started dating and she's already thinking about our future when we didn't even think about

that yet.

She nods her head, getting serious, "I want grandchildren. So does R.E. China, being the selfish country he is, only wants one child."

"Ms. Qing! We just started dating. I want to take things slow," I tried reasoning with her.

She hums, "Take your time. But you know what I want." With that, she leaves. That was seriously unexpected of her. I thought she would interrogate me about my Father's doing. I thought she would punish me for being here. But no. She only came here to talk about my future with Russia and China.

What the f*ck?!

China rumbles with laughter which makes me even more embarrassed. I stuff my face into Russia's chest, trying to hide from life. Russia is still frozen from our interaction with Ms. Qing. I wonder if he's even breathing.

"F*ck you," I grumble, peering over Russia's shoulder. China winks, making me hug Russia tighter.

Russia coughs, his voice weak, "You need a permanent lock."

"Agreed," China shrugs.

I shake my head. Now that's over, we have more serious problems to discuss. "What's your plan?" I ask China.

He grins smugly, "Lure Canada into a fight with 俄罗斯 at the mall."

"I don't like that idea," Russia grumbles. His arms around me tense, causing me to shriek. "Sorry," he mumbles, letting me go.

China stares at his phone, "All you have to do is be the protective brother everyone knows you as. Canada and Ukraine will be at the mall this afternoon." He sighs, "And my mom commanded me to bring 美国 shopping today. We can do three tasks at once."

"Three?" I inquire.

"Three. Japan, Poland, and Israel will be there. I want them to spread rumors about us around the school." China hums, getting up from his seat and stretching.

Russia squints his eyes at him, "You mean Japan?"

"Of course 亲爱的. She loves school drama more than her boyfriend," China chuckles.

I cross my arms, scoffing, "I don't want Ruski to argue with Canada. What happens if we get kicked out?"

"Way ahead of you," China smiles, showing me his phone. He has the phone number of the mall owner?! I stare at it, mouth agape as I read the message he just sent about soon-to-be ruckus. He chuckles, cupping my cheek and kissing it, "Surprise."

"Ruski, did you know about this?" I whisper.

Russia shrugs, "Китай did it with his son."

I slap China across the cheek. "And you were fine with it?!" I huff.

Russia nods, "I knew where his heart lies. Also, he always complained about everyone at school. He's our two-faced charismatic manipulator."

"Awe, that's so sweet of you," China chuckles, kissing Russia on the cheek.

I groan, placing my hands on my hips, "Let's get this over with. I do not want to see my brother again."

"I don't want to see my sister too," Russia grumbles.

I whip my head around, "What did she ever do to you?" Russia never gave me a good reason to hate her. I still don't. She's only naive and ignorant. And believe me, I was ignorant once.

"He doesn't know himself," China chuckles, patting Russia on the back. Russia glares, but doesn't say anything proving China right.

I giggle, hugging Russia, "You're very stupid."

"I'm not," He huffs.

"Then give us a real reason," China grins, squeezing Russia's cheeks. He doesn't budge, but his cheeks are flaring up.

I grin internally. "Please Ruski! We just want some answers." I cuddle into him, looking up at him with puppy dog eyes.

"Блять!" He curses, shaking us off on him, holding his nose as blood drips down. I stare at him blinking in surprise while China laughs. Russia rushes into the bathroom, embarrassed and angry.

"I only thought Japan could do that," I hum.

China turns to me, with a smirk on his face, "The question is, what can you do?"

"Ruski! Save me!"

...

HAPPY HOLIDAYS EVERYONE! 🎄

66

[image]

Confrontation

IM BACK HEHEHEHE!

America POV

We are here at the mall, readying ourselves for confrontations. I'm wearing my ripped jeans, Russia's black hoodie, and a black cap with Russia's and China's flag on it. Lastly, I'm wearing my amazing heavily tinted sunglasses. Russia and China are just wearing what they normally wear. They don't need to hide their identities. They need to be known.

"I heard there's a new dessert store opening up at the food court. We have to go!" Taiwan exclaims.

I dragged Taiwan along because China said Israel will be there. What better way is there to set them up on a little date? Besides, Israel doesn't like drama. With Japan and Poland on the move, Taiwan will keep her company. At first China disagreed, but he soon realized that Taiwan's presence will indicate his presence, therefore motivating Poland and Japan to scout the mall for us.

If everything goes as planned, that is.

"You can go with Israel. Ruski, Chin-chin, and I have some important things to attend to," I hum.

Taiwan stops in his tracks, "Israel's here?!"

"Yes," I smile.

"I can't see her like this! Why didn't you tell me earlier?!" Taiwan exasperates, shaking me with all his might.

Russia shoves him off of me, "It's not that bad."

"I'm wearing a pink hello kitty onesie," Taiwan deadpans, gesturing to his outfit with his hands.

China smirks, patting his back, "Be yourself."

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Taiwan screams. Russia, China, and I walk off, leaving Taiwan to fend for himself. "Miss! You owe me!"

I shake my head, laughing, "I'm the one who set you up with a date. You're the one who should owe me."

"I'll get you back!"

I scoff, "As if."

Russia, China, and I leave the raging Taiwanese to fend for himself. I look back, giggling to myself as he flushes up all red when he spots Israel. Israel will definitely do the same.

"I have a bad feeling about this," Russia murmurs.

China sighs, "We need recordings. You're the only way we can get them. I already have N.K set up all the cameras around the mall."

I puff my cheeks, "I have a better idea. Why don't we first get Japan and Poland to send messages to all the students that I'm at the mall? Then you fight Canada or whatever it is you guys are going to do."

"But I already set up all the cameras," China whines.

I pat his back, "I never said we weren't going to use those. I'm suggesting our peers get a front row view of this whole interaction without Canada knowing. It'll make them realize how much of an *sshole my brother really is."

Russia hums, nodding his head, "I like that idea better. We aren't taking advantage of the presidential speeches that way, making it 'fair' for Canada."

"The problem is our classmates will know 俄罗斯 and I are here, 美国," China sighs.

I bite my lips, "Then we make our relationship public."

"What?" Russia flushes red.

China smirks, "I like that idea. It will make everyone know you're ours." He kisses my cheek and I roll my eyes.

"No, it will show that I have two dogs on a leash," I giggle, cupping his cheek with my hand.

"Even better," China hums, licking the corner of my lip. I blush, pushing him away from me and bumping into Russia's chest.

"I think Poland and Japan already found us," Russia whispers, holding my waist.

I nod, "I'll go talk to them while you two find Canada."

"Canada is easy to find," China says, taking out his phone. He taps on the screen and shows me a photo of Canada and Ukraine eating in the food court. "We can wait a little while. We need a crowd, remember?" China winks.

I let out a breath, "Yes. Let's go shopping first!" I beam, running into the first store that catches my eye.

"Америка! Don't wander too far!" Russia hurriedly rushes to my side.

We walk around the mall, looking at any store that looks pleasing to the eye. China bought me any clothing I wanted. I'm sure it's because his mom forced him too, but I'll make sure to pay back.

As I wander around the aisles of cute plushies, I soon find myself alone. I shrug, knowing that Russia and China wouldn't be far away so I shouldn't worry about their absence. If anything, I should be happy to pick something out for the three of us!

I journey to the back of the store to find onesies that we can match in. I hum to myself as I browse through the options. China would definitely want the panda one. Russia will be the brown bear. And I will be a polar bear!

I smile widely as I take the onesies off the rack. "They would love this," I whisper to myself.

"Who would love this?"

I turn instantly and I'm met with my awfully sweet brother. Instead of pretending to be shocked, I opt for confusion, "What are you doing here?" I tilt my head, becoming the oblivious girl I once was.

Canada strains a smile, "I can ask the same of you." He takes my cap off and looks at it with disgust, "Russia and China? I told you to stay away from them." He mutters, dropping it to the ground.

My smile drops, "I won't, Canada, and you know why."

He shakes his head, "Amy, you don't know what we're dealing with. They will destroy you. They have already destroyed half the school." He takes my hand in his, looking at me with soft loving eyes. "Come home, Amy. Where you are safe. I won't allow them to break your heart again."

I look into his eyes, almost believing that he wants the best for me. He is my brother. The brother I trusted for almost my whole life. And, a part of me wants to forget how he treated me in the past. A part of me wants to pretend that he never hated me. That he loved me. That he never used me for his own gain or control. But who am I kidding? That's what he wants me to believe. He created me to be like this. To trust him. And I must break his hold. Right here, right now.

"Brother, why must you lie?"

He's taken aback for a moment before his anger rises. "Amy, whatever they told you is false. I want the best for you. Come home. You're safe with me." He says urgently.

I snatch my hand away from his hold. "No, brother. You're the one I should be getting away from. For all my life, I've thought of you as an angel. I thought you were a blessing, I thought I had the best brother. But no. You're false. You crafted yourself to appear as an angel because truly you are a demon." I chuckle, despite him

growing tense and murderous, "You betrayed me in the past. And yet again, you betrayed me now. Why? Because of your own filthy desires." I spat, glaring at him.

Canada crosses his arms, getting defensive, "Me? The demon?" He laughs at my 'joke'. "I wanted the best for you. You were falling into the wrong hands. You were in love with two of the dangerous countries at our school. I can't let my sister fall for their tricks."

I snort, "And what tricks did you find?"

"They'll use you to gain back their glory." He whispers.

I close my eyes, frowning deeply, "Canada, you're wrong. I'm doing this for me. After you wronged me for my entire life, it's finally I have my freedom back."

Canada falters, "Amy, you are free. Father doesn't punish you anymore. And it was I who forced him to be like this. I have your best interest at heart."

I frown deeper, "Those pills Father and you gave me, I know the real story behind those. I fell into a coma after a car crash, but really it was Father and you who drugged me and erased all my childhood memories. You wanted me to forget about my traumatic experiences with you, Father, and Confederate. You wanted me to forget about the only person I cared about then. You wanted to control me!" I glare at him, my hands turning into firsts as he stares back, frightened at being found out.

I smile, finally finding the reaction I desperately wanted. All of what I said was true and he can't argue with me any more. "I did this for your good. You were in a war and I didn't want bad memories to haunt you." He whispers, looking towards the side, still feigning innocence. Now, I wouldn't want to be the aggressor would I?

"Let's not forget how you treated me. You hated me, from the moment I stepped into this world. You told all the kids to stay away from me and left me to survive on my own. When I did start finally having friends, you took it all away. You took China away from me.

You erased the memories of me from my friends. You took me out of existence and brought me back because it was your will to use me like a puppet. Canada, you are the worst brother anyone could ask for!" I seeth, clenching my jaw.

"Really? That's all you think of me? I did so much for you, you didn't even realize it! Who cared for you when you were sick? Who stayed by your side when you were lonely? Me! After I found out about your plan of breaking my relationship, I was furious. Now here you're playing the victim? Admit it, you're wrong." Canada snaps back.

"If it weren't for the deal of breaking your relationship, I would've never found out about your true intentions. You want to rule me. You want to control me. And now you want to control the whole school!"

"Amy..."

"You are a f*cking retard and I wish I was never born into this family! You're so full of lies. You're just like Father!" I shout angrily.

I heard gasps and whispers from across the store, and that's when I realized, China's plan worked in the wrong way. Russia and China were supposed to confront Canada, not me.

Someone clears their throat, "Canada, did you really erase people's memories?"

Canada refuses, shaking his head, "China and Russia have instilled false information. We can't trust her words."

"What I say is the truth and I have the evidence needed to confirm it." I look around the room, finding Italy in the crowd. "Italy, what elementary school did you go to?"

Italy pauses, trying to think, "I don't know... I honestly don't know anything about my elementary school. All I remember is waking up and going to UN middle school. All my other memories are nonexistent." He ponders for a bit, staring at Canada in suspicion.

"Let me enlighten you then. You were China's best friend before

Canada got him suspended. They were rivals at the time and he did everything he could to remove China from everyone's life. He took away my joy and then my home. Confederate, my twin sister, attacked me because of his doings. We were all victims of his greed for power and control. He has a calming and peaceful persona, but really he's a b*tch at heart."

A few people nod around me. "It must be true!" I hear Estonia in the crowd. A few countries make way for her to walk to the front. "I had a childhood photo of me, China, Finland, Italy, Taiwan, America, and another girl. I always wondered if I had any history with any of them. It seems like America confirmed my suspicions. I too had my memories erased by Canada." She declares, pointing at my Canadian brother in anger. "You took something important from me and I will not stop until I get justice."

I grin as I watch Canada's face pale as the students around us murmur in agreement. It seems like what Canada desperately tried to create is finally falling apart. He doesn't back down, though. He never admits defeat.

"Don't you all realize what's happening? It's either me or the freaks that went around hurting everyone. I defended you all from their wrath. I have no intentions on controlling anyone. I only want the best for us and to stop the havoc," Canada desperately tries reasoning.

Germany cleared his throat, "No, Canada. You used our friendship against me. I thought we were best friends. I thought you trusted me. But you stabbed me in the back by lying to me about America's absence. You wanted me to fail my duty as president by making the two strongest and influential countries at our school fight us. You were the mastermind behind all of this. Weren't you?" Germany pushes up his glasses.

Canada swallows, nervously looking around our peers. This is a losing battle for him and I'm enjoying every second of his misery.

"America was also lied to!" I hear Israel's voice. Taiwan stands next to her holding her hand and I internally smile. "I went to her house a few days ago and found out that Canada was telling her that our

gym classes started teaching boxing classes. He knows that if America ever stepped back into school, the fights will seize. He used fear to take control of us so that he will become president."

Canada scoffs, finding confidence and losing his innocent facade, "So what? I'm the only country running for president. You all hated Germany." He grins smugly as everyone realizes their mistake, "I have a guaranteed spot." How I want to wipe off his smirk. He will not win this battle. Canada watches me, taunting me to fight him. But I won't. Because I have my own tricks. Screw keeping it a secret.

"No you don't," I whisper, smiling slightly.

He quirks a brow, before laughing, "Don't tell me that Russia or China is going to run. I'm sure everyone would agree that I'm better than those two hot headed savages!"

"You're right, they aren't running." I chuckle with him, before focusing my attention back on his awfully sweet face, "I am."

He pauses his laughter, looking at me in disbelief. "America for president! America for president!" I hear cheers around our peers. The look on his face is so pleasing that I find myself smiling more. Sweet sweet revenge is finally coming.

I hold out my hand, grinning smugly, knowing for sure that I will win. That I will finally find freedom from his chains. "Good luck, Canada."

67

[image] [image]

America POV

I storm down the hallway and enter China's room. They left me to fend for myself and they wouldn't tell me which store they went to! I find no redemption from their part even with the many excuses they told me.

"美国, hear us out. We didn't mean for you to confront Canada." China frowns, putting the bags of clothes down on his table before walking over to me. I turn my head away from him.

Russia walks in, holding a sparkling pink bag in his hand. He scratches his neck, "It was my fault. Китай and I wanted to buy you something special, but I kept refusing his suggestions. That's why we took so long. Sorry Америка." He looks at me regretfully, waiting for my response. It's so hard to stay mad at him when he's looking at me like that!

I cross my arms, "I forgive you, only if you tell me what you got for me."

China chuckles, cupping my cheek, "That's not how surprises work."

"But I want to see it! You two owe me for leaving me with all those people," I whine.

"It wouldn't be a surprise anymore. We need to give it to you when you're off guard," Russia winks.

"Fine," I groan, sitting on the bed.

China sits down next to me, pulling me onto his lap. He stuffs his face in the crook of my neck, smiling, "You did great today."

"I know," I smile confidently. I finally exposed who Canada really is. To my surprise, some even defended me. I wasn't expecting Estonia

to add to my claim or Germany to expose Canada as a traitor to trust. Israel was right when she said everyone wanted me back.

Russia smiles, sitting down next to me and laying down on the bed, "It's finally over." As soon as he relaxed, his phone started ringing. He groans, picking up. He curses under his breath, frantically getting up. He shoves his phone in his pocket, turning to us. "I have 15 minutes before my chess match."

My eyes widened, "Hurry!" I urged him. He pecks my lips, but before he could leave, China grabs him and gives him a passionate kiss.

Russia glares, his cheeks pink. China pouts, "I need attention too."

Without a word, he kisses China aggressively. I watch, licking my lips. Why are they so hot? Russia backs away, "See you soon." He kisses me on the lips again before hurriedly rushing out the bedroom door.

China hums, his thumb caressing my lips, "You liked that didn't you. You liked to watch us."

I shudder when he kisses my neck. He has a way of making me speechless. "China, if Ruski has a game, don't you?" I whisper.

China stops, pulling out his phone to check the date and time. He curses, setting me aside, "I need to get 台湾."

I sigh as I watch him frantically grab his sports uniform from his drawers. He takes his gym bag and rushes out after kissing me and making me breathless.

He stands at the doorway, "Do you want to come watch?"

I shake my head "I'm too mentally tired from today. I'll watch the live video." He smiles before disappearing.

What I need is a nice hot bath.

...

I stare up at the ceiling bored out of my mind. I should've gone to China's game. I roll to my side, wondering if I should look over my presidential speech. But I don't feel like it. Maybe I should find a good book.

I get up, looking at his bookshelf. In the center there is a small red book called the little red book with a golden communist symbol on it. I'm not touching that.

As I scour through more of his books, it seems to me that everything is about communism. I frown. Soviet probably influenced him. But either way, I can tell China wants all the control and power.

I wonder what Russia thinks. I bet he's in between both. Soviet might have influenced him and I don't see him as the controlling type at school. Well, at least he isn't controlling towards me.

A sigh escapes my lips. It's so boring here. I look around the room, my eyes catching on the pink sparkling bag in the corner of the room. My surprise. It's calling to me.

I walk over, looking around, making sure that Russia and China aren't here. Of course they aren't. They're at their game.

My hand touches the bag, and I pry it open slowly, making sure the wrapper wouldn't wrinkle. The door opens and I jump. "I wasn't looking," I lie, my eyes widening as I look towards the door.

There stands R.E and Ms. Qing, both grinning at my startled state. I swallow, standing up right and smiling as if nothing was wrong, "Goodday."

Ms. Qing hums, turning to look at R.E with a mischievous glint in her eyes. "It wouldn't harm to tell 俄罗斯 and 中国 she's been trying to figure out the surprise, hmm?" She whispers, loud enough for me to hear. I freeze, my mouth going dry. She wouldn't dare.

R.E nods, looking at me thoughtfully, "Tell them to be quiet tonight."

Ms. Qing laughs, resting her hand on his shoulder, "He wouldn't

listen. He loves finding ways to make her..." she looks at me, as if intrigued by my relationship.

My cheeks burn, as I clear my throat, trying to forget their little talk, "Ms. Qing, why haven't you told me about my past with China?"

She shrugs, walking over and sitting down comfortably on the bed. She pats the space next to her, urging me to come sit. I bite my lips, obliging. R.E brings a chair and sits down in front of us with grace. I stare at Ms. Qing, patiently waiting for an answer. She knew and she never told me.

"中国 had a plan and I wouldn't dare ruin it." She smiles at me, "And it was fun to watch the drama."

I blush, remembering every interaction I had with China from before. The tension was thick and we were at each other's throats at times. R.E quirked a brow, "Poc never told me anything."

"That's because you can't keep your mouth shut," She giggles, covering her mouth with her gloved hand.

R.E rolls his eyes at her before looking at me with interest, "Tell me, America. How did you get my sons all over you?"

Sons? It's only Russia... I tilt my head, confusion spreading my expression. Ms. Qing sighs, slapping the empire hard on the cheek. R.E quickly gets back to his senses, "I consider Китай as my son."

That got my gears turning. "Are you two dating?" I ask in a whisper, hoping not to offend them. This catches them off guard.

"How can I like someone who still hasn't gotten over their past lover?" Ms. Qing scoffs, though it's not directed hatefully against me.

R.E glares at her, "As if you didn't. Right! You never had anyone to love. Your sons were a product of your needs."

She snaps back, "I admit that my empire needs a heir to the throne, but your kind breed excessively. How many children do you have?

4? 10?"

"It's not about heirs. It's the joy children bring to your life," R.E defends. "You hate your children. You never listen to their suggestions."

"Because their suggestions are not what I have in mind. Tell me, you don't listen to your children either, do you?"

Finding nothing to say R.E ridicules her love life again, "Who is the birth father of your children?"

"Who birthed your children? Can you name them all?" Ms. Qing counters.

The tension is thick as I watch these two empires go at each other's throats. "Get a room," I mumble.

My sudden comment breaks their train of thought as they turn to me in utter disbelief. R.E is the first to break from the shock, a smirk resting on his lips, "I think we should give it a shot."

Ms. Qing glares at him, her pale skin turning red. "We will not. You are my enemy!"

"Says the person who had fun with Japanese empire." R.E hums, feigning curiosity, "Why not me? Surely you hate me all the same, or even more."

"That never happened. You're hearing rumors."

Ms. Qing grits her teeth and I really want to get out of here. "Is there a reason why you two are here?" I whisper, hoping not to anger them further. The sexual tension is there and I want it to dissipate. Maybe they should be the ones that must be warned about making noises at night.

That seems to finally get to their purpose. Ms. Qing rests her hand on mine, looking at me softly, "We know about your complications with your family. We just wanted to warn you that I'm hosting a dinner for all the empires to settle disputes."

I nod, grateful for her warning. "Thank you. I will be attending."

R.E looks at me with concern, "Are you sure?"

I nod, "I consider my personal life separate from my political life." He seems to relax slightly, but my eyes could be tricking me.

The two stay silent, thinking on my words. I know politics can get involved with personal life, but I try my best to separate them. If someone uses my stance against me, then I will pull out my full fury on them. I hope it's not one of these empires. "So," I start, getting their attention back, "What is the meeting about?"

Ms. Qing painfully smiles, "I want the European empires and Japanese empire to stop encroaching on my land." She shoots a piercing glare at R.E who only laughs.

He chuckles, "You're too funny. The land is available and you're not able to protect it. I have the better military to defend this land from the Japanese empire. You should know that by now."

She scoffs, before turning back to face me with a wider smile, "We will also be talking about European disputes. Particularly between R.E and his former lover."

This gets R.E to stop his annoying laughter. He smiles tightly, "How about you worry about your own country. Afterall, you wouldn't listen to China or Taiwan's suggestions about equipping better military equipment. You could've negotiated with me."

She shakes her head, "They don't understand. And you certainly can't say anything because you're still mourning over being cheated on. Maybe it was G.E's whole plan after all. To make you break and falter." She looks at the golden and silver rings on her hands with shiny gemstones, indifferent, "I wouldn't be surprised if a war breaks out between you two."

R.E shrugs, not admitting to anything. But his demeanor shifted and I know that if war was ever to happen, he will be against G.E. And me? Heck, I don't want anything to do with European countries! They're all f*cking control freaks, making the people on the lands

they conquered do all the dirty work for them. That's what father did to me and, probably, Confederate.

"America is right. It's better to leave politics out of personal life, don't you think?" Ms. Qing turns to R.E, knowing well she hit the dot.

R.E stiffens, but relaxes, looking at me in suspicion, "Where would you stand if your father were to ever go to war."

I blink, surprised by the sudden questioning. But it seems as if war is on the horizon. Tensions are high between Ms. Qing and R.E. I can only guess how they are between all the other European empires. I think about my words carefully, knowing well that even if I pretend to be indifferent, I will gain enemies. "My goods are ready and the borders open," I say bluntly. It's not a good response, but he gets my point. I have no intentions of mingling with europeans.

I stare at the two empires in question, "If you two hate each other so much, why are you hanging out?"

Ms. Qing snorts at my joke, "I needed to talk to him about some important things. Like getting my land back."

I hum in acknowledgement, "Is there anything else you want to tell me about?"

"I already texted 中国 and 俄罗斯 about you trying to open the pink bag without their permission," Ms. Qing winks. R.E has the audacity to laugh at me.

I blush in embarrassment, "If you don't have anything good to say, get out!"

"She is Britain's child," R.E smiles, getting up from his seat.

I watch as the two empires elegantly leave. Clenching my fists, I smile mockingly at them, "Don't make any noise tonight. Ruski and Chi need rest after their long game."

Ms. Qing turns, her cheeks a bright red. I smirk at her state, happy

about my accomplishment. R.E rumbles with laughter, pulling Ms. Qing close to him by the waist. My face pales when I realize that it will actually come true. "You should worry about yourself, America. We both know your two boyfriends would love to punish you tonight." With that, he leaves with China's mom still held by him. They close the door and I'm left to rethink my life decisions.

What could possibly China and Russia do to me?

...

A whimper escapes my lips as I'm tied to the bed with only my under layers on. Heat rushes to my core with each touch and kiss. This is torture!

Russia lays at my side, trailing his abnormally cold fingers down my stomach. The light touches send shivers down my spine.

China lays between my legs, kissing my inner thighs. I bite my lips when he kisses too close to my crotch.

Russia pecks my lips, smiling down at me. I glare at him, unwilling to apologize. One, because I didn't punish them for leaving me to argue with Canada by myself. And two, I don't want this to end.

"Америка, we told you not to look at your surprise," Russia whispers deeply. He bites my earlobe, making me gasp. It's not helping with China down there. He seems to be enjoying himself as he continues kissing around my core.

F*ck. This is torture.

And I desperately want to prove Ms. Qing and R.E wrong. But I can't bring myself to.

"Ruski, I couldn't help it. You two left abruptly and I had nothing to do," I whine.

China chuckles, I feel his hands rubbing my inner thighs but never reaching my core, "You didn't want to watch my badminton match."

I bite my lips, "I had a talk with your parents."

He rolls his eyes teasingly, knowing that I white-lied, "That doesn't justify your case."

I moan when he finally places his hand on my drenched core. Russia smiles happily, capturing my lips in his. He kisses me tenderly. His tongue sneaks in and I want him, desperate for him. He groans, deepening the kiss, a hand playing with my breast.

Russia hisses into my mouth and I know well that China smacked his *ss. But nothing prepared me for what came next. I cry out when China circles his hand on my cl*t through the cloth of my panty. I grab onto the rope that binds my wrists to the bed, trying my best to distract myself from moaning.

"You're so wet," China hums, tasting his fingers, "And you taste like vanilla."

My cheeks heat, "China!"

"I'm telling the truth," he smirks.

Russia grins, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. Such a delicate movement but yet such a wicked smile. "You're ours," he whispers possessively. I shudder at his change of voice, somewhat liking them being in control of my body.

Only in bed though.

"Please," I whimper, not sure as to what I exactly want from them. They make me feel so good!

A deep sinful chuckle come from China, "What do you want, 美国?"

"To prove Ms. Qing and R.E wrong," I mutter.

Russia quirks a brow, "What is that supposed to mean?"

Gasping, trying to speak again, "That we won't be the ones being noisy tonight."

He looks back and the two stare directly at each other. China immediately cracks a smile, "That won't happen. 妈妈 hates all

European empires."

"I swear it's true." Wanting to free my hands, I look up at Russia pleadingly. Yes, I didn't get my fill, but I want to prove the empires wrong. My relationship isn't as predictable as they think.

"But we deserve a treat," Russia pouts, kissing my collar bone.

I scoff, despite myself, "Then we're even here. You two owe me for leaving me at the mall today."

"We can be your treat," China hums, sliding his hands up my thighs. My breath hitches, when he places his crotch near mine. I furrow my eyebrows, trying not to signal that I'm enjoying it. Unfortunately, my legs shake, making his grin grow even more sinister.

I watch as Russia kisses him passionately. I tremble with desire, heat flooding to my core the more I watch. Look away, America. But I can't. Not when they're so mesmerizing and enticing.

I shake my head, denying myself lust. That's what they want. That's what they'll use against me so I give them a treat. "I'm tired. You two already had fun in the shower earlier," I whine, turning my face towards the side, urging myself not to get distracted by their show.

Russia's hand cups my cheek lovingly, "Alright. But can you promise us something?"

He begins untying my hands. "And what will that be?" I ask.

"Wear the surprise we got you on the day we want you to," He smiles, putting the rope on the nightstand.

I shrug, not minding it, "Sure."

"Got it on tape," China puts his phone back onto the desk.

"China! You don't trust me?" I pout, crossing my arms.

He rolls his eyes, "Of course I do."

Russia already got into bed so I joined him, snuggling up to his side. I grin up at him as I trail my hand down his chest. Before he could react, I kiss him on the cheek. "Good night Ruski."

He smiles warmly, wrapping his arm around me, "Goodnight Америка."

I yawn, feeling the bed dip on my other side. China hums in content as he spoons me from behind. My body tenses, desire coursing through my veins. Stop it America! I huff, relaxing in their embrace before slowly drifting off to sleep.

Few hours later (3:27 AM)

"R.E!"

"Я думал, ты сказал, что не хочешь меня трахать."

"我错了. 大错特错!"

"Я знал, что тебе понравится эта извращенная сучка."

"是的，请."

My eyes shoot open at the noise. No way. Are they really doing what I think they're doing?

"Хочешь еще?"

Oh f*ck! The two empires are really f*cking.

China groans behind me, pulling me closer to him. He stuffs his face in the crook of my neck. His finger twitch, and I know d*mn well not to stir his anger and annoyance.

I watch as Russia sleeps like a solid rock. Man, I wish I could do that and not have to listen to his dad and, probably, soon-to-be-step-mom have sex. I kind of regret not giving China and Russia what they wanted now.

Finally, China gets out of bed and rushes down the hallway. "This is why I told you to get soundproof doors!" I hear China scream. The

ground shakes when he slams the door. He appears again, walking back to my side and getting under the covers. He hugs me, murmuring, "They should be done soon."

Humming in acknowledgement, I make a mental note to bombarded the empires with questions. Aren't they literal enemies?! Oh f*ck. I should've never given them the idea that politics and personal lives stay separate. Both of them seem to take it to heart.

68

[image]

Do go check out @Emma75530200 art!

America POV

I sigh contentedly as I walk through the school hallways. Stepping back into the building and looking into the classrooms brings me a thrill. Memories flood back to me, keeping me alert to how I came to this position. We all fought our own battles—Ukraine in her pool of blood, the group meeting in the janitor's office, India covered in slime. I giggle at the image of her dripping in neon-green slime, her white jeans smeared with red coloring. Jealousy made me do it. She touched what's mine.

As I turn the corner, I grimace at the room in front of me—the art room. It was here that I was deceived by my own brother and his friend Mexico. But if it weren't for this, I wouldn't have learned about his wrongs, his mistakes, his lies. Pretending to date Mexico was one part of his plan to get revenge against Russia, China, and me. The rest will remain a mystery because I completed his goal without his further devising.

He said we were a team and that we should always be honest with each other. He made an oath that we would stick together. But in reality, he used me for his own gain. He hated me when I was little, and now he sees me as a tool, a pawn in his chess game. But that pawn has reached the end of the board—and has come for revenge.

Although I will never understand Russia's protectiveness over his sister, I can understand how desperate Canada is for love—because our love as siblings was fake. It was a blind love where I put my trust in the wrong hands. His hands. We wanted real love, and here we found it, revealing latent secrets he kept buried six feet under.

Russia and China revived it.

The promise they made to me when they recruited me stuck with them, but I bet they had already begun looking into it before my proposal. My childhood seems foreign to me—a simple child, unbothered by others, who keeps to herself. She's not like me. I'm not like me. I have become cruel, ruthless, and relentless. I have become the monster Canada created me to be. Suffering is enjoyable. Pain is rewarded. Love is nonexistent.

Taking a deep breath, I step onto the platform leading up to the stage. Canada is already there. Although he seems composed, I can see right through him—his jaw clenched, his eyes darting through the crowd. His nervousness is subtle but recognizable—just what I wanted to see. He has no escape from what is about to come, and I made sure of it. We made sure of it.

Canada turns, our eyes locking. For a deafening, tension-filled three seconds, I push aside my hatred. Smiling at my brother, I make my way toward him. He smiles back, though it's strained with worry, while mine is carefree. I have already won, and he knows it.

Taking my eyes off him, I let them wander through the crowd. The chatter is loud, students debating amongst themselves about the candidates. Germany has just finished his speech for vice president and is sitting down with the rest of the participants. I frown when I see Russia sulking in the corner, watching something—or someone. I follow his gaze, finding China with his past friends from elementary school, chatting. Shaking my head, I grin. Russia's only jealous.

I continue looking around, finding Japan, Poland, and Ukraine. Ukraine seems to be out of it, constantly scanning the room for threats. Japan and Poland giggle over their phones like little teenagers. I'll have to ask China about the new drama—he seems to know everything that happens around here because of his connections.

Canada stands next to me. I pretend to keep looking at the crowd, ignoring him. He won't be irrational and fight me here. He wants to keep up his facade, though it's already fractured and leaking black liquid from his sick heart.

"Amy, may I speak to you after... this?" he asks cautiously, in a whisper.

Pressing my lips together, I look at Russia again, finding the strength to make a decision.

"Where do you want to meet?" I ask.

Canada swallows as Russia's gaze finds us. Immediately, he glares at my Canadian brother, and I roll my eyes.

"Preferably away from your boyfriends," he mumbles, almost as if he's sorry for what he's done. I want to laugh. I want to tell him how weak he is, but the words catch in my throat.

How does he know we're in a relationship?

For starters, we did agree to make our relationship public, but we never said anything to anyone. Oh, of course—Japan and Poland theorized that we were dating. They were the ones who made our presence known at the mall so the other students could go see for themselves. I'm guessing most people know about it now.

A tap on the microphone silences the audience. It seems everyone is anticipating this portion of the election speeches. Even Japan and Poland shut their phones off, adding to my unease. However, finding Russia's and China's encouraging gazes gives me the confidence to push through. I am ready.

Mr. Gondwana smiles brightly.

"Students, please welcome our candidates for President—Canada Ottawa and America Washington D.C.!"

The crowd cheers, and Canada and I walk onto the stage. I wave at the students, giving my best smile as I make my way to my seat. My speech is ingrained in my head after countless hours of reciting it to Russia and China. It is perfect, and I know I will be perfect.

Mr. Gondwana invites Canada first. He rises, walking smoothly to the podium. The students don't clap—not even Ukraine, his girlfriend. She looks at her lap, playing with her fingers, while

Poland and Japan glare at my brother. The subtle twitch of Canada's fingers makes me feel sorry for him. His only love is embarrassed by him. But he plays it off coolly, with a smile so wide that it hurts to look at him.

"Students of UN High," he begins, his voice unwavering, direct, and focused. And I admire him for that. Even with the whole world against him, he holds his ground. Though the hatred for him burns deep inside me, he taught me everything he knew. And now, I'm going to use those skills against him.

"I, Canada Ottawa, have decided to end my candidacy for president."

Gasps and whispers spread among the crowd, and I catch Russia rolling his eyes.

"The past few weeks have brought us suffering, rage, and hatred," Canada continues.

The students sneer at my boyfriends, and I can't help but snicker.

"But now the chaos has subsided. I thought I was the answer to your call, but I was wrong."

He turns to me, a soft smile on his lips.

"My sister, America, is the rightful owner of the title of president."

I pretend I'm not shocked, but I am. Even Ukraine looks up from her lap. The audience is silent as they watch us. But I know Canada's only doing this to save his reputation. It's his last-ditch attempt, and I won't interfere. Russia and China can punish me all they want later, but I will not ruin this for him. And I know that even if he hates me, he cares for me. It's part of the sibling bond we share.

"Thank you, brother," I whisper.

He grins, turning around to continue his speech.

"Not only did she stop the chaos, she also spread love. The school has never been so unified before, and now we've all come together,

thanks to her. She will be our hope for a brighter future. I vote America for president!"

The students echo the chant, and I smile widely, ignoring the disapproving looks from my boyfriends—because this is my moment.

If I wanted it to unfold this way, it will.

Maybe this will be great.

Maybe I can lead this school.

With my own ideas, thoughts, and opinions.

...

I follow Canada to his car. I'm not sure what he wants to talk about, but I did everything in my power to ensure we had privacy from Russia and China. I'll tell them everything later. It's not like Canada will attack me—he's not as reckless as Russia, no offense. He's a planner.

Canada sighs, his hands in his pockets as he avoids making eye contact. I cross my arms, waiting for him to speak. Patience is usually not on my side, but today, for my brother, I will stay and listen.

"Amy, I'm sorry," Canada starts. And I wait for him to say more about his mistakes. I wait for him to tell me why. But he doesn't, and I feel rage bubbling inside me. After years of being hidden in the dark from my own truth, he comes to apologize but won't elaborate?! Man, I just want to punch him in that pretty face.

Keeping my composure, I ask, "What are you sorry for?"

He sighs, scratching his arm. "For everything I've done to you."

We lock eyes, and I feel as if he's telling the truth. But I know better than to trust him easily. It may be another one of his plans.

"Amy, it was true that I hated you back when we were little. Even

after I erased your memories, I wanted to use you for my own gain. But a few months into training you, I didn't hate you anymore—and I hated myself for that."

He pauses, and I can see the sincerity in his eyes. Canada means every word he says, but I want to hear more of his confession.

"Remember those three months when I ghosted you?" he asks.

I nod, remembering all too well. He would slam the door on me, refuse to eat with me, and avoid me at school. I was heartbroken that my brother hated me.

"I was mad at myself for treating you as my sister. Finally, after some painful consideration, I accepted the fact that we were meant to be—brother and sister. After that, I trained you with everything I knew. We were partners, Amy, and I didn't want it any other way."

"That doesn't make any sense. You took me away from China and Russia," I glare.

"I was mad. I knew something was wrong when Russia asked you to meet up with him that day. For starters, I know China hates me, but I hoped to start over and let you enjoy being with him. Unfortunately, I realized too late that he wanted revenge. I assumed you were in on the plan because of how I saw you act around them. When you finally took Ukraine away from me, I lost control and couldn't stop. We were meant to be partners, not enemies."

Canada explains, and I understand where he's coming from.

I scoff, still trying to keep up my facade of disbelief. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

He bites his lip. "I was scared. I was scared of the past and of destroying what I built with you. Trust. The purest kind of trust. Selfishly, I didn't want to lose you because of my immaturity."

Sighing, I hug him. He tenses under me before wrapping his arms around me.

I smile softly. "I forgive you, brother, but we must take this

relationship slow. I'm still healing, and so are you. For now, let's go back to normal and keep our distance."

"I'll be fine with that. Thank you, Amy," he smiles, breaking the hug.

I nod, stepping away. "I'll see you at dinner tomorrow night."

"I'll see you then," he grins.

I turn to leave, but he stops me.

"Are you dating Russia and China? Is it official? Japan and Poland have been telling everyone about their theories on your relationship status."

My cheeks heat at his words. Canada smirks, not needing me to confirm my answer with words.

"I'll see you at dinner," he smirks evilly, winking at me.

"Don't tell anyone unless it's Japan and Poland themselves spreading the news!" I shriek, storming away.

Canada only laughs louder, feeding my rage and embarrassment.

"I hope you shove a d*ck up your—"

"I know you'll get two up yours!" he shouts back, making my cheeks burst into flames.

I don't reply as I make my way to where China's car is parked. I slide into the backseat, where Russia is still sulking over the lack of attention from China. As soon as I close the door, Russia pulls me onto his lap, securing me tightly in his hold.

China quirks a brow at my blushing state, clearly finding it amusing. "What did he say?"

"He apologized, and I forgave him—" I hold my hand up before he or Russia can cut me off, "but I told him that we are going to build trust. So yes, I'll still be staying with you guys."

Russia hums, kissing my cheek. "You're ours."

I roll my eyes at his possessiveness. "And you two, mine."

"You didn't say the speech we made," China mumbles. He doesn't like plans not being followed, but I had to modify my speech after Canada's. I just had to.

I shrug. "It's not a big deal."

China sighs, turning on the car. "You could've rubbed it in."

"Китай," Russia snaps. "It's her choice. We need to support her decisions."

He rolls his eyes, scoffing, "I know 亲爱的. And I promise I'll make it up to you later." He winks in the mirror and I can feel Russia's hard length twitch against me. My cheeks heat when I realize what they're going to do.

"Do you want to join us?" Russia says softly, kissing my neck.

I shiver, biting my lips. His hands slide down to my crotch, stroking my sensitive nub through the cloth. "Ruski," I breathe. Against my better judgment, my legs open, giving him better access. I meet China's gaze in the mirror, his eyes dilated with lust.

"Is that a yes?" Russia purrs, kissing my neck. I tilt my head, giving him access.

"No," I whisper.

"Perhaps tomorrow?" China smiles innocently.

I nod, catching my breath as I push Russia's hand away, "Yes."

"Promise?" Russia pleads, holding me close.

"We'll see where the day leads us," I smile, kissing him on the forehead.

We arrive back at China's home and I immediately leave the two so

they can have their fun. I knocked on Taiwan's door, hoping that he could distract me from my lustful thoughts.

"你想要什麼, 中國?" Taiwan grumbles from the other side.

"It's America," I inform.

The door opens, and I find Israel in the room with a stack of cards in her hands. She smiles at me, "I'm glad you're president!"

Walking in, I sit down next to her on the ground as Taiwan locks the door. "Thanks. Wouldn't have done it without you and Taiwan. I was so lost during those days," I chuckle.

She nods in understanding before placing a card in the middle. Taiwan sits down, squinting at me, "Let me guess, you're escaping your boyfriends."

"Right on the dot," I giggle.

He smirks, "You're in luck because they'll definitely find you here!"

"Taiwan!" I shriek, pretending to be angry. Israel laughs at my outburst.

"I think she'll be the one finding them first. I can see it in her eyes," she wiggles her eyebrows at me, making me blush.

I huff, "Not you too."

And now that I look at it, their relationship is purely romantic—and I'm intruding on their date. "You know what, I'll go somewhere else. I can't handle it if you two do something lovey-dovey around me," I state, getting up from the ground.

Israel frowns, grabbing my arm, "It's fine. We want you here. I certainly do. It's been so long since we hung out together like this. I want to make up for that loss."

She will always have a special place in my heart. I sat back down, "So, what are you guys playing?"

Taiwan grins evilly, "Goldfish."

"What?"

"You'll understand."

...

"You have what's mine!" Israel shouts at Taiwan.

"No, I don't!" He defends.

Israel huffs, not believing him, "I just need one more and I know you have the card."

Smirking, I look at Israel with innocence, "Isa, do you have an ace?"

She gapes at me, "Ame, you!" Taiwan rumbles with laughter as Israel reluctantly hands her three cards over. Grinning, I place the four ace cards in front of me with my other sets of fours. She sighs, "Sorry Tai."

"You're forgiven, love," Taiwan smiles warmly. They hold eye contact and I can see the love in their eyes. Pure emotions. Taiwan has found the one for him and I approve. They are a match made in heaven and I'm happy for them.

"Китай!"

Russia's and China's moans ring out through the hallway making me clench my thighs together. Israel rolls her eyes while Taiwan's hands turn into fists. "I should've never replaced the soundproof doors. Clearly China needs one." He grits out as we begin to hear her slaps echo down the hallway.

My core drips with slick as I imagine what my boyfriends are doing. F*ck! *Stop it America!*

"Я заставлю тебя заплатить."

"你会怎么做?"

A few grunts and groans later, I close my eyes shut. Why the f*ck are they so loud?! Did Taiwan have to deal with this daily? Gosh, I feel bad for him.

"俄罗斯!" China shouts with pleasure.

"Вот так."

The moans continue to grow and we sit in silence, listening. Taiwan takes a deep breath before relaxing his tense form. He looks at Israel apologetically, "We can hang out on another date if this is too much for you."

Israel bites her lips, reluctant to leave, "I'll stay."

"But—"

Israel shuts him up with just one peck on the lips. Taiwan smiles widely, and I can see his tail wagging. Israel is still blushing from her own actions making me sigh.

I wonder what my first kiss with China was like. I only got snippets because they had to tell me my whole past in a few hours.

Taiwan stands up and grabs Israel's hand to help her on her feet, his smile not fading, "Let's go to the garden. I have a place I go to when this usually happens." He then turns to me, glaring, "You're not coming. You have to go in that room and face them yourself."

Rolling my eyes, I get up on my feet. Yes, I think it's the best. Their relationship is still in the beginning stages, so I shouldn't mingle too much. I want it to bloom because I can tell they have a really healthy relationship. "I'll see what I can do."

He nods, leaving with Israel in his arms. Israel whispers to me a goodbye and opens the door to the hallways filled with my boyfriends' noises. The more I listen, the more aroused I get and I f*cking hate myself for it.

Before Taiwan could ditch me, I had to ask, "Why *did* you bribe the construction workers?"

He sighs, "China always talked a lot about drama and I wanted to know so I can get dirt on my enemies. I guess karma is real." He murmurs the last part, making Israel laugh. He smiles.

I snicker, "Have fun on your date and please *do* invite me to your wedding."

"What?"

"W-Wedding?"

"Ta-ta!" Smirking, I leave the two blushing and nervous wrecks behind as I make my way to China's bedroom. Thankfully they have stopped, meaning that they're either done or are starting on round two. I open the door and see them both on the bed cuddling as they watch the TV.

How I wished it to be the latter...

Wondering what will happen during the dinner tomorrow

Isn't it crazy how this book has 68 chapters now?! It's mind boggling to me.

Is anyone still here from last year when I first posted this story? Just curious.

I hope you all have a fantastic day!

Bliso out—

🔥69🔥

⚠**!WARNING!**⚠

🔥**SMUT**🔥

READ AT YOUR OWN RISK

Enjoy~ (ᵔ ¬ᴗ¬ᵔ)

America POV

Warm water trickles down my body as I smile about today's events. The school is in love with me being president. Even Mr. Gondwana was ecstatic at my presidency. Wherever I went I could always hear my peers praising me and-haha-complaining that Russia and China are no match for me. Of course, I would never tell them what really happened, but it's nice to hear the once-loved students get bashed on so openly, just like Canada.

We didn't talk much, but gave nods in the hallways-something he never did before our dispute. I say life has been turning out amazing for me. Splashing water on my face, I chuckle at the image of India and Vietnam both glaring at me. Both know they lost their chances of being with either one of my boyfriends and I just had to rub it in by kissing both on the cheek.

Eventually, Japan and Poland squeezed my relationship status out of Israel and now the whole school knows about Russia, China, and I. I'm not complaining. If anyone messes with one of us, they mess with all of us.

Stepping out of the shower, I wrap a towel around my body. Sighing, I wipe down and stare at the sparkling pink bag in the corner. Russia and China finally gave it to me so I could wear whatever they bought me. I've been trying to get my hands on it, but they kept moving it around the palace. I even forced Taiwan to search with me. Let's just say, he was not happy.

After drying my body and blow-drying my hair, it's finally time to open the bag. In a *ladylike* manner, I throw the wrapper onto the ground and hastily pull out the dress. My mouth drops at the gorgeous gown.

The navy blue dress resembles the night sky. Its shimmering silver and white specks create a starry effect as if I were wearing a constellation. The dress features a heart-shaped neckline with wavy and puffy sleeves. I twirl around, holding the dress against me. It's so flowy, giving it a dreamy effect.

Sh*t. I forgot my undergarments.

Setting the dress down, I peek through the door and find China on his phone. "Chi," I squeak, getting his attention immediately. He smirks, and I blush under his gaze. "Can you get me my bra and panties?" I whisper, embarrassed.

He frowns, "You don't like the ones we bought you?" Bought me?! How do they know my size? China chuckles, seeing the shock on my face, "You didn't see it didn't you?"

"I was too busy admiring the gown," I whispered shyly.

China winks, "We knew you'd like it."

"Thanks," I smile widely, shutting the door. I grab the pink bag and find a f*cking white lingerie. "China! What is this?!" I scream.

I hear shuffling and a bang on the door, "Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?" Russia's worried voice sounds inside the bathroom.

Taking a deep breath, I assess the lingerie. It's cute and will hug me nicely. But, what are they planning to do tonight? "I'm okay," I murmur. I promised to wear everything they got me so I might as

well put this on. Clipping the bra on and tugging on the laced panty, I can't help but notice the little bump in my panty. I fiddle around with it, but soon find myself wanting pleasure after my hand accidentally brushes against my sensitive nub. I shudder, planning on just leaving it. The last thing I want is to be aroused during dinner. That is not a good look.

I slip on the dress with ease. Tying my hair into a bun, I grin to myself. I'm ready. Stepping out the door, I find Russia and China making out on the bed. F*ck, so much for trying not to be aroused. My p*ssy is drenched from just watching them.

"Китай," Russia groans as China rubs their crotch together. I clench my thighs together as they kiss hungrily, not stopping for a breath.

Feigning disinterest, I lean against the wall while flicking the light switch. The two immediately stop, turning their heads to look at me. I smirk, "Enjoy yourselves?"

China smiles warmly, "Yes." He rubs his knee against Russia's crotch, earning a low moan from the latter. A shiver runs down my spine from the noise. China notices and chuckles, "俄罗斯, you're bottom." I'm happy he didn't say anything because I can feel Russia's heated gaze trailing down my body.

Russia scoffs, pushing China off of him, "Only for this round."

"And the ones after that," China winks, adjusting himself and fixing his hair.

I check the time and-sh*t! "We're late!" I shriek, going to put on my heels.

"Not so fast. Give us a kiss," China pouts pushing me onto Russia who still hasn't got off the bed. He then puts himself behind me and now I'm caged between both of them. Russia smirks and I glare at him.

"F*ck you!" I seeth.

Russia frowns, brushing my cheek with his hand, "But I want to f*ck you."

"Ruski!"

"He's right. I want to too," China hums, kissing my neck.

What the f*ck is wrong with them? My family is expecting me to be present and I don't want to give Ms. Qing and R.E. any ideas. Sighing, I kiss Russia. Before I could pull away, he pulled me closer until I was pressed against him. He forces his tongue into my mouth and I try desperately to stop him. I part, taking in big breaths of air as China rumbles with laughter behind me. Russia licks his lips, causing me to go haywire.

One more kiss and we can leave.

China spins me around so that my back is against Russia's front. He smirks down at me and kisses me. I grab onto his dress shirt, helplessly succumbing to his love potion. He slightly rubs his crotch against mine causing a gasp of pleasure to fall from my lips. Taking it as an advantage, his tongue slips in.

A few moments later, I pull away, unable to find myself from the arousal I just experienced. I want more. I want to feel more. Shaking my head, I push China off of me and get off of Russia. "You two are insufferable," I mumble, kneeling down to put my heels on.

"And you're an addiction," China smiles sweetly as he fixes Russia's hair and attire. I watch them, taking in their outfits. Russia's wearing deep navy blue, the same color as the base of my dress. China's wearing silky silver with gold highlights scattered around, just like the stars on my dress.

We are meant to be.

...

The moment we enter the dining hall, all eyes are on us. Most are curious, some-like Israel and Taiwan-have a knowing smirk, and my Father is giving me disapproving looks. We are the last ones to attend after the dinner has already started, so I don't mind the attention. As we settle down in our seats, from the corner of my eye I see R.E. and Ms. Qing whispering to my mom. Her eyes widen at

the secret and she immediately stares at me. With the other two empires smirking in my direction, my instincts tell me that she knows about my relationship.

My cheeks flush as I stare at my empty plate. However, Australia and New Zealand won't let me hear the end of it. They specifically chose to sit directly in front of Russia, China, and I. Already, they're bombarding my boyfriends with questions that aren't meant to be answered.

"Russia, what do you do when China f*cks Amy? Do you watch? Do you join?" New Zealand smirks, resting her chin on the palm of her hand.

Australia glares at her, "Obviously they f*ck each other too."

The whole table goes silent again, which increases my nervousness. New Zealand rolls her eyes and says, "I've never seen them act that intimately with each other."

Australia shrugs. "It sure seems like it to me. Then why are they both wearing the same pairs of earrings?"

Father coughs, stopping their conversation. My siblings shiver with fear. "We are sorry for the interruption," Father grits out, causing my hair to stand up.

This is giving me Deja vu.

"Yes, yes, and yes," Russia whispers with a blush on his cheeks, but he hides it with a napkin. My siblings look at each other.

"Gross," Australia gags, being the normal-ish kid he is.

"I knew my wish would come true!" New Zealand cheers. And yes. She's a freak. No wonder she won't let me see the books she reads.

"Kiwi!" I glare. Gosh! Why are middle schoolers so weird all the time? For one, those two never read Common Sense, and they should get some.

The dinner continues on with little interruption from my siblings,

thankfully. Real business is being discussed. Especially about Ms. Qing's territory and R.E's and G.E's relationship.

China would chime in sometimes to help his mom, but she would always deflect his idea, saying it was not traditional and too risky. She even rejects Taiwan's ideas though he's the favorite.

Though China won't admit it, I know he loves his mom. I can see that he admires her for her strength and perseverance. I only hope she will love him back. She only sees him as a necessity.

Then, the Europeans begin fighting amongst themselves. Particularly R.E. and G.E. To prevent further hostility, Soviet and Third Reich argue for their own dad. At one point, it's only their voices ringing out in the dining hall.

Soviet definitely finds an angry Third Reich hot.

The conversation soon leads to military, trade, and alliances. "I'm willing to trade with anyone. If you want to, then we can schedule a meeting," I declare across the table to the empires. Some nod while others are unreadable.

My father squints his eyes, "What are you willing to trade?"

"Military supplies, food, and natural resources," I smile.

"The cost?" G.E inquires.

"Depends on how much you buy and how far your country is from mine." I take a sip of my coke, hoping not to create enemies yet. It is a risk I must take to make more money and I will.

Ms. Qing nods, "Now we shall have food."

In a flash, food has been placed down for us. There's different types of cuisines from different parts of the world and my eyes land on the best one. Steak.

S. T. E. A. K.

A thumb wipes the drool off my lips and turns my head away from

my dear steak. I meet China's smirk and my cheeks become flaming hot. "You better leave some room for dessert," he whispers lowly so only I can hear.

"Yes Daddy," I reply, mockingly. The grip of his hand on my chin tightens and I wince slightly. I said it as a joke. I never knew he had a daddy name-calling kink! He lets me go and I devour my steak.

I soon spot some fries and chicken nuggets, making me dance in my seat happily. Russia chuckles at me and places some on my platter.

To my horror, China gives me broccoli. Out of all the vegetables available, he chose to give me broccoli. Pretending not to see it, I add more rice onto my plate to cover the broccoli.

The empires are still talking about some things. I don't pay much mind because what needs to be said is done. Looking around, I catch Canada talking happily to his girlfriend. When I look at Russia, he seems to be okay with it.

"Ruski, you never told me why you didn't allow Ukraine to date my brother," I whisper in his ear.

"It was to get back at Canada for taking you away from Китай," He smiles, holding my hand. "On the day when Китай told me about his love for you and how he thought I wanted to break up with him, I knew that Canada was my sister's online friend. Instead of telling Китай, I came up with the plan of getting him to capture Ukraine's heart."

"Why didn't you tell him?" I inquire.

"If I told him, I worry that rage would get the better of him and his relationship wouldn't be natural." Russia sighs, "I thought that if he got into her heart, she would still think of how nicely Китай treated her if Canada ever gets mad at her."

I stare at him, mouth agape. Now it all made sense. China dating her and taking her virginity was his way of destroying whatever thoughts Canada had to make her his, and I know he desperately wanted to find someone who was pure.

China glares at Russia, "So you were the mastermind behind all this. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I told you now," Russia smiles.

China scoffs, "You owe me. You said that you would tell me why I had to take your sister's virginity, but you didn't tell me everything."

"I'll make it up to you," Russia whispers deeply, sending shivers of arousal down my spine. F*ck! I need to control myself.

"That's more like it," China smirks.

"I hate you so much!" R.E. shouts, getting up from his seat. "You told me you loved me. You told me that we were meant to be. Now you're with this chick?! Was everything you said a lie? I loved you when our countries were still enemies. I loved you when you fell ill. Now you rip my heart out after everything I've done for you?!"

G.E. scoffs, "I watched you kiss multiple empires the first day after we got married and you're here claiming that I was the one that destroyed you?"

"Oh, you liar! You were the one who kissed those empires and I have a list of all their names right here!" R.E. shouts, taking out a piece of paper.

G.E. chuckles, "Really? I would never. I hate those empires. You were always delusional. Your mind has floated off to-"

R.E. slaps him, causing gasps across the table. Before anything else happens, Ms. Qing clears her throat, "Gentlemen, sit down and eat." Her voice is unwavering, filled with authority and the two empires reluctantly sit back in their seats.

I stare at my plate as the dining hall falls silent, with only the scraping of forks on plates being heard. I look back at R.E.'s angry form. He's right to get mad. I sure would if someone used my love to their advantage.

It feels endless, sitting here in a tension thick room. Already 45 minutes have passed and I have been staring at the wooden dragon

clock on the wall, asking questions like *how long did it take to carve* and *why a dragon out of all mythical creatures?* I even lost my appetite and my food is untouched.

I soon find myself staring at something else. A painting of China's mom in her early teenage years with her father. I bet she was every man's dream girl back then with her pretty brown orbs and braided hair. She was beautiful-

I gasp, feeling something underneath move. As fast as it came, it stopped. Please don't tell me I have a rat in my seat! After fiddling with my dress to check if there's a rat that I need to catch, I declare that there are none, thankfully. Taking a deep breath, I look at my plate of untouched food.

Using my fork, I poke at the broccoli. It's so disgusting. The texture, taste, color, everything about it sucks! I smile to myself, maybe I can use noodles to tie that broccoli that illegally got on my plate! As I was about to grab a noodle, a vibrating under me made me gasp.

I cover my mouth, trying to suppress my noise and hide my embarrassment from the eyes of everyone, especially my two siblings who are giving me weird looks. Then it stopped *again.* I seriously think there's a rat or something's wrong with my chair.

"Are you alright?" Russia asks in a whisper, his eyes focused on me with concern.

"I'm fine," I mumble, "It's nothing serious."

"美国, if whatever happens happens again, go to my room, okay? The empires may use this against you and 俄罗斯 and I would like to help in any way," China holds my hand, squeezing it slightly.

I smile softly, "Thank you. You two are the best."

Anyways, where was I? Oh yes! That stupid motherf*cking broccoli. If I stab it with my fork, will it feel pain? I'm betting that its desire is to be eaten, so I will do everything in my ability to prevent that from happening. Taking the salt shaker, I pour a *generous* amount

on top. I smirk. Take that broccoli! No one will eat you now!

Biting my lips, I set the salt shaker down with a thud. F*ck! Who tampered with my seat? Why did they have to make it vibrate so often? My breath is uneven as I grip the salt shaker in my hand. I would like to say it's out of rage, but it's mostly out of this... *pleasant* feeling.

"Thirteen," Father glares at me.

I shakily stand up, thanking that the vibration is gone. "Ms. Qing, please excuse me," I mumble.

She stares at me and then makes contact with R.E. who winks at her. "You may," she answers, still dumbfounded.

"Thank you," I whisper, quickly rushing away down the hall and into China's bedroom. I enter the bathroom, staring at myself. My cheeks are rosy red and my eyes are droopy. Of course, R.E. will think something of this.

"Ugh!" I groan, frustrated at myself. Are they wishing for me to falter in front of *everyone*? It's not like I'm the bad guy here. I'm still practicing isolation and trying not to mingle with anyone's affairs. I'm a young country and I f*cking hate that someone thinks I'm their enemy. Oh f*ck. If I get more enemies in the future, how would I deal with them?!

I gasp, feeling the vibration starting again. So it's not the chair. That explains the tiny bump in the lingerie! With uneven breaths, I hastily try pulling off the panty, but China opens the door, making me have to pull it back up. I grit my teeth as I smile at him.

He frowns, "Is there something you're not telling us? We're very worried about you."

"I'm fine, Chin-chin." I smile. It's a lie. A big fat lie. I turn my attention back to myself in the mirror, hoping he'll walk away and I can assess the situation.

He sighs, making his way towards me and hugging me from behind. As much as I love his presence I want to get him out the door right

now. I can't afford him to find out about this. So, I try to relax my body in his embrace. He hums, pecking my cheeks as he looks at something. Following his gaze, it seems he's just looking at his phone. However, there are no videos or anything interesting on there. His thumb is placed on a screen that has little waves of ups and downs that move to the left and disappears. Is this what I think it is-?

"F*ck!" I curse, leaning over the sink for support the moment China's thumb moves up on the screen. I hear him chuckle in amusement as I tremble under him. It was him all along.

I should've known.

China kisses my neck as he looks at me through our reflection. I bite my lips nervously as he uses his other hand to lift my chin so I can look at him through the mirror. He smirks at my wrecked state, "How are you feeling now?"

"Awful," I stammer angrily, only for my breath to hitch when his thumb moves higher on the screen. I try grabbing his phone, but he moves it away from me, his thumb never leaving the screen. He turns me around so that I'm facing him as I lean on the sink with him between my shaking legs.

"Don't lie to me," he chuckles. I moan, grabbing onto the sink tightly that I'm sure would leave a dent. "Unless you want a punishment," he continues, the vibrator slows down slightly, but not enough for me to have a clear mind.

I stare up at his wicked and sinful grin. F*ck. If punishment makes me feel so good, I want to be his naughty b*tch. "What did I do wrong, Daddy?" I ask, breathlessly, teasingly. I would smirk at my joke, but my mouth is not cooperating.

He hums, leaning closer, "Why don't you tell me, 美国?"

I gasp when he increases the vibration. My legs tremble with each vibration and the longer I try suppressing my moans, the happier China gets. "I lied to you and Ruski," I stammer, slurring my words. He looks at me, waiting for me to admit more. What else have I

done? "I didn't eat the broccoli and was about to tie it up with my noodles," I add, stuttering. Biting my lips, I wait for China's approval. "And I tried to drown it with salt so it wouldn't get its dream of being eaten." I whimper, trying to close my thighs, only to remember that he's in between them. China stares at me with a heated gaze before smiling widely.

"You are such a cruel *cruel* girl," he kisses my cheek and the vibration stops. I take deep breaths to calm myself, slumping against him.

For the first time, I feel vulnerable.

And I don't hate it which scares me.

Vulnerability shows weakness and as a nation, my Father explicitly told me not to falter in front of anyone besides family. But here I am, at the mercy of my boyfriend and I f*cking enjoyed it.

"Umm," Russia stands there with a nosebleed as he desperately tries to stop it with tissues. I blushed shyly when I realized he heard everything. I doubt China told him about this plan.

China coos, "Come here, 俄罗斯. Don't you want to know which lingerie I got her?" Oh f*ck. It was this horny bastard's idea!

Russia narrows his eyes at him, "You didn't do anything stupid, did you?"

"Did I?" China feigns ignorance.

He sighs, "Америка, did he force you to wear it-?"

"No," I blurt out, "I like it."

Russia tenses, licking his bottom lip. His heated gaze makes my core drip. China chuckles, his hands sliding down my waist to the slit between my dress. "White," Russia murmurs as China lifts my dress to reveal some of the lingerie.

"The light to match your darkness," China smirks, dropping his hand.

Clearing his throat, Russia walks over to me, "May I see?" He blushes, hands shivering with nervousness, as he waits for my answer.

Biting my lips, I nod. "Words, 美国," China purrs in my ear.

"Yes, Ruski," I stutter out, f*cking hating myself for submitting.

In an instant, I'm out of the bathroom and my dress flies off my body, revealing my half-naked self to my horny boyfriends. Despite myself, I spin around, teasing them. "Like what you see?" I grin, wrapping my arms around Russia's neck, and dragging him closer.

Russia blinks, unable to take his eyes off me and most particularly my breasts. China places himself behind me, his hands caressing my waist. "俄罗斯 never seen girls naked," he whispers.

"And you did. You're such a red flag, China," I huff.

"美国," China pouts, "I stopped for you."

I scoff, "As if-."

"He did," Russia murmurs, bringing my attention back to him. I shiver under his lustful gaze. "You-you are so beautiful," he breathes, kissing the corner of my lips.

I giggle, "You're too cute!"

"Can I kiss you again?" Russia asks in a whisper. How can I refuse him?

"Yes-" He smashes his lip against mine, kissing me tenderly as his hands roam down my body. I then feel China kissing my neck and sucking it, making me gasp and moan. F*ck. I never permitted him but I don't want him to stop.

My legs shake as the vibration between my crotch begins again, making my moans louder. China smiles against my skin, "You like that, 美国? Wait till you have the real thing inside of you."

I hum into Russia's mouth, trying desperately not to collapse onto

the ground from pleasure. Russia breaks the kiss, glaring at China, "Stop that!" He snaps. The vibration stops, making me whine with dissatisfaction. "I don't want anything other than us to make her feel good." Russia declares making me forget my wants for the vibrator. His words are enough to make me aroused.

China grins smugly, "As you wish 俄罗斯." Slowly and painfully, China's hand slides down my body and to my crotch. My breath hitches when his fingers find the pocket in my panty to pull the vibrator out. "She's wet for us," China chuckles, kissing my cheek and taking the vibrator out. He tosses the vibrator into the trash and sets his phone on his bed.

"You didn't have to point that out!" I snapped, crossing my arms.

"It's your punishment, 美国," He flips me around so that I'm facing him with Russia at my back. "And I know you enjoy them," China whispers deeply in my ear. I tense, unable to form words because he's right.

My eyes widen when I finally register that China's only in his boxers, letting me see his toned body. I f*cking drool at the sight, unable to control myself from gawking. Is this why everyone likes him? Is it because of how sexy he is? Well, then I'm the luckiest country in the world!

China pulls me into a kiss, one that's demanding and dominating. I grab onto his shoulders, unable to catch my breath. His hands reach down to my crotch and make circles around it, causing me to moan and whine. Russia begins making hickeys on my neck, making my whole body tremble with pure pleasure.

Pulling away from China, I try catching my breath. As I'm squished between them with China still circling my nub with his thumb, I hear them kiss. Closing my eyes, I try to focus on what I should do. Mark them like they did to me.

I begin licking China's neck, trying to find his sweet spot. Once I feel him flinch, I've found it. Swerving my tongue around, his grip tights around Russia and I. Smirking, I begin sucking causing a low groan to escape and get muffled by Russia's mouth.

Russia told me that China would usually flinch away when it comes to neck kisses. I'm happy that he's changing for us.

After I think I had given China enough hickies, I turned to Russia. Oh gosh, I can feel their hard lengths against me and it's driving me nuts. Taking a deep breath, I find Russia's sensitive spot. "Америка," he breathed out when I found the spot. I begin sucking it causing him to moan.

China chuckles, "You're so cute 亲爱的"

"Китай!" Russia snaps. His breath hitches again when I make another hickey, "Америка."

"Yes, Ruski?" I smile innocently at him. Before he could answer, China pushed me with such force that both Russia and I toppled onto the bed facing each other. My breasts are on full display for him and I watch as his face turns beet red. "China," I whimper when he slaps my *ss.

"宝贝?" He replies, rubbing his crotch against mine. I bite my lips, feeling the pleasure coursing through me as Russia continues to stare at my breasts. China leans down, his bare front against my back. "He loves you 美国. Show him how much you love him." He whispers in my ear. Oh f*ck.

Russia reaches his hands out towards my breasts, but stops midway, waiting for my approval. "Can I?" He asks shyly, his hand still suspended awkwardly in the air. Blushing, I nod and his hands go to unclip my bra. I have never been half-naked in front of anyone, nonetheless with my breasts on display.

China helps throw the bra to the side before resting his hands back on my hips. My cheeks heat as I watch Russia's eyes widen with pure joy as he folds my breasts in his hands. He pinches my hard nipple, making me gasp out his name. He smiles innocently as he kisses my nipples. My breathing hitches with each stroke, kiss, and lick. China grins, kissing my neck as he continues to overstimulate me by rubbing against me, "What do you think, 亲爱的? 宝贝 is adorable isn't she?"

Russia nods, his eyes not leaving my breasts as he continues his innocent play, but I can tell he has other ideas. Sinful ones.

China chuckles, lifting me and throwing me onto the bed. I shriek, hitting the soft mattress. "What the f*ck?" I curse, sitting up to glare at him. Immediately, I regret my decision.

Smirking, China begins stripping Russia out of his clothes. His member springs out, causing my throat to go dry.

He's bigger than Father...

Russia then pulls China's boxers down and my breath catches in my throat.

How will they fit me..?

"Китай, you didn't let her adjust," Russia snaps, although he does not attempt to cover himself.

"We'll let her adjust...later," China groans suggestively, his gaze not leaving mine as he fists their c*cks. I clench my thighs together, making him smile happily.

The two kiss and as much as I hate not getting attention, I can't help but watch. The way their hands roam around each other, eyes closed, and passionately kissing each other. Oh f*ck! I can't get enough of them.

I wonder how rough they go in bed.

Soon, I find myself drooling, my legs trembling with need that's unbearable. It has to be a part of my punishment because I know China wants me to beg for him and Russia, but that won't happen.

After minutes of trying to stop myself from latching onto them, they finally stopped. China looks at me, feigning ignorance, "宝贝, your legs are shaking. Do you need help?"

Russia turns to look at me, his lips slightly swollen from the kiss, but his lust is undeniable as his eyes trail down my body. I shake my head, "No."

"We don't like liars," Russia reminds me and I know China will find it as an excuse to punish me again.

I huff, "I'm not lying! I don't need your help-," I moan as soon as Russia's hand reaches my crotch and rubs it. F*ck. Why do I have such a sensitive body? Why does my body always react in this way towards them?

China chuckles deeply, "Seems like you do. And don't worry, you will get the best treatment."

My body shivers at his words, my panty soaked with my arousal. "Can we?" Russia murmurs, laying next to me with his full attention on me as my eyes dart around to look at his toned body. F*ck, every girl would want him but he waited for China and me.

"It's your call," China whispers, reminding me of what they're asking. And I love how they give me the choice, the freedom to decide what I want for myself. With them, I don't feel controlled like how I was with Father and Canada. I'm unbound, powerful, and living. So, maybe just maybe, I don't want to be a virgin anymore. I love Russia and China dearly. I have seen how much they love me. Every subtle gesture and gaze doesn't go unnoticed.

How lucky am I to find my lovers who love each other as well?

"Yes," I decided. They visibly relax. Russia smiles while China grins sinfully. I smirk, despite my position, and begin slowly taking off my panties, revealing my virginity to them.

They stare at it for a while, making me nervous. But I didn't have to wait long. My back arches as China begins licking my p*ssy. Russia kisses me aggressively, muffling my moans. "You're ours, Америка. *Ours*, " He whispers lustfully, and I f*cking love his change of tone. He doesn't get my reply before I pull him into a deeper kiss, hungry for more.

"You taste like vanilla," China moans into my p*ssy, causing my whole body to shudder.

"Китай!" Russia gasps when China slaps his *ss. I breathe heavily,

looking down to watch China.

China licks his lips, making my core even more drenched, "俄罗斯, come here. I'll teach you."

Russia shuffles off of me and goes next to China. I watch them whisper in their native tongues and oh how I wish I knew their language. After a few minutes of Russia just staring at my p*ssy, he finally moves to kiss it. I whine slightly when he pulls back, smirking.

China chuckles, laying down next to me as he trails his hand down my body. "Beg for it," he whispers softly.

Biting my lips, I dare not say the word I hate the most. But they won't take advantage of me. Not like my brother and Father. "Please?" I mutter.

Russia smiles warmly and begins kissing my crotch. "Ruski," I moan, grabbing onto the sheets.

"You like that, don't you? Us ravishing you?" China hums, pecking my lips softly. I glare at him but don't say anything. I love watching them too.

"Ruski!" I cry out, tears forming as he slowly inserts his index finger.

"Shh, don't cry. Relax," China soothes, caressing my cheek as he watches Russia. "He's going as slow as possible."

"Sorry," Russia mumbles, kissing my inner thighs. He keeps his finger there, not moving it an inch, letting me adjust.

The pain that was once there is replaced by pleasure and I soon find myself trying to find more friction. "美国 is desperate," China chuckles.

I glare at him and Russia. Smirking, Russia pumps his finger in and out of me. My breath hitches, my legs trembling. I didn't even realize he added another finger because it just felt so good. With China kissing me and rubbing my sensitive nub, I feel overstimulated in a good way.

Somehow my p*ssy stretched enough to fit five fingers. I didn't register it until Russia told China. My chest rises up and down as I catch my breath. I hear my boyfriends whisper something to each other. Then Russia gets angry. "I'm sure she can take it," China whispers.

Russia scoffs, "She can't. She's not ready."

Doubting my abilities? I can do anything! "I can do it!" I declare, sitting up and beaming in confidence. However, I falter the moment I see them. They lined up their d*cks with their precum mixing. I swallow. I said that too soon.

"Come here, 宝贝. We'll teach you," China smiles as his hand rubs Russia's and his c*ck together. I crawl over, swallowing as I take a good look at their lengths. Definitely bigger than Father. (Don't ask me how I know and no he didn't molest me: I saw him having s*x with mom when I was in the 8th grade)

"What do I do?" I whisper as I watch their d*cks twitch against each other.

"Lick-popsicle," Russia blurts out, his cheeks flushed red. China chuckles and comments how cute he is, making the latter get all defensive. They continue their bickering, giving me the chance to pleasure them without them suspecting.

I take their tips into my mouth, swirling it with my tongue. Their precum tastes salty-sweet and I'm not complaining. Russia's thighs twitch and I hear China's low groans of pleasure. Then, I lick their members from the base to the tip, teasing them. "美国," China pouts, grabbing my *ss.

I continue pleasuring them, licking and s*cking their members. Place my hands on their shaft, I move them up and down. Russia lets out shaky breaths and I hear China chuckle softly as he pulls my hair back.

I want to make China a moaning mess.

First, I take only Russia's length into my mouth. "Америка," he

gasps, as I aggressively lick and suck. His d*ck twitches in my mouth and that's when I turn my attention to China.

Knowing he has a very high tolerance, I suck his d*ck harshly, making him bite back a moan. I graze my teeth over his tip and use my hand to pump his shaft fast while the other plays with his balls. "美国!" China moans out, his grip tightening on my hair.

Russia chuckles, "I love seeing you at the mercy of another."

China grumbles, his breathing shaky, "Thankfully only you two will see this side of me." I smile to myself, happy about my success, and take both their members in my mouth again. "Let's see if you can handle this," China whispers, his hand trailing down my back. He enters two fingers and I'm already moaning onto their dicks while I try continuing to pleasure them.

My moans send vibrations down their d*cks and I hear them groan. I don't think China can handle it, himself. Nonetheless, he keeps fingering me and I try to keep my pace. Eventually, I pull up, shivering and needing more friction. My saliva mixed with their semen drips from my mouth as I whimper.

Russia kisses me and licks the drool from the corner of my lips. "I think we're ready," China whispers, removing his finger. I bite my lips, not wanting to show how desperate I am for friction. China smirks, slapping my *ss. "China!" I shriek, unhappily. He rumbles with laughter as he rubs the spot he just slapped.

"Are you ready?" Russia asks, cupping my cheek and caressing it with his thumb.

At that moment, I nod, becoming more comfortable with submitting. Whatever they have in mind, I want to try. "I am," I murmur. He smiles, turning to look at China.

China blushes a deep red and I can sense his nervousness. He clears his throat, "Come here." I crawl over. He lifts me up, placing me between them, facing Russia. I swallow when I feel both their tips against my entrance. I hold onto Russia's shoulders to hold myself steady, ready for whatever China's going to do. "Are you sure you're

ready?" China asks.

I nod my head, "Yes."

"Slowly sit down," China grunts out, as he slides their members against my entrance, coating it with my slick. Biting my lips, I do as told. I close my eyes as soon as their tips slip in.

I'm not a virgin anymore.

Russia hums happily as he holds me by the waist. "Oh f*ck," I whimper as I slide down more. Never have I ever thought my first time would be with two countries. Gosh, I even thought I would stay a virgin my whole life! I mean, I didn't know how to love and here I am now, loving two countries. "F*ck," I shudder, tears forming in my eyes as the pain starts coming in.

"You can stop here. Don't force yourself," China says worriedly, supporting me by my *ss.

I shake my head, stubbornly, "No." I already made it halfway, why would I stop? And besides, a little pain is nothing compared to the pleasure I feel. It takes a while for me to adjust and ever so often my hips would buck, sending pleasure through us. But China and Russia wait patiently for me. I love them for that.

Finally, I take them fully. Russia wipes the tears away from my eyes and China kisses my neck. Oh f*ck, I feel so full with them in me. "You feel amazing," China murmurs in my ear, making my cheeks heat.

"Thanks?" I stutter. He chuckles, kissing my cheek.

Russia smiles warmly, "So pretty; so delicate; so soft." I giggle softly as he peppers me with kisses all over my face. But, even if I want them to continue praising me, I want to feel something else.

"Thanks," I smile innocently, rolling my hips. F*ck, that feels amazing. China holds my hips, preventing me from moving. "China!" I whine.

"Desperate are we now?" He hums, pushing me onto Russia so that

we're lying down on the bed. Russia smirks up at me as his hands move to hold my waist. I feel China's bare front against my back and I finally realize what will happen. "Relax, 美国," he whispers, biting my earlobe. I nod, holding onto Russia's shoulders, bracing myself for what's about to come next.

"China!" I moan loudly when he moves in and out. However, he stops, leaving me confused. He slaps my *ss causing me to gasp. "You don't want the empires to hear you now, do you?" China asks, chuckling.

Russia quirks a brow, "I thought you replaced the door a week ago."

China grumbles, "My brother bribed the construction workers, *again*. I don't understand why he wants to listen to my conversations."

Russia shrugs, "Or he likes listening to you when you have s*x."

"He should be listening to p*rn videos."

"Well, you are his p*rn. He may be addicted to you."

"俄罗斯, that's not what I meant!"

As they continue their bickering about the soundproof door, I focus on our position of how their members are still in me hard as ever, waiting to burst. Biting my lips, I roll my hips to evoke pleasure. They immediately stop their banter, Russia grabbing my hips preventing me from moving, and China slapping my *ss again. "美国, I told you to relax," China groans.

I huff, despite myself, "You two are too slow."

"Slow? We can go really fast," Russia hums, pushing his length in and out of me quickly. After a few moments, he stops, causing me to whine again.

"If we move together, would you be able to take it? You were already screaming his name in only a few seconds," China kisses my cheek, playing with my hard nipples.

"I thought you guys liked my screaming," I mumble, innocently. China tenses behind me.

"Let's see just how loud we can make you scream," Russia grins sinfully, causing my legs to tremble.

I'm moaning, screaming out their names in no time. Both of them ram into me. The pleasure is all-consuming, unending. I love it. I love the feeling of them both in me, making me full, making me theirs. And I need more.

"Америка, you're so tight," Russia furrows his eyebrows, his hips on my waist as he slams into me. He kisses me sloppily, muffling some of my screams and whimpers.

China groans, his breath shaky"Feeling both of you makes everything better. My wish has come true."

And New Zealand's wish as well... Never mind her though.

I hum in acknowledgment, unable to talk. Slaps echo across the room, my *ss definitely red from the f*cking. In the middle, our position changed with Russia slamming into me from behind and China beneath me.

China's face twists with pleasure and I want to tease him for it, but my mouth has a mind of its own, screaming their names and cursing like a porn star.

My body trembles with desire. Drool flows down my mouth. I can't think. I can't do anything. All I want is pleasure. All I want is for this to continue. "F*ck!" I shriek out louder this time when they hit my G-spot.

"What's the magic word?" China grunts, his hands going to my *ss, spreading them apart.

Tears flow down my cheeks as I mumble, "Please f*ck me there Ruski, Chi."

"As you wish," Russia groans. I cry out, as they target that spot. My thigh twitches, my shoulders tense, feeling my release coming.

"I'm," I moan, clenching my vagina as I try holding it back or releasing it.

"美国, me too," China groans out, giving me a sloppy kiss on the cheek.

I scream when I release. Their hot semen comes into me, filling me up to the brim, and I moan through it all. Russia collapses on me, sandwiching me between their sweaty bodies. We make no effort to move, too tired after the pleasure.

Licking my lips, I realize how dry my throat is from all that screaming. "I love you two," I say, my voice hoarse.

"We love you too," China breathes out, smiling. Russia kisses my back, humming in agreement. F*ck. Am I dreaming? I pinch myself and hiss. It's not a dream and I'm happy.

After we catch our breath, I attempt to move. Russia lays his whole weight on me, preventing me from going anywhere. "Stay," He murmurs.

China chuckles, "We need to shower before bed." Russia grumbles sadly as he gets off me. I roll off China and realize how much my *ss and p*ssy hurts.

"F*ck" I hiss, clenching my jaw.

Russia pecks my cheek before lifting me in bridal style. "We'll clean you," he says softly, "You don't have to worry." I smile up at him.

We make our way to the bathroom. "Her p*ssy and *ss looks so pretty," China hums, licking my private that's full of my juices and their semen.

I gasp, "China!" I am not ready for round two.

He smiles innocently, "I didn't want it to drop onto the ground. It'll go to waste." Biting my lips, I ignore him as Russia chuckles softly, placing me on a stool in the shower.

True to his word, both help wash me and each other. It was

wholesome and loving. Something I would never forget.

After showering and blow-drying our hair, we get on the bed to sleep. Thankfully the maids changed the bedsheets for us, making me blush in embarrassment.

We cuddle naked under the sheets. I use Russia as my pillow and China spoons me from behind. I've never realized how comfortable it was to sleep with someone, nonetheless naked. I yawn, snuggling closer to my teddy bear and holding onto China's hand. I feel safe, protected, wanted, and loved. Something I never thought would happen.

"We should do this more often," China murmurs sinfully, sending a shiver down my spine.

"I want to see Ruski f*ck you," I mumble innocently.

China scoffs, "I'm top."

"We'll do as she requests," Russia winks. China blushes, grumbling some Chinese curses as he stuffs his face in the crook of my neck.

Russia leans into me, whispering, "You have to help me, though. I'll get his rear and you got his front." I nod eagerly, already imagining all the moans we can evoke out of him.

China huffs softly, "What are you guys talking about?"

"Something you'll enjoy," I grin, kissing his cheek.

China looks at us in suspicion but drops the topic. He leans over, closing the lights. "Good night," Russia yawns.

"Night," China responds, kissing us on the cheeks. And in the dark, I can think.

F*ck. What did I just do? Sex? Unbelievable. I thought I would wait till marriage. I thought I would never marry. I thought---I thought I would stay single and unlovable forever.

Here I am, with two countries. Oh f*ck. We are bound to be.

Thump

Oh my gosh, what will the future hold?

Thump

Will we marry?

Thump

Will we have kids together?

Thump

If we do, I want more than one child.

Thump

Not sorry China you selfish little b*tch. I love you though.

Thump

Why am I thinking so far into the future?!

Thump

America, you got to stop. Go with the flow.

Thump

The door slams open. "Wake up. We need to get out of here!" Taiwan screams into the room.

"Go away!" China snaps.

"It's urgent!" Israel shouts.

I groan, covering myself with the sheets to look at them. The look of worry on their faces, their shift in stance, and the way they look in the hallway for any signs of danger only indicate one thing:

"War."

Now loading. . .

⋘ *Please wait...* ⋙

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I hope you all enjoyed this book. It has been an amazing journey with you all. My writing, though not the best, has improved exponentially. Anyways! Here are a few questions to think about:

So, what do you think will happen next after WW1 starts?

Will America stay with Russia and China or will she leave them?

Will their relationship break because their countries are enemies?

Will Taiwan and Israel still be together(obviously they will)?

But the most important one:

Russia, China, and America didn't use protection. (Before you say HIV or any sexually transmitted disease...**NO**!) What do you think will happen(other than them having more sex)?

P.S. Which book cover would you like to see as the official cover for this book?

RULES:

1. Each person gets one vote

2. One message is one vote

3. Must comment "Amy" to vote for cover (Reply to ur comment with "F" take your vote back)

4. Voting ends Saturday Eastern time at 9 pm US

5. If you want to create a cover for this book, I will restart the voting. But you must tell me before 2/17/2025 at 9 PM eastern time US.

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Starting New Book

CHECK OUT MY NEW BOOK CALLED TEMPTATION <3

HIGH SCHOOL AU

SAME CHARACTERS

DIFFERENT PLOT (KIND OF)

SAME SHIPS

SEE YOU THERE!!!!

Epilogue

[image]

Part two???

1921

America birthed a son and daughter, Nato and Brics.

America smiles, squishing NATO's cheeks, "I love you baby." Nato giggles, reaching up to her. She kisses his cheek lovingly and Nato smiles widely.

"Our son is awake," Russia smiles happily.

America turns to look at him and NATO's expression immediately changes to one of disgust. "Isn't he adorable?" America asks.

Russia nods, lying, "He is." America looks back at her baby who returns back to his innocent self, reaching out to mom.

China chuckles as he burps Brics, "Seems like you're not his favorite."

Russia groans, "My own son hates me."

"He hates me too," China huffs.

"How could my angel hate?" America smiles, carrying Nato in her arms. She tickles him, causing a fit of giggles to escape his lips, "Isn't he adorable."

China and Russia look at each other then back at America, "Sure."

She glares at them, when Nato tears up, "You guys are not sleeping with me tonight." She wipes her son's tears away.

"D—" Brics squeaks.

"Hurry hurry! I need to get this on video!" America shrieks, handing Nato to Russia and the two glare at each other.

America hurriedly grabs the camera and rolls it. China grins, "Can you say Dada?"

"Death!"

"No, dada—"

"Destruction domination!" Brics giggles maniacally before falling asleep. Nato glares at her as well.

America chuckles nervously, "What have we been teaching her?"

"M—mama," Nato squeaks out, causing America to squeal in delight.

China rolls his eyes, "Show off."

"Don't say that to my baby boy," America huffs, kissing Nato all over the cheek.

1930

Because of the great depression, America, Russia, and China took a pause in their relationship.

"Nato, go with your Papa and Baba. You can have a better living staying with them," America urges Nato towards the ship.

"But Mama." Nato whispers.

She kneels down to his height, "Brics already made her decision. Go with her. I know you don't want to be separated from your sister."

Nato shakes his head, "No!"

"Baby, I'm begging you. I can't provide for you like how your fathers can."

"No! I want Mama!" Nato cries, hugging her tightly.

"Bye brother," Brics whispers as she walks over to her fathers.

"Mama!" Nato shrieks, unable to let go. "I want you. Only you! I no care about sissy."

"You'll have a better life with toys and the best bubble bath—"

"No! I want Mama!" He screams, crying his heart out.

"We'll help in anyway," Russia whispers.

America smiles, "Thank you, Ruski."

1939

America goes to N*zi Germany to get her to stop submarine warfare on American merchant ships:

"Ms. TR, I know you love proving your submarines superior, but you have been killing my innocent merchants and destroying merchant ships that have nothing to do with the war," America states as she looks at the female country with nothing but pure anger.

TR laughs. "Innocent merchants? Destroying merchant ships?" She gets up from her seat, making her way slowly to the seated American on the other side of the long table in the office. She glares, lifting America's chin up, growling, "You have no right to demand what I must do to secure dominance in Europe."

"My people have nothing to do with your war—"

"Oh, but they do. Supplying my enemies with military supplies on those innocent merchant ships," TR smiles, dragging her gloved thumb across America's lips.

America stays still, unflinching. TR leans closer, her hot breath against America's cheek. "You're not innocent, America. You are a filthy gold digger, taking money away from all the countries who are in dire need of assistance."

And what TR says is true, but not in the way America viewed her

situation. Her people were in a Great Depression, and she would do anything to get their economy stabilized and their lives better.

"Look, TR. I come here in peace, not to argue with you about money or your dominance in Europe," America says sternly, her voice unwavering though the glare from TR gives her unease. Finally, TR releases her grip on her chin, giving her some room to breathe.

"We won't be reaching an agreement here, and I know you're here to look for someone. Guards, take her away," TR smiles sadistically. *Sh*t* America thinks to herself as she's escorted out of TR's office. That meeting led to nothing and her people will still be dying. *Does she know I'm trying to find Poland and Germany?* America furrowed her eyebrows. Anyways, *we need to create anti-submarine technology as soon as possible. That will ensure more safety to our people and products. I need to contact the president now.*

Unfortunately, America wasn't paying attention to the direction the Guards were walking her to. She gets shoved into a foreign room, with the door locking behind her. "Let me out!" She shouts, banging on the door. The guards behind it laugh, speaking German insults at her and leave.

Looking around the bedroom, America finds the N*zi symbol everywhere. She gags in disgust. She begins looking around for a window, a way to break the door to escape, or anything that she can blackmail TR with. Hearing the door open, America hides herself in the walk-in closet, looking out through the crack. There stands TR as she takes off her earrings, cap, and suit, getting ready to retire to bed. *Why did the German soldiers bring me here? What the f*ck were they thinking?!* America curses, praying that TR wouldn't find her. *Once she falls asleep, I'll make my way out of here*.

However, fate had something else in mind. TR opens the door to the walk-in closet America's hiding in. She smirks at the startled American, licking her lips, "Look what we have here? My friend, Amerika."

America glares, "I am not your *friend*, TR."

TR chuckles, pulling America closer to her by the waist, "You're

adorable," She whispers in America's ear. America tries pulling away from TR's grip, but finds herself pinned against the wall, her hands above her head. Her eyes widen as she realizes what TR wants to do. "No one is here to save you now," TR hums, smiling sinfully, eyes full of lust.

America keeps her composure, "You hate me."

"Yes, I do. But, it makes me love you even more," TR replies, rubbing her knee against America's crotch. Biting her lips, America headbutts TR, getting herself free as she flees out the room. "Amerika!" TR screams, recovering quickly from her initial shock.

America runs down the corridors, swerving among the maids that are cleaning the government building late at night. "I should've brought my gun," America mumbles to herself as she turns left. But she knows if she uses it, their countries will go to war. TR is gaining up on her and she desperately needs to lose her. "F*ck it," America curses as she quickly enters a random room. She locks the door, taking heavy breaths as adrenaline courses through her veins. Staying quiet in the dark, she waits to hear the sounds of boots.

The lights open, startling her. She jumps, coming face to face with a half-naked Soviet. "Аме? What are you doing here?" He stares at her as his eyes adjust to the light.

Swallowing, she smiles, "Hi Sov. I got lost."

He sighs, lifting her chin to get a better look at her disheveled state, "You're always getting into trouble, aren't you?"

She glares, "It wasn't me this time. TR's guards, they shoved me into her bedroom and TR tried f*cking me!" Although America knows they aren't friends, she likes his company, even if he sides with TR because of their agreement.

"What?" Soviet chuckles softly, making America's cheeks heat in embarrassment.

She scoffs, "I know you'd love f*cking her. You should take my place."

He shakes his head, "She's only my miserable ally." And his words made America feel better. Feel happier. And she hated it.

There's a knock on the door, "Amerika, I know you're in this room." America curses, wondering if Soviet will sell her out. However, he hurriedly gets her onto his bed, covering her with the bed sheets.

"Pretend you're my slut," Soviet whispers, causing America to glare at him. What choice does she have? He ruffles his already messy hair, opening the door to an angry TR, "What do you want? I was having fun." America could only curse him under the covers as she listened to their conversation.

"You? Having fun?" TR laughs jealously, looking at the figure underneath the covers. Soviet stares at her, indifferent. "If it's that filthy Amerika–"

"You like her?" Soviet questions, feigning curiosity, knowing well TR always had a hidden desire to make America her's, either by conquering her heart or by keeping her captive.

TR blushes, "No. She is our enemy."

"Unless you continue your submarine attacks," Soviet smiles, causing TR to groan.

"I hate you." She leaves, slamming the door in Soviet's face. America breathes a sigh of relief, before getting angry again.

"How dare you call me your sl*t!" She chucks a pillow at him to which he dodges. He smirks, watching her ramble on and on about how she hates him and how she wishes him to die while he takes out a cigar to smoke.

"No thank you?" Soviet breathes out a puff of smoke as the hot headed and blushing American shakes her head vigorously.

"I don't owe you anything," America glares.

Soviet rumbles with laughter as he locks the door. "You don't have a choice. Either you go out into the hallway and face TR or..." He pauses, thinking.

"Or what?" America snaps, getting defensive. She shouldn't have asked Soviet for help. She should've tried finding an exit even if it meant bumping into TR's guards.

Soviet smiles, "Stay with me for the night."

"I'm not going to let you f*ck me!"

"That's not what I meant. Just, sleep with me. You can wear my clothes," Soviet asks, watching her expression change to one of shock.

Biting her lips, she nods. "If you dare try f*cking me," She warns.

"Promise I won't." Soviet hums, going to his drawer and grabbing a T-shirt and pajama pant for her. America grabs them, hurrying into the bathroom.

As she puts on his clothes, America rethinks her life choices. Grumbling some gibberish, she thinks back to all the plans that she needs to set in motion once she gets out of this place. And she needs to get out fast. She can't ask Soviet for anymore favors because she doesn't trust him. She sighs, calling herself stupid a million times. At least it isn't all bad. She only had to sleep with him and gosh she is tired from today's argument with TR.

Slowly, America opens the door to find Soviet on the bed, staring at nothing in particular. Blushing, she closes the bathroom light and slips into bed with him. She clears her throat, "You couldn't sleep so you want me to be your teddy bear, don't you?"

Soviet nods shyly, looking at her hopefully. Feeling bad, she snuggles closer to him. Her eyes widen when he pulls her into his chest, hugging her tightly. "Thank you," He murmurs deeply.

She blinks out of her shock, her heart beating rapidly. "Anything to get away from nasty TR," She smirks, making Soviet chuckle. Unfortunately, she finds his embrace comforting. Something she hasn't experienced in 10 human years (country-humans age differently). "Good night Sov," She yawns, giving up and snuggling up to him.

Soviet closes the lights, "Good night принцесса."

America couldn't believe herself for sleeping with a country with a government system her people hated. But here she is, yawning and wrapping her legs around him, feeling the warmth of his body. As she drifts off to sleep, she feels a peck on her forehead. She wanted to ask him why, but her eyes grew heavy, shutting, giving her a soundless sleep.

...

The next day, America wakes up first, tugging up her clothing and pacing a note on Soviet's nightstand that reads: I hope you slept well —Ame <3. She then shuffles between his drawers, finding a map of the government building and locating the rooms that Poland and Germany are staying in.

Sneaking through the building, she quickly makes her way down to the lower levels. On the way, she finds a guard that has her size and knocks him out. She pulls him into a closet, strips his clothing off, and wears his clothes.

Following the map, she finds Poland and Germany.

As soon as she finds them, they urge her to get out of the country, worrying for her safety. Being the stubborn country she is, she forces them to leave with her. Her military ship is leaving today and it's only a matter of time before it leaves shore due to the protests from local Germans.

Poland, Germany, and America made it onto the ship just in time. TR hadn't called security yet which is a relief. As they sail out into the English channel, they watch the bombings. America knows that soon, she would have to join the war.

1945

The light shines brightly on America and her allies as they walk through the palace in their attire, ready to party after finally settling on agreements to create the United Nations, divide TR's country, and help with war repairs. America smiles brightly as she

twirls around in her dress, dancing to the music that the orchestra is playing.

"Mama!" Nato rushes up to her, hugging her tightly, "I can't believe we won!" Her 10 year old (countryhuman years) smiles brightly.

America giggles, hugging him back and kissing forehead, "All thanks to you and your military inventions, baby." He smiles happily at the praise he receives from his mom. He has been at home, helping the president with the military while America was in the front-lines, creating strategy with the military generals.

"I'm going to see how Bri is doing. It's been so long since I've seen her," He hums, skipping away.

"Yeah," America mumbles as she watches her son rush in the direction of his twin. She hasn't talked to her daughter in such a long time. Ever since the depression, so much has been going on that she didn't stop to even think about Russia, China, or Brics. *I'm such a bad mom* America curses herself, her mood souring.

She steps to the side as she watches her allies waltz. She will go talk to her daughter and her former boyfriends. Gosh, why did she ask for a break in their relationship. That was so stupid of her. Will it be the same, anymore? After all that happened to their country?

America dares not to think about the negatives, but it haunts her to no end. She sighs, taking a glass of wine from a passing server and gulps it down unladylike. She wants to forget her worries and enjoy the party.

"Аме, what are you doing here?" Soviet comes up to her side, glass in hand.

She forces out a chuckle that Soviet knows is false, "What are you doing here next to me?"

"You and I both know I hate dancing," Soviet replies, "You, on the other hand, love stealing the show."

America slaps his arm softly, "That's so sweet of you, Sovi."

Soviet smiles warmly, happy to have his ally in a better mood, though he doesn't know why he even bothered talking to her, "Would you like to dance?" He reaches out his hand to her.

America blushes at the gesture, finding stares from countries next to them, but quickly schools her features. "Of course, Sovi," She smiles, taking his hand as he leads her to the dance floor.

Soviet is a good way to forget about her troubles. Everything sort of vanishes the moment she sees him, but there's still tension underneath her smile and carefree mood. And Soviet recognizes that, "It's so lovely to be finally out of war."

America nods, "I agree. I hope there will be no more wars to come. The world needs peace."

Soviet nods slightly. As they continue dancing, America's eyes find Russia and China talking with Nato. The three of them are happy as ever. America swallows, her worries coming back to her. How would she begin to talk to her past lover again?

"Аме, I don't like seeing that frown on your face," Soviet whispers, bringing her attention back to him.

"What frown?" America asks, feigning ignorance.

Soviet sighs, "You want to talk to my brother and Китай, don't you?"

America nods, unable to speak.

"Well then, go. You guys have a lot to catch up on." Soviet urges her, pushing her to her former lovers. America tries pulling away, but Soviet's hand is firmly on her hip as he leads her to them.

As soon as he takes her there, he leaves, his heart heavy with jealousy, but he wants the best for her.

America watches Soviet disappear in seconds. She fidgets her hand when she realize both Russia and China's attention are on her. "Hi?" She croaks out, her voice nervous.

China smiles, embracing her in a hug, "I missed you." She smiles, closing her eyes, as she hugs him back. Her first love, her first friend, her first crush.

"I missed you too," America whispers, pulling back. Tears forming in her eyes. She turns to Russia, finding him with open arms. She rushes to him, hugging him tightly as she sobs into his chest. "I missed you Ruski. I missed you both dearly."

Russia kisses her head, "Don't cry, we're right here." America shivers. Her rock, her foundation, her teddy bear.

"Mama?" She hears Brics' voice. Her daughter. She breaks the hug and cries harder when she sees her daughter. Immediately she wraps her in a hug, her tears flowing uncontrollably. She was selfish, selfish for her country.

"My darling, mama missed you so so much," America sniffs, kissing her cheeks. Brics begins to tear up as well, making America sad. "Don't cry," she whispers, wiping Brics' tears.

"But you're crying," Brics giggles, although she sniffles.

America laughs softly, "Then we both shouldn't cry."

"Bri, we're going to take mama away for a while. Go play with Nat." Russia suggests. Brics nods, giving America one last kiss before rushing away to find her twin. Russia takes America's hand and brings her to the rooms of the palace where China's there waiting.

"So," China starts, "What have you been doing with Soviet these past years?"

America blinks, "Sov? We're friends."

"Nonsense," Russia huffs, locking the door. "You slept with him."

"He saved me from TR and couldn't sleep that night. He asked me to be his teddy bear, nothing more," America defends, glaring at the two.

"You haven't had a genuine talk with us for so long. We only see

you lighten up when you're with my brother," Russia snaps, his anger more prominent.

America swallows. She does have feelings for the Soviet country. China frowns, reading right through her, "You love him."

"I don't!" She lies, "I would never like him that way."

"We've seen the signs." China sighs sadly, "He calls you *princess*, you give him kisses on the cheek from time to time, and most importantly, you two hold hands every time you're with each other. I don't understand, America. Why him? You have us."

America, not knowing what else to do, begins rambling about her feelings. "I wanted to focus on my country. Then the war happened and I thought we would all go back to normal now."

Russia sighs, "And times are different now."

"What do you mean?"

"We waited. We sent you mail. We sent you telegrams. None were answered. All were rejected and sent back." China answers, looking to the side, "We have given up on waiting for your love. You have Soviet now and I'm happy for you." He smiles warmly.

"What..?"

"I'm happy for you too, America." Russia smiles, taking China's hand as they leave the room.

"I've never received your mails or telegrams," America stutters, stopping them in their tracks.

Russia smiles empathetically, "And we have fallen out of love. It doesn't matter anymore." The door closes shut, leaving America in her own sorrows.

She collapses onto the ground, her bottom lip trembling. She thought breaking up would let her focus solely on her country. She thought they still loved her. She never knew about the letter or telegrams because she never received anything. She thought they

had forgotten about her. But here she is, crying because they've given up on her because they thought she's given up on them.

America stays there, in the room. Curled up in a little ball on the ground, unable to control her tears as they flood down her face. Her lovers. Her true lovers have given up on *her*. She was hoping that after the war everything would go back to normal. They would be a happy family, living together instead of apart. But no.

They've given up on me and the hugs from before were all an act in front of the people.

She shivers, wanting to just lie there. Wanting to die in this room. But she doesn't. Taking a shaky breath, she stands up, dusting herself off. Wiping away the tears, she puts on a big smile that she practiced. Stepping out of the room, she sees Soviet leaning on the wall. "What do you want?" She snaps, her anger coming back to her.

Soviet hugs her, "I know what happened. I'm...sorry."

"I f*cking hate you," America mumbles into his chest as he brings her back into the room so people won't see her crying. She doesn't care if people saw her this close with him. Russia and China don't love her anymore. She took isolationism too far. Soviet is her only solace.

Soviet helps her onto the bed, letting her cry into his shoulder. "Sov, what did I do wrong? I never even received their letters. Why would they blame me?" America whimpers, hugging his arm tightly.

He stays silent, rubbing her back. Selfishly he loved that America found comfort in him. But, he knew there was something or someone behind all this and he will figure it out in no time. "It wasn't your fault. You didn't receive the messages so how would you reject them?"

"Maybe I rejected them on accident?" America sniffles, wiping her tears.

Soviet shakes his head, sighing, "There's another culprit." He still remembers how depressed Russia was when America broke up with

them in high school. He still remembers that it was America's own brother who wanted to get revenge. But it couldn't be him, right? After all, he has Ukraine and everything he wants in life. "Could it be, Canada?" He whispers.

"No! Definitely not! He is our ally," America's voice cracks when she realizes how possible that situation is. "No, he can't."

"He could. He will."

"Why?" America breathes out.

"I know not."

"Lies. Liars. All around us, right Sov? We only have each other now." America laughs painfully, but deep down she knows Soviet might turn against her one day because of their different ideologies. Him with his communist beliefs and her with capitalist beliefs. Although they may be friends, their people may not be.

Soviet smiles softly, holding her hand, although he knows about the tension between their governments, "You're right, Аме."

America squeezes his hand, not caring if anyone else thinks anything of them anymore. Russia, China, and her relationship is over.

And in that moment, America kisses him. She doesn't care anymore. She needs someone and Soviet is by her side. He has always been. Her past mistakes were to hold onto the past. She must now focus on the present before everything else passes.

"Аме," Soviet breathes, tugging her closer. She straddles his lap, smiling innocently.

"Yes, Sov?" She hums.

Soviet glares at her, although he makes no attempt to push her off, "You want revenge."

She shakes her head, "I don't. I'm over the past. I'm focusing on the present."

"Are you sure about this?" Soviet asks, his voice full of lust as he stares at her. America bites her lips, nodding. Her blush prominent as she smiles shyly.

"Yes..."

America lets go of herself in Soviet's arms. The feeling of his skin on her's. The sweet words he says to her when she moans his name. She feels loved. Loved by him. And for now, that's all that matters.

"Sov," America whimpers after their rough f*ck. Her red bottom drips with his c*m and her juices.

Soviet hums contently, pulling her onto his lap, "Yes beautiful?"

"You went too rough!" She snaps, crossing her arms angrily.

Soviet chuckles, stuffing his face into her hickey littered neck, "You asked for more."

"F*ck you!" She huffs, smiling a little. Soviet kisses her cheek. "Can we stay the night? I don't think I can walk," America whispers shyly.

Soviet grins, rolling his eyes, "I'm sure Britain wouldn't mind." He first helps clean her up before setting her under the covers.

America snuggles up to him, "I love you." She yawns, drifting off to sleep.

"I—" Soviet starts, watching her sleeping form. Taking a deep breath, he finds the courage to speak.

"I love you too my принцесса"

...

"Mama? Are you serious?" Nato gasps in shock when he hears the news. "But, it's not your fault. Why..?"

"Shhh. We must move on. We have a country to worry about," America smiles softly.

"But Papa and Baba," Nato frowns. Then he looks up, with determination, "Mama, I will never betray you like how they did. I will stand for you and protect you. You can trust me."

America's eyes water at her son's words and she peppers him with kisses all over his face. "I love you, baby." She whispers lovingly, holding Nato close.

"I love you too mama." Nato smiles happily, "And I will avenge you, I promise."

"Don't. What's done is done. You should love your Fathers because they still love you." America tries to reason.

Nato scoffs, "Over my dead body!"

"Nato!" America slaps him.

He huffs angrily, "This is why I consider Mr.Taiwan as my real father. He knows how to treat women." *But it was also my fault too*. America sighs to herself.

I fell in love with Soviet...

1991

Nato smirks at Soviet, "I'm pleased to see you *crumble*, Mr. Soviet."

Soviet glares at him, "Ame has created a monster."

"No, Mr. Russia and Mr. China has, sir," Nato giggles chaotically as he leaves the office room as soon as America enters.

"Sov," America says softly.

"Ame," Soviet replies.

The war has finally ended, with Soviet spliting his country to his family members after years of torture under his iron grip. To America, it was so sudden to see him crumble. She knew him to be strong, to be courageous. And now she has no worthy opponent because she has become the world superpower. The title she was

fighting for.

"Will I ever see you again?" She whispers softly.

Soviet clasps his hands together, "Sit. Let's talk."

Reluctantly, America sits down in front of him. Now their relationship has changed, the room thick with tension and America desperately wants to go back in time when they were still on good terms. "Congratulations on your...victory," Soviet grits out.

"Sov, don't," America's breath hitches as she reaches for his hand to comfort him, but pulls back as soon as she realizes what she's doing. Again, they sit in silence, not daring to utter another word. "Will I ever see you again?" America eventually breaks the silence.

Soviet sighs, "It's best we not. I need some time to recover after all of this."

"I understand," America's heart squeezes at his words. She fell in love with him, and once again her heart has been broken because of miscommunication and war. *I will never find love*. She thinks to herself. Oh how jealous she is of Israel and Taiwan. The two are still together after all the wars and the economic suffering. She wants that kind of love. "Sov, I–" Before she could say anything else, Soviet places his finger on her lips, smiling softly.

"Save it for someone who actually deserves your love," He whispers.

But she thinks *You deserve my love. After all that we've done together. After you helped me get over Russia and China. After everything you've done for me.* She wanted to scream. She wanted to tell him how wrong he was. Because she truly loved him. But she stops, knowing that no matter what she said the ending will always be the same.

She will always push countries away.

"How is Nasa?" Soviet asks softly. Their daughter, the one that competed with him to reach the moon, has turned against him in favor of her mother. But, even so, he still loves her. And it's not like he was a bad father, he was a great one. But war and destruction brought relationships crumbling down.

America sighs softly, "She wants to see you." Her 5 year old is talented, so talented that she built a space station. One that surpassed her father's.

Soviet nods, "She hates me, doesn't she?"

"No. She thought most of this was...a game she must win. She doesn't hate you, Sov." America smiles reassuringly. Soviet smiles back despite their situation.

There's a knock on the door and Nato's head pops in, "Are you done talking? We have a ceremony to attend!" He smiles brightly.

America clears her throat, getting up from her seat, "I'll bring NASA in."

Soviet nods, as he watches his former lover walk out the room. War has led to the destruction of his heart.

...

"Mama, cheer up," Nato whines, hugging America as they watch the fireworks. America forces a smile. Nato grumbles, "Don't tell me you're still in love with Mr.Soviet!"

America sighs, "How can I not be?"

"You got over Russia and China."

"Because he helped me." America deadpans, "I'm not even sure why I'm telling you this."

Nato frowns, "Mama, you have to tell me. I want the best for you. After all, I learned from the best!" Nato beams with pride as America chuckles at his cuteness. Her son and daughter Nasa are the only ones she trusts. She doesn't even trust her own daughter Brics anymore because of how distant she and her fathers got. They were supposed to be a happy family...

She has already loved three countries and none of them worked. What the f*ck is she doing with her life. "What did Uncle Tai teach you this time?" America smirks, keeping the topic light.

Nato grins widely, "How to not be like Mr. China!"

America's face pales, "Please don't tell me that he—."

"Yep he did!"

"I'm going to kill that motherf*cker!"

...

"Nasa, what did you do?!" America screams at her daughter as she holds Soviet's dying form in her hands. Tears freely fall down her cheeks as she caresses Soviet's cheek.

"I didn't so anything Ma!" Nasa cries, hugging her father tightly. She would never do anything to harm her father. "He—he said he would see me in a better life," She cries.

America glares angrily at her dying ex-lover, "You stupid b*tch! You don't believe in God or an afterlife."

Soviet coughs, smiling, "You're right." He jokes and it makes America even more angry at him.

"You can't do this to me! To us!" America screams.

"Принцесса," Soviet mumbles, closing his eyes, "I want you to be happy. That's all I wish for."

"I–" America starts, but she stops midway. "How could I be happy if you're gone."

Soviet smiles softly, "You'll find a way. I know you will."

The doctors rush in, pushing America room as they work to get Soviet stable again. But it's no use. Time slows when Soviet breathes his final breath and America's world comes crashing down. She has never said the three words she desperately wanted him to hear and now it's too late.

"I love you, Sov."

1992-2150 (Skipping this part because it's too political)

2207

America sighs, looking at the planet that has been destroyed. Its smoke fills the atmosphere and she grimaces. WW3 has finally come to an end. She and her allies are the victors once more.

Nato stands by her, expressionless as he watches the spaceships sending supplies to the civilians below. He is now a 22 year old adult now (countryhumans stop aging at 25) and has vowed to protect his mom at all costs.

Nasa hums, walking by as she looks over the lists of space warships they've stolen. She smiles giddily, "Ma, can you give me access to these? I would like to do some research." The once innocent child has become a cruel princess of the stars. With her brother, they have created weapons of destruction that could wipe out a whole planet in seconds.

America sighs, turning to glare at Nato, "Don't tell me you gave her ideas."

Nato doesn't flinch, hardened by war, "To ensure the safety and freedom of our people, we must conduct searches on those warships."

Cursing under her breath, she turns away from the window of the spaceship to sit in her office chair. "What do you want to look at?"

Nasa giggles, her hair flowing delicately behind her as she rushes over to her mother with a list of all the enemy spaceships she hijacked. "These three and oo, this one too. It has destroyed one of our spaceships in minutes, killing everyone inside. I want to find out what technology they used."

America nods, "Here are the keys." She hands her daughter the set of keys from her drawer which the latter takes giddily.

"Thank you Ma!" She cheers, rushing to get out of the office.

"Don't do anything stupid," America glares.

"Promise I won't!" Nasa shouts back happily. The doors closes behind her, leaving America with her son.

"What are we to do with the war criminals?" Nato whispers, crossing his muscular arms.

"Bring their leaders here." America replies.

Nato shakes his head worriedly, his stone facade dropping, "No, they will harm you emotionally. I can't allow that–"

"Do as I say," America's voice booms with authority.

Nato backs away, fearing for his mom, but he knows what she says is true. "I'll be back." America watches as her son leaves the office. As soon as the doors shut behind him, she sighs, resting her head on her arms.

How did she end up here? Was she too lenient during the planet exploration? Did she not set enough rules to prevent power hungry countries from taking over the universe? "F*ck," America curses when she thinks about all her allies, wanting to kill or take over the empires who caused the war. But she won't go through with it. She will show mercy and give them a chance to redeem themselves.

"The Ruchs Empire, The Brazilian Empire, and The Saudi Empire leaders." Nato opens the door to four kings and a queen. America swallows, watching them as they take a seat in front of her. Expressions with despise, anger, or neutral.

Nato makes his way to his mother, standing by her side like the bodyguard he vowed to be. He glares at the enemies, "Speak. Who planned this war?"

Brazil and Saudi chuckles. "It was a combined effort to take what was ours," Saudi answers, smiling ever so smugly.

Nato slams his hand down on the desk furiously. "You are in no position to laugh after the atrocities you've done to our citizens," His voice booms, causing the enemies to stop.

"Look, you guys lost the war and will be paying the damages,

freeing your war prisoners, and having your government reworked. After that, you will keep your power." America says. "But don't take my kindness for weakness. I'll be watching you." America glares at each of the leaders.

"You won't be touching my empire," Brazil snaps.

Nato smirks, crossing his arms, "Would you like *me* to deal with the treaty? I'm sure you'll like my ideas *very* much."

Brazil pauses, not daring to look at Nato. Many know he will act impulsive if anyone threatens the authority of his mother. "I accept the agreement," Brazil says, his voice unwavering.

"How about the rest of you?" America quirks a brow.

Russia, China, Saudi, and Vietnam shake their heads. "Good," Nato grunts, as he gestures for guards to take them away.

"I'll meet with each of you separately to discuss the terms." America whispers.

...

America walks down the corridor with Nato trailing behind her. "Are you sure you want to talk to them by yourself? I can't even stand them," Nato whispers.

"I'll be fine." America smiles softly, squeezing his hand. She managed for all those years. She can manage it again.

Nato sighs, "Mama."

"Not around the spaceship," America shushes him as she continues walking forward.

Nato huffs, following her. "I'll stand guard. If you need help, tap your wristband three times. I'll be there in no time."

She smiles warmly, kissing him on the cheek, "I love you baby."

"Mom! Hypocrite," Nato blushes, embarrassed by his mom. She only

chuckles before turning to open the door. Taking a deep breath, she enters to see Russia, China, and Vietnam. Vietnam's sitting alone by the kitchen island while Russia and China are on the couch, discussing something.

The door slams shut behind her. "Let's talk," America says, sitting down on the couch.

China waves Vietnam off into the bedroom to which she obliges, making America confused. Isn't Vietnam the Queen of their empire? Shouldn't she be hearing in on their conversation. "I know you two to be ruthless, but towards innocent civilians? You two are disasters!" America seethes, unable to control her anger.

"We would never kill civilians." Russia glares, "It was never our plan."

America scoffs, "Care to enlighten me when all the evidence points to you."

"Canada he–"

"My brother. Always about my brother. Soviet said the same thing, but was there evidence? No. Canada turned from his ways." America tenses, getting defensive.

China sighs, "俄罗斯 and I thought about the rejection letters for a while and we finally found out who did it, but you began a relationship with Soviet before we could tell you."

America rolls her eyes, "It was your fault for walking away from me first. Yes, I admit I loved Soviet. He was there for me when you guys weren't. So here we are now, enemies once again. And don't you dare say I'm wrong because I'm fighting for what's right and you know it."

"It's not like that, your allies..." Russia trails off.

"Spit it out," America says impatiently.

"Even if we told you, you wouldn't listen," China glares at her. She knows that to be true. She has lost all trust in them.

America takes a deep breath, "Look, my allies will split up some of your territories around section 23 of the galaxy. Then, we will come up with a more functional government for you where everyone is equal." She knows section 23 has their most valuable resource to create weapons of mass destruction and her allies want it to prevent future wars. "Everything else is still yours."

Russia sighs, "Take section 22 instead."

"It's non negotiable," America replies sternly, watching as China's face twists with dissatisfaction.

"Your allies will pay for this and I hope you know who you're trusting," Russia mumbles softly.

America rolls her eyes, "I hope you know who you're trusting. Brazil and Saudi? Really? They gave out all your military plans to my spies." She smiles, "We're done here."

As she leaves for the door, Russia stops her, "Do you still love us?"

She pauses, not turning back. *Yes* she thinks, but her mouth says otherwise.

"No."

2369

Battleground, Planet 62, 22:29 PM

America POV

"Move," The soldier grunts, pushing me forward. I stumble, falling onto my knees into the cold freezing snow. Clenching my jaw from the pain, I try getting up, but my knees buck. The soldier ticks his tongue, pulling me up with his iron grip. I move forward, limping. How did it come to this? How did I lose? I am the strongest nation in the galaxy and here I am chained up and awaiting my impending doom.

Israel looks back at me, chained, scarred, and bruised. Tears streaked her cheeks making my heart ache. My ally; my best friend.

Because of me she has to endure this pain.

We keep walking in the snow storm. The white snow around us tainted with the blood of my allies and enemies. Dead bodies of humans and aliens are scattered, slowly being covered by snow and lost in time. My feet and hands are numb not from the cold but of the looks of horror on the diseased soldiers. I promise to continue to fight for the freedom of their next generation until my very last breath.

The chains are tightly secured on my wrists and ankles, keeping me from running. But even if I do break out, there is no place to go to. I lost everything. My people, my country, my freedom.

"Halt!" The general in front shouts, holding his fist up in the air. We arrive at the Mothership where we will be taken as captives and tortured till we lose ourselves into the darkness that once was hope. Well, that's what the soldiers told me. I'm not exactly sure what's in store for us, but I know it's nothing good.

I shiver as the doors of the spaceship open with a loud thud onto the snow. The soldier chuckles next to me, "This is going to be fun."

I scoff softly, not daring to say anything. He quirks a brow, amused at my small defiance. He probably thought I would cry or cower. But no. I will fight until my last breath.

"Move forward!" The general commands. I begrudgingly move my feet. The war has ended in disaster. I survived world war three, but was I too lenient to my enemies? Well, I wouldn't be here if I wasn't.

As I walk on the ramp into the spaceship, the warmth greets me. The interior is kept in a beautiful condition even with war. I grimace. It's the spaceship meant for kings and queens. A luxury that I only had at the White House, but even then I couldn't enjoy it with all the bombs going off around the world.

"What will they do to us?" Israel asks in a whisper. I don't reply, keeping my eyes straight as I memorize the route we take. Escaping will always be an option.

My allies and I get filled into the war room, awaiting our fate. The general walks to the front, getting our attention. "Your sentences will be determined shortly." For a second, he looks at me, grinning with pride, before helping the guard bring the first person in.

Taiwan.

He struggles against their grips, trying desperately to flee. The other guards only chuckle at his failed attempts, toying with the gun in their hands. "Go!" Israel whispers, trying to hold back the tears that are threatening to fall down her face again.

"Listen to your girlfriend," The guard laughs. Taiwan looks back at her, cracking a smile, and mouthing the words *I love you* before following the guards into the secluded room.

The door slams shut and we wait in deafening silence for our turn.

Eventually, the next person is escorted in. As soon as the door slams behind her, she screams a bloody cry. It goes on like that for a while and I can only pray that her torture ends fast. Then it goes silent.

Japan is taken away or dead...

After a few moments of silence, the door opens again, but this time with blood trickling down and pooling on the ground.

I watch as each of my allies walk through that door. Some scream, some cry, and some silent. I bite my lips as Israel goes in, worried for her fate in the now bloody room. Just like Taiwan did, she smiles warmly before the door closes shut. I waited to hear her screams, to hear scratches on the door, but nothing came. I would say that she is safe, but I know nothing about what happens in the room.

I'm happy Nato and Nasa escaped before this doom. They will continue to bring our country to glory and I know it.

The general steps out of the room, openly grinning when his eyes land on me. "Well well well, isn't it the superpower that had everyone in fear? Now she is in our clutches," he chuckles. I stare at

him, indifferent, unwilling to give him the joy to find me angry.

Is this really it? Is this how I'm going to die? At least I'll die in glory for my citizens. The American Dream will live on until we have freedom, with or without me alive.

"What?" The general holds his ear as he receives a message. He nods, "Of course, your majesty. I will send her there right away." The general's face becomes neutral again as he grabs hold of my arm. "No one comes with me!" He commands his soldiers who reluctantly agree.

"Sir, but what if she runs?" A soldier asks.

"You think I can run?" I deadpan, shaking the chains around my wrists and ankles. The soldier shakes his head, shyly. "Exactly," I snap.

The general leads me away down several corridors. My head spins as I try memorizing the exits that I pass, but with each turn I see more soldiers until I see none. I swallow hard. Is this what I get for starting this war? "Where are we going?" I whisper.

"To the torture chamber," he replies. My heart spikes, my feet urges me to run, but I stay put. If my people endured this then I will too. I will go through the same thing they did on that battlefield.

We stop at a door in red, white, blue, yellow paint. The general opens the door to a dark room. He unchains my hands and feet, "Don't even think about running."

"I can't if I wanted to," I grumble, rubbing my wrists.

He sighs, urging me inside. I frown. Is this some sort of trick? Treating me nicely before my torture? Biting my tongue, I step into the dark room. He bows, "Please wait here. Your majesties will be with you." The door shuts after he opens the lights.

The lights open and I see Vietnam sitting on the bed, glaring angrily at me. "Well isn't it the *queen* herself welcoming me to my doom," I mock.

"Go make fun of me all you want, *superpower*. But you know we're both in the same situation," She gets up, walking to me.

I scrutinize her, "Says the person who's *queen* of the now most powerful empire."

She shakes her head sadly, "I have no freedom."

My eyes widen, "You're a queen."

"It's only a title. A title that I took without realizing the deeper meaning behind," Vietnam looks away with regret. My once tense body softens. She didn't want this. She shows me her wrists which have tracking bracelets on, "If I ever step out of their ship or 10 kilometers from them, I'm as good as dead." She whispers.

My breath catches in my throat. She must be lying. But her eyes say otherwise. For years I have seen her and I've thought they have become a lovely couple. Always attending the balls together with wide smiles. However, now I've realized it's all an act. The dark circles under her eyes, the bruises on her body everywhere but her face. She has endured so much under their iron fist.

"I didn't know," I say, holding her hand, caressing it softly.

She smiles painfully, "I couldn't say anything or else they would torture me."

I pull her into a hug, my motherly instinct of protecting the weak washing over me. Vietnam hugs me back, breathing shakily. "I'm going to get you out so you won't experience the same fate as me."

"Darling, I don't want you risking your life for me," I frown, kissing her forehead. "You deserve so much better. I should be the one finding an escape for us."

Vietnam swallows, pulling away, "I can't leave. They'll find me and kill me on the spot."

I huff, taking a pin from her hair that transforms into a machine that could use ice to break through anything. Vietnam watches me, staring in shock as the small machine freezes her bracelets. The

bracelets crack, falling onto the ground with a thud. "I'm free," Vietnam breathes, gratefully.

"Now let's get out of here." I whisper, looking around the room for any sort of vent. Vietnam grabs my hand, leading me into the bathroom where she created a hole in the side of the wall.

"Through here. It will lead us to the vents. However, I don't know where to go after that. Russia and China created this spaceship to be a maze." Vietnam whispers as she enters the tunnel.

I frown at the news, but it's fine. We have a chance and I'll take it. Slipping into the tunnel, I close it with thin paper before following Vietnam. Crawling on all fours, we enter the vent that runs around the ship. Vietnam continues forward, before stopping. She curses, causing me to worry.

"What is it?" I ask.

"Look for yourself," Vietnam answers, giving me a view of the vent that looks down on a meeting room. My breath catches in my throat when I see who's in the room.

My son and daughter, Nato and Nasa, are chained against a chair. Nato's mouth is sealed shut while Nasa laughs maniacally with tears streaming down her pale cheeks. There in front of them are Russia, China, and Brics. "No," I whisper. I thought they escaped. How did they catch them? My children.

Nato struggles against the chains, trying to free himself and I could only watch. I can't protect him. I am useless against two powerful countries. Vietnam holds my hand, squeezing it tightly, "We will get them out, I promise." And I know it's a false promise, but at that moment it felt good hearing a lie.

Nasa's laughing turns sour, her expression changes as her eyes glow with a murderous intent, "Where is Ma?"

Brics rolls her eyes, "Really? That's all you care about when we have you tied?"

Nasa grits her teeth, "Where is she?"

I'm right here. I want to call out to her. But Vietnam places her hand on my mouth. I can only stare in sorrow at the scene. I'm not a superpower anymore. I have been defeated.

Russia sighs, "Place the seal on her lips."

"No! You motherf*cker!" Nasa shouts, straining against the chains as guards move to shut her mouth.

"It's okay, America," Vietnam soothes, hugging me. I feel so helpless.

"Let's get on with it," Russia sighs, opening a screen that floats in the center of the room. "You are forced to listen, whether you like it or not."

Nato shuts his eyes as Nasa looks around for an escape route. "You have been fighting on the wrong side of the war." Russia starts.

"Let's go," Vietnam urges me, but I'm still stuck in place. I can't leave them here. I can't do this to my children after all their sacrifices to protect me from my enemies. Nato caught a bullet for me. Nasa rammed her first spaceship into the enemy to protect mine.

"No," I reply, going to open the vent.

"America! What are you doing? We need to get out," Vietnam shrieks, trying to pull me away.

"Go without me." I say, freezing the vent. It breaks and crumbles to the ground.

"You leave me no choice," Vietnam curses, forcing an injection into me. I try fighting back, but my vision blurs as she pushes more of the purple solution into my veins. *Nato, Nasa* I think as I use the last of my strength to get her off of me and jump down from the vent.

I crash onto the ground, my vision dizzy as I see my children's shocked faces. I smile, "Mama's here." The purple solution spreads through my veins and I collapse, my vision going dark with the voices of panic fading into the distance.

...

"F*ck, that hurt," I curse when I turn around on my bed. My eyes widen. *Vietnam*. She has betrayed me. There's not a single person I can trust.

"Ame?" Israel whispers. "Ame! Thank goodness you're awake, I was so worried." I jolt up despite the pain and look around the room. It's the same room where I met Vietnam. "Ame, everything's going to be okay." Israel caresses my hand.

That's when I took a good look at her. She's dressed in a simple light pink dress, her hair done in a perfect spiral. "Isa, where are Nato and Nasa? And why, why are you dressed like this?" I ask in a whisper.

She sighs, "Russia and China told me everything. They weren't the ones who started the war although the tensions were high between your countries. It was your father, Britain, and Germany who started it."

America shakes her head, "No. Germany is one of my most trusted allies. He's the reasonable one."

Israel shrugs, "Evidence says otherwise. The war was planned. They planned to make the other empires lose to see what you would do. They hated how lenient you were on the empires so they started this new war without your knowledge. And this time, they used it to bring you down and take over your country. However, it backfired since Brics found out about their plan."

"Who else joined them?" I ask, my heart breaking at her words.

"Almost all the countries. The loyal allies, like myself and Taiwan, didn't know anything about this so we were spared." Israel answers.

I let out a shaky breath, "How are Nato and Nasa?"

"They're doing alright, still shocked after the betrayal, but not unstable," Israel smiles softly.

"We need to kill Vietnam," I say, getting off the bed.

Israel rushes to stop me, "You need rest!"

I scoff, smiling jokingly, "Resting is for losers."

"Ame! You're so stubborn," Israel forces me back onto the bed. "I'll tell our kings to kill her for you. Don't worry."

"*Our* kings?" I mumble.

Israel sighs sadly, "They have taken our territory and now we're their subjects. That was the treaty we signed a few days ago."

I was out for that long?! "I didn't sign anything!" I shriek, getting angry.

"Well then, my kings." Israel pushes me back onto the bed.

"Isa, what the f*ck?! They don't even believe in freedom!" I yell.

Israel deadpans, "Look. It was your allies enslaving the whole alien population right under your nose. That's why Germany's and Japan's silverleaf economy boomed."

"But, why would you be their subject?"

"We can still control our countries, but under their rule. I mean, it's better than having nothing," Israel mumbles.

I sigh, "I'll help take your country back."

The door opens, startling Israel. I glare at the figures that walk in. My former lovers are now kings of my allies. And I still don't trust them. Israel, biting her lips, bows down, "Your majesties."

My eyes widened in shock. The one thing I hated more than anything is seeing others bow to a king. I fought to get out of Father's grip and now it seems as if I might become that girl again. "How are you feeling?" Russia asks after telling Israel to rise.

"Awful. First, Israel will not bow to you nor any of my allies. Second, you guys are not our kings. Lastly, you need to f*cking kill Vietnam and let me see my children right this instant!" I say, my

voice getting louder as anger seeps through my veins just looking at them.

"Ame," Israel pinches my side. I grit my teeth, not caring.

"Did you tell her?" Russia asks sternly.

Israel nods, "Yes sir."

"This story is all made up. Let me go talk to my Father and Germany," I glare

Israel sighs, "Excuse me. I'll go find Nato and Nasa." Before getting a reply, she rushes out the room, leaving me with two awful countries.

"Isa!" I shout after her angrily.

"Not sorry!" I hear her scream back. She's definitely running to find Taiwan instead.

"We already sent them on their merry way to the torture chambers on planet 666," China says, leaning on the wall.

I got to punch him, but just as I'm about to make contact with his skin, my wrists become heavy and I fall to the ground on my knees. Sh*t. I have the wristband Vietnam has on.

Russia hums, amused at my defiance, "I must give it up to them. It was a 25+ alliance and you didn't find out because you were too worried about the staged terrorist attacks."

Gritting my teeth, I stand back up after the wristbands turned off the weight setting. "There was no evidence of them turning against me."

"Yes there is."

"They have supported me throughout the war."

"That's a half truth," China sighs.

I groan, "Look, you guys don't care about evidence. All you want is power and since I was the superpower you wanted to take me down." Gosh it hurts to say that.

Russia glares at me, "I admit what we did was wrong, but you were already in love with Soviet and we wanted the best for you. It's different now. The alien rebels are starting an uprising and we need a united front."

"Unite my making all my allies your subject," I scoff. But I know he's right. The alien rebels will take down governments weakened by war. Taking a second to think, I sit back down on the bed, "Let's negotiate a treaty, one where I don't have to call you majesty."

China grins, tapping his watch to pull up a blue screen with the word treaty on it, "Before your country is repaired, you will be under our rule and guidance. You can't have any private meetings without us. You also must help the rebel effort by supplying us with your military. Lastly, we won't reframe your country's government system."

"Private meetings? I need some privacy," I glare.

Russia glares back, "We don't trust the subjects of your country."

I roll my eyes, "My subjects are for me to control. I'll alert you two if something is wrong." And under my breath I curse "Unite my *ss."

China pretends to ignores it, though I can tell the anger as his body goes tense. "Meeting with military Generals must be reported. Everything else between political officials may be kept in secret."

I nod. It's not all that bad actually. It's a pretty lenient treaty. I sign at the bottom of the screen. My people wouldn't be happy about this new supervision, but at least we have a chance to restore our infrastructures, economy, and lives to have a fighting chance against future enemies. Besides, maybe I'll turn against the RusChi empire. All you have to do is wait...

"Before we leave," Russia murmurs, looking at China for approval. The latter nods. "Would you like to have dinner with us?"

I blink. This is so out of the blue. I swallow, "It's not going to be public, is it?" Maybe they want to show that I'm siding with them. Maybe they want my people to know that I'm defeated, useless, and helpless. It doesn't sit right with me. But I mask my anger, looking at them curiously.

"It's only the three of us," China answers. "We would like to catch up and ask for another chance."

Another chance? Yes, I know their own faults, but I let my heart do stupid things. "I should be asking you both for another chance," I whisper.

"Then it's settled," Russia smiles softly, "The maids will bring you down."

"Thank you," I mumble as they leave my room, closing the door.

I collapse on the bed, staring up at the ceilings. Again, I'm captured by the enemy. But this time, it's not my country who will suffer, it's *my heart.*

And f*ck me! How do I tell Nato and Nasa about this? Nato loves Germany and Nasa loves Britain as a grandpa.

F*ck this sh*t I'm out!

She did not attended the first dinner because she needed to comfort Nato and Nasa. But soon after, Russia, China, and America's relationship began building up. Through each challenged they were by each other's side.

The end

Extra Scene:

10 years later

🔥 **SMUT** 🔥

America POV

I feel the bed shift, making me stir in my sleep. Opening my eyes, I watch as Russia sits up and checks the time. He sighs, going to get off the bed. Not on my watch!

I straddle him, unwilling to let him leave. "Ruski, it's too early in the morning." I yawn.

"I have to attend a meeting to discuss the alien rebels," Russia explains.

I huff unhappily at his excuse, "Chi's alarm clock didn't ring yet."

Russia smiles a little, "I can't go back to sleep once I'm awake."

"Well, we can do something else," I hum, trailing my hands up his bare torso. His breath hitches as his hands rest on my hips, but he makes no attempt to stop me.

"Америка–" He grunts when I begin rolling my hips, batting my eyes innocently. F*ck, he's already hard!

"Starting without me?" China hums, settling himself behind me and aligning his crotch near Russia's and under mine. I shiver as he kisses my neck.

"Chi, Ruski tried getting out of bed before the alarm," I whisper.

"He did?" He quirks a brow before a sinful smile breaks across his face, "He deserves a little punishment, don't you think?"

I nod, smirking at Russia, "He does."

Russia swallows, his Adam apple bobbing as he stares at China and I with anticipation. "What should we do?" I tap my chin, "We have *three* hours before his meeting."

"I'm sure he *hates* me slamming into him." China chuckles, cupping my *ss.

I glare at him, "Wrong *ss."

He licks his lips, "I would like both, 美国."

I blush under his gaze, "F*ck you."

"And we like your *ss," Russia smiles sweetly at China.

"I didn't give you permission to speak," China snaps, slipping his hand into Russia's boxers and pumping his member. Russia grunts, furrowing his eyebrows as his body tenses. "That's right, obey," China chuckles.

While China's busy pleasuring Russia, I get off the bed to find the black box under the bed. Pulling it out, I open the lid, taking out lube and three different sized vibrators. When I stand back up, Russia and China are already stripped out of their boxers with China teasing Russia's entrance. I giggle softly as I help lubricate China's d*ck and Russia's entrance.

"So tight," China curses as he pushes into Russia. Russia's moans get muffled in the pillows. And f*ck, my p*ssy is already drenched while I look at them. As they adjust, China leans down to kiss Russia's back, using his hands to pump Russia's shaft, causing the latter to grunt in surprise.

I grin evilly, lubing a vibrator and inserting into China. "肏!" China curses, he immediately turns to glare at me. Holding Russia's waist, he groans as I push more of the dildo into him. I chose a long one because, well, why not?

"Doesn't that feel good?" I giggle, rubbing China's *ss and turning on the vibrator. Glaring at me, he shoves me onto the bed.

"俄罗斯, you can have your way with her," China whispers. In response, I turn on the pumping function on the dildo. "美国!" He groans out, making my p*ssy clench. He usually makes me use that vibrator and I'm super happy he gets a taste of his own medicine.

Russia chuckles softly as he strips me out of my clothing. "You're so wet," He murmurs as he slides his hand along my p*ssy.

"Ruski, stop teasing me," I glare, gasping for air. He hums softly, taking a medium vibrator and bringing it to my lips.

"Suck," He demands. I shiver at his change of voice and begin

licking the dildo like how I would to his d*ck. I watch as his gaze darkens, his d*ck becoming more stiff.

China chuckles, his breathing coming out in short breathes, "She's teasing you. What are you going to do about it?"

"Am I?" I whisper innocently. Russia's cheeks flush a deep red before he pulls the dildo out of my mouth and pushes it into my *sshole. My legs shake as I grab onto the sheets.

Russia hums, kissing my cheek, "You look adorable."

"F*ck," I curse when he turns on the vibrator. Even at the lowest setting, I can't handle the pleasure. My legs shake as I try to hold back moans. "Ruski!" I shriek when he begins inserting his swollen c*ck into my kitty. He groans as he enters me whole.

He folds my breasts as he waits for me to adjust. Ever so often, my breath hitches because of the dildo as I relax my body. F*ck. We always have the best s*x.

"Today, 俄罗斯 is going to do all the work." China hums, kissing Russia's cheek. Russia rolls his eyes, but doesn't argue. He knows it's his punishment.

"You can control her's," Russia smirks at me, handing my dildo's remote to China who smiles contently.

"F*ck—Chi!" I shriek out loud when he turns up the setting. In response, I turned up his as well. The two of us moan as Russia laughs at us.

"This is perfect," He kisses my cheek as he begins moving. Russia furrows his eyebrows as he moves between us. My breath hitches each time when his thighs slap with my *ss. "Блять!" He curses as he continues slamming into me while China slams into him.

"Feels good, right?" China whispers in Russia's ear. "Me in your *ss while you slam into her."

Russia moans at his words, kissing me hungrily. I moan into his mouth as his pace quickens. I love how we make him feel good. "Oh

f*ck," I curse out, grabbing onto Russia's hair as I feel China's hand rubbing my clit, overstimulating me.

"That's it. Moan for Daddy," China smiles sinfully.

Game on! Taking the remove, I turn it up to the highest setting, watching his face twist with pleasure. Russia, seeing my movement, begins moving faster and clenching his hold making China shudder and moan. I smirk in victory, only to realize that Russia is driving deeper into me as my dildo's pumping rate begins to drive me crazy.

The pleasure is all consuming as the three of us try taking the other over the edge as fast as possible. I'm sure my *ss is red from all the f*cking. And oh does it feel good!

"Ruski! Chi!" I cry out when I feel my release coming.

"Come for us, Америка," Russia groans, his thighs twitching.

With one final thrust, I fall apart, grabbing onto Russia as I feel him c*m inside me. He turns to lay down on my side. China smirks, rubbing his shaft. Sh*t, he isn't finished yet. After pulling out the dildo, I rub both my hands on his shaft, my mouth ready to taste his c*m. He cums, getting it all over my body and I lick the ones from my lips. "Tasty," I smile.

Russia hums, licking the ones on my body, teasingly licking my breast. "Are you up for round two?" He whispers softly, staring at China intensely. I smirk, knowing what he has in mind.

China glares at us, taking the dildo out of himself, "No!"

"Maybe another day. Perhaps tomorrow," I grin, pulling China towards us.

China grumbles in annoyance, before kissing us both on the lips, "我爱你们两个."

"Мы тоже тебя любим," Russia hums, slapping his *ss, causing China to tackle him as they kiss passionately and aggressively. I roll my eyes at their antics.

"Tai, why are you out here?!" I hear Israel scream in the hallway. Sh*t.

Taiwan shushes really loudly, "Isa! They just finished!"

"Finished what?" There's silence before an audible gasp from Israel. "Amy! You're trying for another child?!" She shouts into the door. My eyes widen.

"F*ck. We forgot protection *again*."

Thanks for reading!

I guess this is part two, but if you guys would like to twist the story to your own liking, go ahead! My plot ideas are free for you to use. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed it! This will be the last part of this book.
My book will be unedited and will never be edited.

□Cover winner:□

Incorrect quotes:

Russia: Китай, you do remember when we agreed we were better off as friends, right?
China, naked in Russia's bed: No, I absolutely do not.
Russia, already taking off his clothes: Me neither.

'^'

America: Hi, sorry I'm late. I was doing a couple of things and got distracted.
Russia: I'm "a couple of things".
China: I'm "got distracted".

'^'

Russia: You look good in that hoodie.
China: You know where else I'd look good?
Russia, zero hesitation: My bed.
China, at the same time: By your side- wait, what?

'^'

Taiwan: China, you'll be working with Ame and Russia.
China: Alright! My fantasy threesome!
Everyone else: *blank stares*
China: ...Of people on a team.

'^'

Tiawan: I sleep with a gun under my pillow.
Poland: I sleep with a knife.
America: That's stupid.
Israel: Oh yeah? What do you sleep with?
America: Ruski and Chi.

'^'

Israel: That's ridiculous, Tai doesn't have a crush on me.
America: Yes he does.
China: Yes he does.
Taiwan: Yes I do.

'^'

America: So anyways have y'all seen Isa?
Russia: I think she went to Taiwan's room to 'studying'.
China: Doubt that. I heard groans there.
Meanwhile in Taiwan's room
I & T, fighting over how's the better hugger:

(Israel and Taiwan's relationship is purely romantic < 3)

'^'

America: God, if only someone loved me...
Russia: *standing behind them with roses*
China: *holding box of chocolates*
Taiwan: *facepalms* This is sad.

'^'

Israel: I, what does IDK, ILY, and TTYL mean?

Taiwan: I don't know, I love you, talk to you later.
Israel: Alright, I love you too, I'll ask Ame.
Taiwan: Wait- Isa, no-

'^'

Taiwan: Why are your tongues purple?
China: We had slushies. I had a blue one.
Russia: I had a red one.
Taiwan: oh
Taiwan:
Taiwan: OH
America:
America: Can I have some?
China, winks at Russia: Sure
Taiwan: Ame... Don't

America ended up drinking all the slushies <3

'^'

America: I told Russia his ears flush when he lies.
China: Why?
America: Look.
America: Hey Russia! Do you love us?**Russia, covering his ears**: No.

'^'

America: Is-is Taiwan sleeping or dead?
China: Hopefully dead, I hated his guts.
Russia: Yeah, so did I.
Taiwan: Okay, first of all, fuck you-

'^'

Thank you for reading <3

(Started a new story. More characters. More ships. More drama. More interesting. Please check out my newest book: temptation :)